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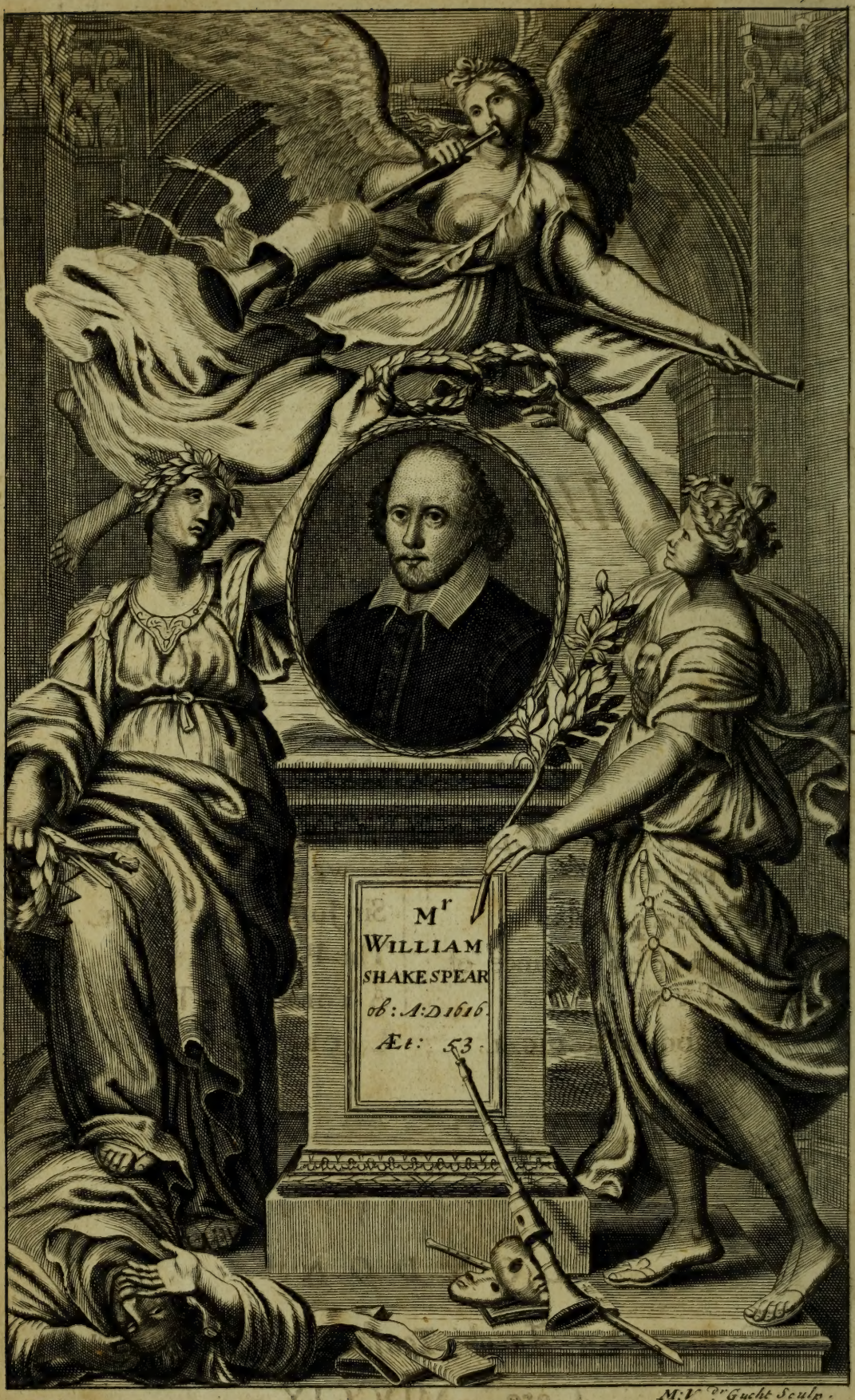
Mr
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SHAKESPEAR
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THE

WORKS

OF

Mr. *William Shakeſpear.*

VOLUME *the* SIXTH.

CONTAINING,

ANTONY and CLEOPATRA.

CYMBELINE.

PERICLES Prince of TYRE.

LONDON PRODIGAL.

THOMAS Lord CROMWELL.

Sir JOHN OLDCASTLE.

The PURITAN.

A YORKSHIRE Tragedy.

LOCRINE.

LONDON:

Printed for *Jacob Tonſon,* at *Grays-Inn* Gate, MDCCIX.

149.993
May 1873.

TRAGEDY

Thomas Bonnell Barton

P. 2653.

ANTONY

AND

CLEOPATRA.

A

TRAGEDY.

*G. 4021. 2
v. 6.

Printed in the YEAR 1709.

Dramatis Perſonæ.

M. Antony.
Octavius Cæſar.
Lepidus.
Sex. Pompeius.

Enobarbus,
Ventidius,
Canidius,
Eros,
Scarus,
Decretas,
Demetrius,
Philo,
Friends and Followers of Antony.

Mecænas,
Agrippa,
Dolabella,
Proculeius,
Thidias,
Gallus,
Friends to Cæſar.

Menas,
Menecrates,
Varrius,
Friends to Pompey.

Alexas,
Mardian,
Diomedes,
Servants to Cleopatra.

A Soothſayer.
Clown.

Cleopatra, *Queen of* Ægypt.
Octavia, *Siſter to* Cæſar, *and Wife to* Antony.

Charmian,
Iras,
Ladies attending on Cleopatra.

Ambaſſadors from Antony *to* Cæſar, *Captains, Soldiers, Meſſengers, and other Attendants.*

The SCENE *lyes in ſeveral Parts of the* Roman *Empire.*

Antony

Antony and *Cleopatra.*

ACT I. SCENE I.

SCENE Alexandria *in* Ægypt.

Enter Demetrius *and* Philo.

PHILO.

NAY, but this Dotage of our General
O'er-flows the Meaſure; thoſe his goodly Eyes
That o'er the Files and Muſters of the War,
Have glow'd like plated *Mars*, now bend, now turn
The Office and Devotion of their view
Upon a Tawny Front. His Captain's Heart,
Which in the ſcuffles of great fights hath burſt
The Buckles on his Breaſt, reneges all Temper,
And is become the Bellows and the Fan
To cool a Gypſies Luſt. Look where they come!

Enter Antony, *and* Cleopatra, *her Ladies; the Train, with Eunuchs fanning her.*

Take but good Note, and you ſhall ſee him,
The tripple Pillar of the World, transform'd
Into a Strumpet's Fool. Behold and ſee.

Cleo. If it be Love indeed, tell me how much?

Ant. There's beggary in the love that can be reckon'd.

Cleo. I'll ſet a bourn how far to be belov'd.

Ant. Then muſt thou needs find out new Heav'n, new Earth.

Enter a Meſſenger.

Meſ. News, my good Lord, from *Rome.*

Ant. Rate me the Sum.

Cleo. Nay, hear them *Antony.*
Fulvia perchance is angry; or who knows,
If the ſcarce-bearded *Cæſar* have not ſent
His powerful Mandate to you. Do this, or this;
Take in that Kingdom, and infranchiſe that;
Perform't, or elſe we damn thee.

Ant. How, my Love?

Cleo. Perchance, nay, and moſt like,
You muſt not ſtay here longer, your diſmiſſion
Is come from *Cæſar*, therefore hear it *Antony.*
Where's *Fluvia*'s Proceſs? *Cæſar*'s I would ſay, both?
Call in the Meſſengers; as I am *Ægypt*'s Queen,
Thou bluſheſt *Antony*, and that blood of thine
Is *Cæſar*'s Homager: elſe ſo thy Cheeks pay Shame,
When ſhrill-tongu'd *Fulvia* ſcolds. The Meſſengers.

Ant. Let *Rome* in *Tyber* melt, and the wide Arch
Of the rais'd Empire fall; here is my ſpace,
Kingdoms are Clay; Our dungy Earth alike
Feeds Beaſt as Man; the Nobleneſs of Life
Is to do thus; when ſuch a mutual pair,
And ſuch a twain can do't; in which I bind,
On pain of Puniſhment, the World to weet
We ſtand up Peerleſs.

Cleo. Excellent Falſhood!
Why did he marry *Fulvia*, and not love her?
I'll ſeem the Fool I am not. *Antony* will be himſelf.

Ant.

Ant. But ſtirr'd by *Cleopatra.*
Now for the love of love, and his ſoft Hours,
Let's not confound the time with Conference harſh;
There's not a minute of our Lives ſhould ſtretch
Without ſome Pleaſure now. What ſport to night?

Cleo. Hear the Ambaſſadors.

Ant. Fie wrangling Queen!
Whom every thing becomes, to chide, to laugh,
To weep; whoſe every Paſſion fully ſtrives
To make it ſelf in thee fair and admir'd.
No Meſſenger but thine, and all alone,
To Night we'll wander through the Streets, and note
The Qualities of People. Come, my Queen,
Laſt night you did deſire it. Speak not to us.
[*Exeunt with their Train.*

Dem. Is *Cæſar* with *Antonius* priz'd ſo ſlight?

Phil. Sir, ſometimes when he is not *Antony*,
He comes too ſhort of that great Property
Which ſtill ſhould go with *Antony.*

Dem. I am full ſorry, that he approves the common Liar, who thus ſpeaks of him at *Rome*; but I will hope of better Deeds to morrow. Reſt you happy. [*Exeunt.*

Enter Enobarbus, Charmian, Iras, Alexas, *and a Soothſayer.*

Char. L. *Alexas*, ſweet *Alexas*, moſt any thing *Alexas*, almoſt moſt abſolute *Alexas*, where's the Soothſayer that you prais'd to th' Queen? Oh! that I knew this Huſband, which you ſay, muſt change his Horns with Garlands.

Alex. Soothſayer.

Sooth. Your will?

Char. Is this the Man? Is't you, Sir, that know things?

Sooth. In Nature's infinite Book of Secrecy, a little I can read.

Alex. Shew him your Hand.

Eno. Bring in the Banquet quickly: Wine enough, *Cleopatra*'s Health to drink.

Char. Good Sir, give me good Fortune.

Sooth. I make not, but foreſee.

Char. Pray then, foreſee me one.

Sooth. You ſhall be yet far fairer than you are.

Char. He means in Fleſh.

Iras.

Iras. No, you ſhall paint when you are old.

Char. Wrinkles forbid.

Alex. Vex not his Patience, be attentive.

Char. Huſh !

Sooth. You ſhall be more beloving, than beloved.

Char. I had rather heat my Liver with Drinking.

Alex. Nay, hear him.

Char. Good now, ſome excellent Fortune. Let me be Married to three Kings in a Forenoon, and Widow them all ; let me have a Child at fifty, to whom *Herod* of *Jewry* may do Homage. Find me to marry me with *Octavius Cæſar*, and Companion me with my Miſtreſs.

Sooth. You ſhall out-live the Lady whom you ſerve.

Char. Oh excellent, I love long Life better than Figs.

Sooth. You have ſeen and proved a fairer former Fortune, than that which is to approach.

Char. Then belike my Children ſhall have no Names ; Prithee how many Boys and Wenches muſt I have ?

Sooth. If every of your Wiſhes had a Womb,
And foretel every Wiſh, a Million.

Char. Out Fool, I forgive thee for a Witch.

Alex. You think none but your Sheets are privy to your Wiſhes.

Char. Nay come, tell *Iras* hers.

Alex. We'll know all our Fortunes.

Eno. Mine, and moſt of our Fortunes to night, ſhall be to go drunk to Bed.

Iras. There's a Palm preſages Chaſtity, if nothing elſe.

Char. E'en as the o'erflowing *Nylus* preſageth Famine.

Iras. Go you wild Bedfellow, you cannot Soothſay.

Char. Nay, if an oily Palm be not a fruitful Prognoſtication, I cannot ſcratch mine Ear. Prithee tell her but a Workyday Fortune.

Sooth. Your Fortunes are alike.

Iras. But how, but how —— give me particulars.

Sooth. I have ſaid.

Iras. Am I not an inch of Fortune better than ſhe ?

Char. Well, if you were but an inch of Fortune better than I ; where would you chuſe it ?

Iras.

Iras. Not in my Husband's Noſe.

Char. Our worſer thoughts Heav'ns mend.

Alex. Come, his Fortune, his Fortune. Oh let him Marry a Woman that cannot go, ſweet *Iſis*, I beſeech thee, and let her die too, and give him a worſe, and let worſe follow worſe, 'till the worſt of all follow him laughing to his Grave, Fifty-fold a Cuckold. Good *Iſis*, hear me this Prayer, though thou deny me a matter of more Weight; good *Iſis*, I beſeech thee.

Char. *Amen*, dear Goddeſs, hear that Prayer of the People. For, as it is a heart-breaking to ſee a handſome Man looſe-wiv'd, ſo it is a deadly Sorrow, to behold a foul Knave Uncuckolded; therefore, dear *Iſis*, keep *decorum*, and Fortune him accordingly.

Char. *Amen.*

Alex. Lo now, if it lay in their Hands to make me a Cuckold, they would make themſelves Whores, but they'd do't.

Enter Cleopatra.

Eno. Huſh, here comes *Antony*.

Char. Not he, the Queen.

Cleo. Saw you my Lord?

Eno. No, Lady.

Cleo. Was he not here?

Char. No, Madam.

Cleo. He was diſpos'd to Mirth, but on the ſudden
A *Roman* thought had ſtruck him. *Enobarbus.*

Eno. Madam.

Cleo. Seek him, and bring him hither; where's *Alexas?*

Alex. Here at your Service, my Lord approaches.

Enter Antony *with a Meſſenger and Attendants.*

Cleo. We will not look upon him; go with us. [*Exeunt.*

Meſ. *Fulvia* thy Wife, firſt came into the Field.

Ant. Againſt my Brother *Lucius*?

Meſ. Ay, but ſoon that War had end, and the times ſtate
Made Friends of them, jointing their force 'gainſt *Cæſar*,
Whoſe better Iſſe in the War of *Italy*,
Upon the firſt encounter drave them.

Ant. Well, what worſt?

Meſ. The Nature of bad News infects the Teller.

Ant.

Ant. When it concerns the Fool or Coward; on.
Things that are paſt, are done, with me. 'Tis thus,
Who tells me true, though in his Tale lye Death,
I hear him as he flatter'd.
Meſ. Labienus, this is ſtiff News,
Hath, with his *Parthian* Force, extended *Aſia*;
From *Euphrates* his conquering
Banner ſhook, from *Syria* to *Lydia*,
And to *Ionia*, whilſt ———
Ant. Antony thou would'ſt ſay.
Meſ. Oh, my Lord.
Ant. Speak to me home, mince not the general Tongue,
Name *Cleopatra* as ſhe is call'd in *Rome*:
Rail thou in *Fulvia*'s Phraſe, and taunt my Faults
With ſuch full Licenſe, as both Truth and Malice
Have Power to utter. Oh then we bring forth Weeds,
When our quick Winds lye ſtill, and our ills told us
Is as our Earing; fare thee well a while.
Meſ. At your Noble Pleaſure.
Ant. From *Scicion* how the News? ſpeak there.
Meſ. The Man from *Scicion*, is there ſuch an one?
Attend. He ſtays upon your will.
Ant. Let him appear;
Theſe ſtrong *Ægyptian* Fetters I muſt break,
Or loſe my ſelf in Dotage. What are you?
Enter another Meſſenger with a Letter.
2 *Meſ. Fulvia* thy Wife is dead.
Ant. Where died ſhe?
2 *Meſ.* In *Scicion*, her length of Sickneſs
With what elſe more ſerious,
Importeth thee to know, this bears.
Ant. Forbear me.
There's a great Spirit gone, thus did I deſire it,
What our Contempts do often hurl from us.
We wiſh it Hours again, the preſent Pleaſure,
By revolution lowring, does become
The oppoſite of it ſelf; ſhe's good being gone,
The Hand could pluck her back, that ſhov'd her on.
I muſt from this *Ægyptian* Queen break off.
Ten thouſand harms, more than the ills I know
My idleneſs doth hatch. How now *Enobarbus*?

Enter

Enter Enobarbus.

Eno. What's your pleaſure, Sir?

Ant. I muſt with haſte from hence.

Eno. Why then we kill all our Women. We ſee how mortal an Unkindneſs is to them, if they ſuffer our departure, Death's the word.

Ant. I muſt be gone.

Eno. Under a compelling occaſion, let Women die. It were pity to caſt them away for nothing, though between them and a great cauſe, they ſhould be eſteem'd nothing. *Cleopatra* catching but the leaſt noiſe of this dies inſtantly; I have ſeen her die twenty times upon far poorer moment: I do think there is Mettle in Death, which commits ſome loving act upon her, ſhe hath ſuch a Celerity in Dying.

Ant. She is cunning paſt Man's Thought.

Eno. Alack, Sir, no, her Paſſions are made of nothing but the fineſt part of pure Love. We cannot call her Winds and Waters, Sighs and Tears: And yet they are greater Storms and Tempeſts than Almanacks can report. This cannot be cunning in her; if it be, ſhe makes a Show'r of Rain as well as *Jove*.

Ant. Would I had never ſeen her.

Eno. Oh Sir, you had then left unſeen a wonderful Piece of Work, which not to have been bleſt withal, would have diſcredited your Travel.

Ant. *Fulvia* is dead.

Eno. Sir!

Ant. *Fulvia* is dead.

Eno. *Fulvia*?

Ant. Dead.

Eno. Why Sir, give the Gods a thankful Sacrifice: when it pleaſeth their Deities to take the Wife of a Man from him, it ſhews to Man the Tailors of the Earth: Comforting him therein, that when old Robes are worn out, there are Members to make new. If there were no more Women but *Fulvia*, then had you indeed a cut, and the caſe were to be lamented: This Grief is crown'd with Conſolation, your old Smock brings forth a new Petticoat, and indeed the Tears live in an Onion, that ſhould water this Sorrow.

Ant. The Buſineſs ſhe hath broached in the State,
Cannot endure my Abſence.

Eno. And the Buſineſs you have broach'd here cannot be without you, eſpecially that of *Cleopatra*'s, which wholly depends on your Aboad.

Ant. No more like Anſwers: Let our Officers
Have notice what we purpoſe. I ſhall break
The cauſe of our Expedience to the Queen,
And get her Love to part. For not alone
The death of *Fulvia*, with more urgent touches
Do ſtrongly ſpeak to us, but the Letters too
Of many our contriving Friends in *Rome*,
Petition us at Home. *Sextus Pompeius*
Hath giv'n the Dare to *Cæſar*, and commands
The Empire of the Sea. Our ſlipp'ry People,
Whoſe Love is never link'd to the Deſerver,
'Till his Deſerts are paſt, begin to throw
Pompey the Great, and all his Dignities
Upon his Son; who high in Name and Pow'r,
Higher than both in Blood and Life, ſtands up
For the main Soldier: Whoſe Quality going on,
The ſides o'th' World may danger. Much is breeding,
Which like the Courſer's Hair, hath yet but Life,
And not a Serpent's Poiſon. Say our Pleaſure,
To ſuch whoſe place is under us, requires
Our quick remove from hence.

Eno. I ſhall do't. [*Exeunt.*

Enter Cleopatra, Charmian, Alexas, *and* Iras.

Cleo. Where is he?

Char. I did not ſee him ſince.

Cleo. See where he is, who's with him, what he do's;
I did not ſend you. If you find him ſad,
Say I am Dancing: if in Mirth, report
That I am ſudden ſick. Quickly, and return.

Char. Madam, methinks if you did love him dearly,
You do not hold the method, to enforce
The like from him.

Cleo. What ſhould I do, I do not?

Char. In each thing give him way, croſs him in nothing.

Cleo. Thou teacheſt like a Fool: the way to loſe him.

Char.

Char. Tempt him not, ſo, too far. I wiſh, forbear,
In time we hate that which we often fear.

Enter Antony.

But here comes *Antony.*

Cleo. I am Sick, and ſullen.

Ant. I am ſorry to give Breathing to my purpoſe.

Cleo. Help me away, dear *Charmian*, I ſhall fall,
It cannot be thus long, the ſides of Nature [*Seeming to faint.*
Will not ſuſtain it.

Ant. Now, my deareſt Queen.

Cleo. Pray you ſtand farther from me,

Ant. What's the matter?

Cleo. I know by that ſame Eye there's ſome good News.
What ſays the marry'd Woman? you may go;
Would ſhe had never given you leave to come,
Let her not ſay 'tis I that keep you here,
I have no Pow'r upon you: Hers you are.

Ant. The Gods beſt know.

Cleo. Oh never was there Queen
So mightily betrayed; yet at the firſt
I ſaw the Treaſons planted.

Ant. Cleopatra.

Cleo. Why ſhould I think you can be mine, and true,
Though you with Swearing ſhake the throned Gods,
Who have been falſe to *Fulvia?* Riotous Madneſs!
To be entangled with thoſe Mouth-made Vows,
Which break themſelves in Swearing.

Ant. Moſt ſweet Queen.

Cleo. Nay pray you ſeek no colour for your going,
But bid farewel, and go: When you ſued ſtaying,
Then was the time for words: No going then,
Eternity was in our Lips, and Eyes,
Bliſs in our Brows bent, none our Parts ſo poor,
But was a race of Heav'n. They are ſo ſtill,
Or thou the greateſt Soldier of the World,
Art turn'd the greater Liar.

Ant. How now, Lady?

Cleo. I would I had thy Inches, thou ſhould'ſt know
There were a Heart in *Ægypt.*

Ant. Hear me, Queen;
The ſtrong neceſſity of time, commands

Our

Our ſervices awhile; but my full Heart
Remains in uſe with you. Our *Italy*
Shines o'er with civil Swords; *Sextus Pompeius*
Makes his approaches to the Port of *Rome*.
Equality of two Domeſtick Pow'rs,
Breed ſcrupulous Faction; the hated, grown to Strength,
Are newly grown to Love; the condemn'd *Pompey*,
Rich in his Father's Honour, creeps apace,
Into the Hearts of ſuch, as have not thriv'n
Upon the preſent State, whoſe Numbers threaten,
And Quietneſs grown ſick of reſt, would purge
By any deſperate change. My more particular,
And that which moſt with you ſhould ſave my going,
Is *Fulvia*'s death.

Cleo. Though Age from Folly could not give me freedom,
It does from Childiſhneſs. Can *Fulvia* die?

Ant. She's dead, my Queen,
Look here, and at thy Sovereign leiſure read
The Garboyls ſhe awak'd; at the laſt, beſt.
See when, and where ſhe died.

Cleo. O moſt falſe Love!
Where be the ſacred Viols thou ſhould'ſt fill
With ſorrowful Water? now I ſee, I ſee,
In *Fulvia*'s death, how mine ſhall be receiv'd.

Ant. Quarrel no more, but be prepar'd to know
The purpoſes I bear: which are, or ceaſe,
As you ſhall give th'advice. By the Fire
That quickens *Nilus* Slime, I go from hence
Thy Soldier, Servant, making Peace or War,
As thou affect'ſt.

Cleo. Cut my Lace, *Charmian*, come,
But let it be, I am quickly ill, and well,
So *Anthony* loves.

Ant. My precious Queen forbear,
And give true evidence to his Love, which ſtands
An honourable Trial.

Cleo. So *Fulvia* told me.
I prithee turn aſide, and weep for her,
Then bid adieu to me, and ſay the Tears
Belong to *Ægypt*. Good now, play one Scene
Of excellent diſſembling, and let it look

Like

Like perfect honour.

Ant. You'll heat my Blood; no more.

Cleo. You can do better yet; but this is meetly.

Ant. Now by my Sword——

Cleo. And Target. Still he mends.
But this is not the best. Look prithee, *Charmian*,
How this *Herculean Roman* does become
The carriage of his Chafe.

Ant. I'll leave you, Lady.

Cleo. Courteous Lord, one word:
Sir, you and I must part, but that's not it,
Sir, you and I have lov'd, but there's not it,
That you know well, something it is I would:
Oh, my oblivion is a very *Antony*,
And I am all forgotten.

Ant. But that your Royalty
Holds Idleness your subject, I should take you
For Idleness it self.

Cleo. 'Tis sweating labour,
To bear such Idleness so near the Heart
As *Cleopatra* this. But, Sir, forgive me,
Since my becomings kill me, when they do not
Eye well to you. Your honour calls you hence,
Therefore be deaf to my unpitied Folly,
And all the Gods go with you. Upon your Sword
Sit lawrell'd Victory, and smooth Success
Be strew'd before your Feet.

Ant. Let us go.
Come: Our separation so abides and flies,
That thou residing here, goest yet with me,
And I hence fleeting, here remain with thee.
Away. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE II. Rome.

Enter Octavius Cæsar *reading a Letter*, Lepidus, *and Attendants.*

Cæs. You may see, *Lepidus*, and henceforth know,
It is not *Cæsar*'s natural Voice, to hate
One great Competitor. From *Alexandria*
This is the News; he fishes, drinks, and wastes
The Lamps of Night in revels; Is not more Manlike

Than *Cleopatra*; nor the Queen of *Ptolomy*
More Womanly than he. Hardly gave Audience,
Or did vouchsafe to think he had Partners. You
Shall find there a Man, who is th'abstract of all faults;
That all Men follow.

Lep. I must not think
There are Evils enough to darken all his Goodness;
His Faults in him, seem as the spots of Heav'n,
More fiery by Night's blackness; Hereditary,
Rather than purchast; what he cannot change,
Than what he chuses.

Cæs. You are too indulgent. Let's grant it is
Amiss to tumble on the Bed of *Ptolomy*,
To give a Kingdom for a Mirth, to fit
And keep the turn of Tipling with a Slave,
To reel the Streets at Noon, and stand the Buffet
With Knaves that smell of sweat; say this becomes him;
As his composure must be rare indeed,
Whom these things cannot blemish, yet must *Antony*
No way excuse his Foils, when we do bear
So great weight in his Lightness. If he fill'd
His vacancy with his Voluptuousness;
Full surfeits, and the dryness of his Bones,
Call on him for't. But to confound such time,
That drums him from his sport, and speaks as loud
As his own State, and ours, 'tis to be chid:
As we rate Boys, who being mature in Knowledge,
Pawn their experience to their present Pleasure,
And so rebel to Judgment.

Enter a Messenger.

Lep. Here's more News.

Mes. Thy biddings have been done, and every hour,
Most noble *Cæsar*, shalt thou have report
How 'tis abroad. *Pompey* is strong at Sea,
And it appears, he is belov'd of those
That only have fear'd *Cæsar:* to the Ports
The Discontents repair, and Mens reports
Give him much wrong'd.

Cæs. I should have known no less,
It hath been taught us from the primal State,
That he which is, was wish'd, until he were:

And

And the ebb'd Man, ne'er lov'd 'till ne'er worth love,
Comes fear'd, by being lack'd. This common Body
Like to a Vagabond Flag upon the Stream,
Goes to, and back, lacking the varying Tide
To rot it ſelf with motion.

Meſ. *Cæſar*, I bring thee word,
Menecrates and *Menas*, famous Pirates,
Make the Sea ſerve them, which they ear and wound
With Keels of every kind. Many hot inrodes
They make in *Italy*, the borders Maritime
Lack Blood to think on't, and fleſh youth to revolt,
No Veſſel can peep forth, but 'tis as ſoon
Taken as ſeen: For *Pompey*'s Name ſtrikes more
Than could his War reſiſted.

Caſ. *Antony*,
Leave thy laſcivious Vaſſals. When thou once
Wert beaten from *Mutina*, where thou ſlew'ſt
Hirtius and *Panſa* Conſuls, at thy heel
Did famine follow, whom thou fought'ſt againſt,
Though daintily brought up, with patience more
Than Savages could ſuffer. Thou didſt drink
The ſtale of Horſes, and the gilded Puddle
Which Beaſts would cough at. Thy Pallat then did dain
The rougheſt Berry on the rudeſt Hedge.
Yea, like the Stag, when Snow the Paſture ſheets,
The Barks of Trees thou browſed'ſt. On the *Alps*,
It is reported thou didſt eat ſtrange Fleſh,
Which ſome did die to look on; and all this,
It wounds thine honour that I ſpeak it now,
Was born ſo like a Soldier, that thy cheek
So much as lank'd not.

Lep. 'Tis pity of him.

Caſ. Let his ſhames quickly
Drive him to *Rome*, 'tis time we twain
Did ſhew our ſelves i'th' Field, and to that end
Aſſemble we immediate Council; *Pompey*
Thrives in our Idleneſs.

Lep. To morrow, *Cæſar*,
I ſhall be furniſh'd to inform you rightly,
Both what, by Sea and Land, I can be able,
To front this preſent time.

Cæſ. 'Till which encounter, it is my Buſineſs too. Farewel.
Lep. Farewel my Lord, what you ſhall know mean time
Of ſtirs abroad, I ſhall beſeech you, Sir,
To let me be partaker.
Cæſ. Doubt not, Sir, I knew it for my Bond. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE III. Alexandria.

Enter Cleopatra, Charmian, Iras, *and* Mardian.

Cleo. Charmian.
Char. Madam.
Cleo. Ha, ha——give me to drink *Mandragoras.*
Char. Why, Madam?
Cleo. That I might ſleep out this great gap of time,
My *Antony* is away.
Char. You think of him too much.
Cleo. O 'tis Treaſon.
Char. Madam, I truſt not ſo.
Cleo. Thou, Eunuch, *Mardian?*
Mar. What's your Highneſs pleaſure?
Cleo. Not now to hear thee ſing. I take no pleaſure
In ought an Eunuch has; 'tis well for thee,
That being unſeminaried, thy freer Thoughts
May not fly forth of *Egypt.* Haſt thou Affections?
Mar. Yes, gracious Madam.
Cleo. Indeed?
Mar. Not in deed, Madam, for I can do nothing
But what indeed is honeſt to be done:
Yet have I fierce Affections, and think
What *Venus* did with *Mars.*
Cleo. Oh *Charmian!*
Where think'ſt thou he is now? Stands he, or ſits he?
Or does he walk? Or is he on his Horſe?
Oh happy Horſe to bear the weight of *Antony!*
Do bravely, Horſe, for wot'ſt thou whom thou mov'ſt
The demy *Atlas* of this Earth, the Arm
And Burgonet of Man. He's ſpeaking now.
Or murmuring, where's my Serpent of old *Nile,*
For ſo he calls me; now I feed my ſelf
With moſt delicious Poiſon. Think on me
That am with *Phœbus* amorous pinches black,

And

And wrinkled deep in time? Broad-fronted *Cæsar*,
When thou waſt here above the Ground, I was
A morſel of a Monarch; and great *Pompey*
Would ſtand and make his Eyes grow in my Brow,
There would he anchor his Aſpect, and die
With looking on his Life.

Enter Alexas.

Alex. Soveraign of *Ægypt*, hail.

Cleo. How much art thou unlike *Mark Antony?*
Yet coming from him, that great Med'cine hath
With his Tinct gilded thee.
How goes it with my brave *Mark Antony*?

Alex. Laſt thing he did, dear Queen,
He kiſt the laſt of many doubled kiſſes,
This orient Pearl. His Speech ſticks in my Heart.

Cleo. Mine Ear muſt pluck it thence.

Alex. Good Friend, quoth he,
Say the firm *Roman* to great *Ægypt* ſends
This treaſure of an Oyſter; at whoſe foot,
To mend the petty preſent, I will piece
Her opulent Throne, with Kingdoms. All the Eaſt,
Say thou, ſhall call her Miſtreſs. So he nodded,
And ſoberly did mount an Arm-gaunt Steed,
Who neigh'd ſo high, that what I would have ſpoke,
Was beaſtly dumb by him.

Cleo. What, was he ſad or merry?

Alex. Like to the time o'th' Year, between the extreams
Of hot and cold, he was not ſad nor merry.

Cleo. Oh well divided diſpoſition; note him,
Note him good *Charmian*, 'tis the Man; but note him.
He was not ſad, for he would ſhine on thoſe
That make their looks by his. He was not merry,
Which ſeem'd to tell them, his remembrance lay
In *Ægypt* with his joy; but between both.
Oh heav'nly mingle! Be'ſt thou ſad, or merry,
The violence of either thee becomes,
So do's it no Man elſe. Met'ſt thou my Poſts?

Alex. Ay, Madam, twenty ſeveral Meſſengers,
Why do you ſend ſo thick?

Cleo. Who's born that day,
When I forget to ſend to *Antony*,

Shall die a Beggar. Ink and Paper, *Charmian.*
Welcome my good *Alexas.* Did I, *Charmian,*
Ever love *Cæsar* so?
Char. Oh that brave *Cæsar!*
Cleo. Be choak'd with such another Emphasis,
Say the brave *Antony.*
Char. The valiant *Cæsar.*
Cleo. By *Isis,* I will give thee bloody Teeth,
If thou with *Cæsar* Paragon again
My Man of Men.
Char. By your most gracious Pardon,
I Sing but after you.
Cleo. My Sallad Days,
When I was green in Judgment, cold in Blood,
To say, as I said then. But come, away,
Get me Ink and Paper,
He shall have every Day several greetings, or I'll unpeople
Ægypt. [*Exeunt.*

ACT II. SCENE I.

SCENE *in* Sicily.

Enter Pompey, Menecrates, *and* Menas.

Pom. IF the great Gods be just, they shall assist
The Deeds of justest Men.
Mene. Know, worthy *Pompey,*
That which they do delay, they not deny.
Pom. While we are Suitors to their Throne, decays
The thing we sue for.
Mene. We, ignorant of our selves,
Beg often our own harms, which the wise Powers
Deny us for our good; so find we profit
By losing of our Prayers.
Pom. I shall do well:
The People love me, and the Sea is mine;
My Powers are Crescent, and my auguring hope
Says it will come to th' full. *Mark Antony*
In *Ægypt* sits at Dinner, and will make

No

No Wars without Doors. *Cæsar* gets Mony where
He loses Hearts; *Lepidus* flatters both,
Of both is flatter'd; but he neither loves,
Nor either cares for him.
Mene. *Cæsar* and *Lepidus* are in the Field,
A mighty strength they carry.
Pom. Where have you this? 'Tis false.
Mene. From *Silvius*, Sir.
Pom. He dreams; I know they are in *Rome* together
Looking for *Antony:* But all the Charms of Love,
Salt *Cleopatra*, soften thy wand Lip,
Let Witchcraft join with Beauty; Lust with both,
Tie up the Libertine in a Field of Feasts,
Keep his Brain fuming; Epicurean Cooks,
Sharpen with cloyless sawce his Appetite;
That sleep and feeding may prorogue his Honour,
Even 'till a lethied Dulness———

Enter Varrius.

How now *Varrius*?
Var. This is most certain, that I shall deliver:
Mark Antony is every hour in *Rome*
Expected. Since he went from *Ægypt*, 'tis
A space for farther travel.
Pom. I could have given less matter
A better Ear. *Menas*, I did not think
This amorous Surfeiter would have donn'd his Helm
For such a petty War; his Soldiership
Is twice the other twain: But let us rear
The higher our Opinion, that our stirring
Can from the lap of *Ægypt*'s Widow pluck
The near Lust-wearied *Antony*.
Mene. I cannot hope,
Cæsar and *Antony* shall well greet together:
His Wife that's dead, did trespasses to *Cæsar*,
His Brother warr'd upon him, although I think'
Not mov'd by *Antony*.
Pom. I know not, *Menas*,
How lesser Enmities may give way to greater.
Were't not that we stand up against them all,
'Twere pregnant they should square between themselves;
For they have entertained cause enough

To draw their Swords; but how the fear of us
May cement their Diviſions, and bind up
The petty Difference, we yet not know.
Be't as our Gods will have't; it only ſtands
Our lives upon, to uſe our ſtrongeſt hands.
Come, *Menas*. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE II. Rome.

Enter Enobarbus *and* Lepidus.

Lep. Good *Enobarbus*, 'tis a worthy deed,
And ſhall become you well, to intreat your Captain
To ſoft and gentle Speech.
Eno. I ſhall entreat him
To anſwer like himſelf; if *Cæſar* move him,
Let *Antony* look over *Cæſar*'s Head,
And ſpeak as loud as *Mars*. By *Jupiter*,
Were I the wearer of *Antonio*'s Beard,
I would not ſhave't to day.
Lep. 'Tis not a time for private Stomaching.
Eno. Every time ſerves for the matter that is then born in't.
Lep. But ſmall to greater Matters muſt give way.
Eno. Not if the ſmall come firſt,
Lep. Your Speech is paſſion; but pray you ſtir
No Embers up. Here comes the noble *Antony*.

Enter Antony *and* Ventidius.

Eno. And yonder *Cæſar*.

Enter Cæſar, Mecænas, *and* Agrippa.

Ant. If we compoſe well here, to *Parthia*——
Hark, *Ventidius*.
Cæſ. I do not know; *Mecanas*, ask *Agrippa*.
Lep. Noble Friends,
That which combin'd us was moſt great, and let not
A leaner Action rend us. What's amiſs,
May it be gently heard. When we debate
Our trivial difference loud, we do commit
Murther in healing Wounds. Then noble Partners,
The rather, for I earneſtly beſeech,
Touch you the ſowreſt points with ſweeteſt terms,
Nor curſtneſs grow to th' matter.

Ant.

Ant. 'Tis ſpoken well:
Were we before our Armies and to fight,
I ſhould do thus. [*Flouriſh.*
Caſ. Welcome to *Rome.*
Ant. Thank you.
Caſ. Sit.
Ant. Sit, Sir.
Caſ. Nay then.
Ant. I learn you take things ill, which are not ſo:
Or being, concern you not.
Caſ. I muſt be laught at,
If, or for nothing, or a little, I
Should ſay my ſelf offended, and with you
Chiefly i'th' World. More laught at, that I ſhould
Once name you derogately: when to ſound your name
It not concern'd me.
Ant. My being in *Ægypt*, *Cæſar*, what was't to you?
Caſ. No more than my reſiding here at *Rome*
Might be to you in *Ægypt*: yet if you there
Did practiſe on my ſtate, your being in *Ægypt*
Might be my queſtion.
Ant. How intend you, practis'd?
Caſ. You may be pleas'd to catch at mine intent,
By what did here befal me. Your Wife and Brother
Made wars upon me, and their conteſtation
Was Theam for you, you were the word of war.
Ant. You do miſtake your buſineſs, my Brother never
Did urge me in his Act: I did inquire it,
And have my learning from ſome true reports
That drew their Swords with you. Did he not rather
Diſcredit my Authority with yours,
And make the wars alike againſt my Stomach,
Having alike your cauſe? Of this my Letters
Before did ſatisfie you. If you patch a quarrel,
As matter whole you've not to make it with,
It muſt not be with this.
Caſ. You praiſe your ſelf, by laying defects of judgment to me: but you patch up your excuſes.
Ant. Not ſo, not ſo:
I know you could not lack, I am certain on't,
Very neceſſity of this thought, that I
Your Partner in the cauſe 'gainſt which he fought,

Could

Could not with graceful Eyes attend thoſe Wars
Which fronted mine own peace. As for my Wife,
I would you had her Spirit, in ſuch another,
The third o'th' World is yours, which with a Snaffle,
You may pace eaſie, but not ſuch a Wife.

Eno. Would we had all ſuch Wives, that the Men might go to Wars with the Women.

Ant. So much uncurbable, her Garboiles *Cæſar*
Made out of her impatience, which not wanted
Shrewdneſs of policy too, I grieving grant,
Did you too much diſquiet, for that you muſt,
But ſay I could not help it.

Cæſ. I wrote to you,
When rioting in *Alexandria* you
Did pocket up my Letters: and with taunts
Did beg my Miſſive out of audience.

Ant. Sir, he fell on me, e'er admitted: then
Three Kings I had newly feaſted, and did want
Of what I was i'th' morning: but next day
I told him of my ſelf, which was as much
As to have askt him pardon. Let this Fellow
Be nothing of our ſtrife: if we contend
Out of our queſtion wipe him.

Cæſ. You have broken
The Article of your Oath, which you ſhall never
Have Tongue to charge me with.

Lep. Soft, *Cæſar.*

Ant. No, *Lepidus*, let him ſpeak,
The Honour is Sacred which he talks on now,
Suppoſing that I lackt it: but on, *Cæſar*,
The Article of my Oath.

Cæſ. To lend me Arms, and Aid, when I requir'd them,
The which you both denied.

Ant. Neglected rather:
And then when Poiſoned hours had bound me up
From mine own Knowledge; as nearly as I may,
I'll play the penitent to you. But mine honeſty,
Shall not make poor my greatneſs, nor my power
Work without it. Truth is, that *Fulvia*,
To have me out of *Ægypt*, made Wars here,
For which my ſelf, the ignorant motive, do

So

So far ask pardon, as befits mine Honour
To ſtoop in ſuch a caſe.

Lep. 'Tis nobly ſpoken.

Mec. If it might pleaſe you, to enforce no further
The griefs between ye: to forget them quite,
Were to remember, that the preſent need,
Speaks to atone you.

Lep. Worthily ſpoken, *Mecænas.*

Eno. Or if you borrow one another's Love for the inſtant, you may when you hear no more words of *Pompey* return it again: you ſhall have time to wrangle in, when you have nothing elſe to do.

Ant. Thou art a Soldier, only ſpeak no more.

Eno. That truth ſhould be ſilent, I had almoſt forgot.

Ant. You wrong this preſence, therefore ſpeak no more.

Eno. Go to then: your conſiderate Stone.

Cæſ. I do not much diſlike the matter, but
The manner of his Speech: for't cannot be,
We ſhall remain in friendſhip, our conditions
So differing in their acts. Yet if I knew,
What Hoop ſhould hold us ſtaunch, from edge to edge
Ath' World, I would purſue it.

Agr. Give me leave, *Cæſar.*

Cæſ. Speak, *Agrippa.*

Agr. Thou haſt a Siſter by thy Mother's ſide,
Admir'd *Octavia*! Great *Mark Antony*
Is now a Widower.

Cæſ. Say not ſo, *Agrippa*; if *Cleopatra* heard you, your proof were well deſerved of raſhneſs.

Ant. I am not married, *Cæſar*; let me hear
Agrippa further ſpeak.

Agr. To hold you in perpetual amity,
To make you Brothers, and to knit your Hearts
With an unflipping Knot, take *Antony*
Octavia to his Wife; whoſe beauty claims
No worſe a Husband than the beſt of Men;
Whoſe Virtue, and whoſe general Graces ſpeak
That which none elſe can utter. By this Marriage,
All little Jealouſies which now ſeem great,
And all great fears, which now import their dangers,
Would then be nothing. Truths would be tales,

Where

Where now half tales be truths: her love to both
Would each to other, and all loves to both
Draw after her. Pardon what I have ſpoke,
For 'tis a ſtudied, not a preſent Thought,
By duty ruminated.
Ant. Will *Cæſar* ſpeak?
Cæſ. Not 'till he hears how *Antony* is touch'd,
With what is ſpoken already.
Ant. What power is in *Agrippa*,
If I would ſay *Agrippa*, be it ſo,
To make this good?
Cæſ. The power of *Cæſar*,
And his power unto *Octavia*.
Ant. May I never
To this good purpoſe, that ſo fairly ſhews,
Dream of impediment; let me have thy hand
Further this Act of Grace: and from this hour,
The Heart of Brothers govern in our Loves,
And ſway our great Deſigns.
Cæſ. There's my hand:
A Siſter I bequeath you, whom no Brother
Did ever love ſo dearly. Let her live
To join our Kingdoms, and our Hearts, and never
Fly off our Loves again.
Lep. Happily, Amen.
Ant. I did not think to draw my Sword againſt *Pompey*,
For he hath laid ſtrange Courteſies, and great
Of late upon me. I muſt thank him only,
Leſt my remembrance ſuffer ill report:
At heel of that defie him.
Lep. Time calls upon's,
Of us muſt *Pompey* preſently be ſought,
Or elſe he ſeeks out us.
Ant. Where lyes he?
Cæſ. About the *Mount-Miſenum*.
Ant. What is his ſtrength by Land?
Cæſ. Great, and increaſing:
But by Sea he is an abſolute Maſter.
Ant. So is the Frame,
Would we had ſpoke together. Haſte we for it,
Yet e'er we put our ſelves in Arms, diſpatch we

The buſineſs we have talk'd of.
Cæſ. With moſt gladneſs.
And do invite you to my Siſter's view,
Whither ſtraight I'll lead you.
Ant. Let us, *Lepidus*, not lack your company.
Lep. Noble *Antony*, not ſickneſs ſhould detain me.
[*Exeunt.*

Manent Enobarbus, Agrippa, Mecænas.

Mec. Welcome from *Ægypt*, Sir.
Eno. Half the Heart of *Cæſar*, worthy *Mecænas*. My Honourable Friend *Agrippa*.
Agr. Good *Enobarbus*.
Mec. We have cauſe to be glad, that matters are ſo well digeſted: you ſtay'd well by't in *Ægypt*.
Eno. Ay Sir, we did ſleep day out of countenance, and made the Night light with drinking.
Mec. Eight wild-Boars roaſted whole at a breakfaſt: and but twelve Perſons there. Is this true?
Eno. This was but as a Fly by an Eagle: we had much more monſtrous matter of Feaſt, which worthily deſerved noting.
Mec. She's a moſt triumphant Lady, if report be ſquare to her.
Eno. When ſhe firſt met *Mark Antony*, ſhe purs'd up his Heart upon the River of *Cydnus*.
Agr. There ſhe appear'd indeed: or my reporter devis'd well for her.
Eno. I will tell you;
The Barge ſhe ſat in, like a Burniſh'd Throne
Burnt on the water; the Poop was beaten Gold,
Purple the Sails, and ſo perfumed, that
The Winds were Love-ſick.
With them the Oars were Silver,
Which to the tune of Flutes kept ſtroke, and made
The water which they beat, to follow faſter,
As amorous of their ſtrokes. For her own Perſon,
It beggar'd all deſcription; ſhe did lye
In her Pavillion, Cloth of Gold, of Tiſſue,
O'er-picturing that *Venus*, where we ſee
The Fancy out-work Nature. On each ſide her
Stood pretty dimpled Boys, like ſmiling *Cupids*,

With

With divers-colour'd Fans, whoſe wind did ſeem
To glow the delicate Cheeks which they did cool,
And what they undid did.
Agr. Oh rare for *Antony*.
Eno. Her Gentlewomen, like the *Nereides*,
So many Mere-maids tended her i'th' Eyes,
And made their bends adornings. At the Helm,
A ſeeming Mere-maid ſteers; the Silken Tackles
Swell with the touches of thoſe Flower-ſoft hands,
That yarely frame the Office. From the Barge
A ſtrange inviſible perfume hits the Senſe
Of the adjacent Wharfs. The City caſt
Her People out upon her; and *Antony*
Enthron'd i'th' Market-place, did ſit alone,
Whiſtling to th' Air; which but for vacancy,
Had gone to gaze on *Cleopatra* too,
And made a gap in Nature.
Agr. Rare *Ægyptian!*
Eno. Upon her landing, *Antony* ſent to her,
Invited her to Supper: ſhe replyed,
It ſhould be better, he became her Gueſt;
Which ſhe entreated. Our Courteous *Antony*,
Whom ne'er, the word of no, Woman heard ſpeak,
Being barber'd ten times o'er, goes to the Feaſt:
And for his Ordinary, pays his Heart,
For what his Eyes eat only.
Agr. Royal wench!
She made great *Caſar* lay his Sword to Bed,
He ploughed her, and ſhe cropt.
Eno. I ſaw her once
Hop forty Paces through the publick Street.
And having loſt her breath, ſhe ſpoke, and panted,
That ſhe did make defect, perfection,
And breathleſs power breath forth.
Mec. Now *Antony* muſt leave her utterly.
Eno. Never, he will not.
Age cannot wither her, nor cuſtom ſteal
Her infinite variety: Other Women cloy
The Appetites they feed, but ſhe makes hungry,
Where moſt ſhe ſatisfies. For vileſt things
Become themſelves in her, that the holy Prieſts

Bleſs her, when ſhe is Riggiſh.

Mec. If Beauty, Wiſdom, Modeſty, can ſettle
The Heart of *Antony*, *Octavia* is
A bleſſed Lottery to him.

Agr. Let us go.
Good *Enobarbus*, make your ſelf my Gueſt,
Whilſt you abide here.

Eno. Humbly, Sir, I thank you. [*Exeunt.*

Enter Antony, Cæſar, Octavia *between them.*

Ant. The World, and my great Office, will ſometimes
Divide me from your Boſom.

Octa. All which time,
Before the Gods my Knee ſhall bow in Prayers
To them for you.

Ant. Good Night Sir. My *Octavia*,
Read not my blemiſhes in the World's report:
I have not kept my ſquare, but that to come
Shall all be done by th' Rule; good Night, dear Lady.

Octa. Good Night, Sir.

Caſ. Good Night. [*Exeunt* Cæſar *and* Octavia.

Enter Soothſayer.

Ant. Now Sirrah! do you wiſh your ſelf in *Ægypt?*

Sooth. Would I had never come from thence, nor you thither.

Ant. If you can, your reaſon?

Sooth. I ſee it in my motion, have it not in my tongue;
But yet hie you to *Ægypt* again.

Ant. Say to me, whoſe Fortune ſhall riſe higher, *Cæſar*'s or mine?

Sooth. *Cæſar*'s. Therefore, oh *Antony*, ſtay not by his ſide.
Thy *Dæmon*, that's thy Spirit which keeps thee, is
Noble, Couragious, High, Unmatchable,
Where *Cæſar*'s is not. But near him thy Angel
Becomes a fear; as being o'erpower'd, and therefore
Make ſpace enough between you.

Ant. Speak this no more.

Sooth. To none but thee, no more, but when to thee,
If thou doſt play with him at any Game,
Thou art ſure to loſe: And of that Natural luck
He beats thee 'gainſt the odds. Thy Luſtre thickens,
When he ſhines by: I ſay again, thy Spirit

Is

Is all afraid to govern thee near him:
But he alway is noble.
Ant. Get thee gone:
Say to *Ventidius*, I would ſpeak with him. [*Exit* Sooth.
He ſhall to *Parthia*, be it art, or hap,
He hath ſpoken true. The very Dice obey him,
And in our ſports my better cunning faints,
Under his chance; if we draw lots, he ſpeeds,
His Cocks do win the Battel, ſtill of mine,
When it is all to naught: and his Quailes ever
Beat mine, in hoop'd, at odds. I will to *Ægypt*;
And though I make this marriage for my peace,
I'th' Eaſt my pleaſure lies. Oh come, *Ventidius*,
Enter Ventidius.
You muſt to *Parthia*, your Commiſſion's ready:
Follow me and receive't. [*Exeunt.*
Enter Lepidus, Mecænas, *and* Agrippa.
Lep. Trouble your ſelf no farther: pray you haſten
Your Generals after.
Agr. Sir, *Mark Antony* will e'en but kiſs *Octavia*, and we'll follow.
Lep. 'Till I ſhall ſee you in your Soldier's dreſs,
Which will become you both, Farewel.
Mec. We ſhall, as I conceive the Journey, be
At the Mount before you *Lepidus*.
Lep. Your way is ſhorter,
My purpoſes do draw me much about,
You'll win two Days upon me.
Both. Sir, good ſucceſs.
Lep. Farewel. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE III. Alexandria.

Enter Cleopatra, Charmian, Iras *and* Alexas.
Cleo. Give me ſome Muſick: Muſick, moody food
Of us that trade in love.
Omnes. The Muſick, hoa!
Enter Mardian *the Eunuch.*
Cleo. Let it alone, let's to Billiards: come *Charmian*.
Char. My arm is ſore, beſt play with *Mardian*.
Cleo. As well a Woman with an Eunuch play'd,

As

As with a Woman. Come, you'll play with me, Sir?

Mar. As well as I can, Madam.

Cleo. And when good will is ſhewed, though't come too ſhort,
The Actor may plead pardon. I'll none now,
Give me mine Angle, we'll to th' River, there
My Muſick playing far off, I will betray
Tawny-fin Fiſhes, my bended hook ſhall pierce
Their ſlimy jaws; and, as I draw them up,
I'll think them every one an *Antony*,
And ſay, ah, ha; you're caught.

Char. 'Twas merry when you wager'd on your Angling, when your diver did hang a ſalt Fiſh on his hook, which he with fervency drew up.

Cleo. That time! —— Oh times! ——
I laught him out of patience, and that night
I laught him into patience, and next morn,
E'er the ninth hour I drunk him to his bed:
Then put my Tires and Mantles on him, whilſt
I wore his Sword *Philippan*. Oh from *Italy*.

Enter a Meſſenger.

Ram thou thy fruitful tidings in mine Ears,
That long time have been barren.

Meſ. Madam! Madam! ——

Cleo. *Antony*'s dead;
If thou ſay ſo, Villain, thou kill'ſt thy Miſtreſs:
But well and free, if thou ſo yield him.
There is Gold, and here
My bleweſt Veins to kiſs: a hand that Kings
Have lipt, and trembled kiſſing.

Meſ. Firſt, Madam, he is well.

Cleo. Why there's more Gold. But, Sirrah, mark, we uſe
To ſay, the dead are well: bring me to that,
The Gold I give thee, will I melt and pour
Down thy ill-uttering throat.

Meſ. Good Madam, hear me.

Cleo. Well, go to, I will:
But there's no goodneſs in thy face. If *Antony*
Be free and healthful; Why ſo tart a favour
To trumpet ſuch good tidings? If not well,
Thou ſhould'ſt come like a Fury crown'd with Snakes,
Not like a formal Man.

Meſ. Wilt pleaſe you hear me?
Cleo. I have a mind to ſtrike thee e'er thou ſpeak'ſt;
Yet if thou ſay, *Antony* lives, 'tis well,
Or Friends with *Cæſar*, or not Captain to him,
I'll ſee thee in a ſhowre of Gold, and hail
Rich Pearls upon thee.
Meſ. Madam, he's well.
Cleo. Well ſaid.
Meſ. And Friends with *Cæſar*.
Cleo. Thou'rt an honeſt Man.
Meſ. *Cæſar*, and he, are greater Friends than ever.
Cleo. Mark thee a Fortune from me.
Meſ. But yet, Madam——
Cleo. I do not like but yet, it do's allay
The good precedence, fie upon but yet,
But yet, is as a Jaylor to bring forth
Some monſtrous Malefactor. Prithee, Friend,
Pour out the pack of matter to mine Ear,
The good and bad together: he's Friends with *Cæſar*,
In ſtate of Health thou ſay'ſt, and thou ſay'ſt, free.
Meſ. Free, Madam! no: I made no ſuch ſport,
He's bound unto *Octavia*.
Cleo. For what good turn?
Meſ. For the beſt turn i'th' Bed.
Cleo. I am pale, *Charmian*.
Meſ. Madam, he's married to *Octavia*.
Cleo. The moſt infectious Peſtilence upon thee.
[*Strikes him down.*
Meſ. Good Madam, patience.
Cleo. What ſay you? [*Strikes him.*
Hence horrible Villain, or I'll ſpurn thine Eyes
Like Balls before me; I'll unhair thy Head:
[*She hales him up and down.*
Thou ſhalt be whipt with Wyre, and ſtew'd in Brine,
Smarting in lingring pickle.
Meſ. Gracious Madam,
I, that do bring the News, made not the match.
Cleo. Say 'tis not ſo, a Province I will give thee,
And make thy Fortunes proud: the blow thou hadſt
Shall make thy peace, for moving me to rage,
And I will boot thee with what gift beſide

Thy

Thy modeſty can beg.
Meſ. He's married, Madam.
Cleo. Rogue, thou haſt liv'd too long. [*Draws a Dagger.*
Meſ. Nay then I'll run:
What mean you, Madam, I have made no fault. [*Exit.*
Char. Good Madam, keep your ſelf within your ſelf,
The Man is innocent.
Cleo. Some Innocents ſcape not the Thunderbolt:
Melt *Ægypt* into *Nile*; and kindled creatures
Turn all to Serpents. Call the Slave again,
Though I am mad, I will not bite him; Call.
Char. He is afeard to come.
Cleo. I will not hurt him,
Theſe Hands do lack Nobility, that they ſtrike
A meaner than my ſelf: ſince I my ſelf
Have given my ſelf the cauſe. Come hither, Sir.
Re-Enter the Meſſenger.
Though it be honeſt, it is never good
To bring bad News: give to a gracious Meſſage
An Hoſt of Tongues, but let ill tidings tell
Themſelves, when they be felt.
Meſ. I have done my duty.
Cleo. Is he married?
I cannot hate thee worſer than I do,
If thou again ſay yes.
Meſ. He's married, Madam.
Cleo. The gods confound thee, doſt thou hold there ſtill?
Meſ. Should I lie, Madam?
Cleo. Oh, would thou didſt:
So half my *Ægypt* were ſubmerg'd, and made
A Ciſtern for ſcal'd Snakes. Go get thee hence,
Hadſt thou *Narciſſus* in thy Face, to me
Thou wouldſt appear moſt ugly: He is married?
Meſ. I crave your Highneſs pardon.
Cleo. He is married?
Meſ. Take no offence, that I would not offend you;
To puniſh me for what you make me do,
Seems much unequal: he's married to *Octavia.*
Cleo. Oh that his fault ſhould make a Knave of thee,
That art not what thou art ſure of. Get thee hence,
The Merchandiſes which thou haſt brought from *Rome*,

Are all too dear for me:
Lye they upon thy hand, and be undone by 'em. [*Exit Meſ.*
Char. Good your Highneſs patience.
Cleo. In praiſing *Antony*, I have diſprais'd *Cæſar.*
Char. Many times, Madam.
Cleo. I am paid for't now: lead me from hence,
I faint; oh *Iras, Charmian!* —— 'tis no matter.
Go to the Fellow, good *Alexas*, bid him
Report the feature of *Octavia*, her years,
Her inclination, let him not leave out
The colour of her Hair. Bring me word quickly.
Let him for ever go——let him not, *Charmian*,
Though he be painted one way like a *Gorgon*,
The other way's a *Mars.* Bid you *Alexas*
Bring me word, how tall ſhe is: pity me, *Charmian*,
But do not ſpeak to me. Lead me to my Chamber. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE IV. *The Coaſt of* Italy, *near* Miſenum.

Enter Pompey *and* Menas *at one Door with Drum and Trumpet: At another* Cæſar, Lepidus, Antony, Enobarbus, Mecænas, Agrippa, *with Soldiers marching.*

Pom. Your Hoſtages I have, ſo have you mine;
And we ſhall talk before we fight.
Cæſ. Moſt meet
That firſt we come to words, and therefore have we
Our written purpoſes before us ſent,
Which if thou haſt conſidered, let us know,
If 'twill tie up thy diſcontented Sword,
And carry back to *Sicily* much tall youth,
That elſe muſt periſh here.
Pom. To you all three,
The Senators alone of this great World,
Chief Factors for the gods. I do not know,
Wherefore my Father ſhould revengers want,
Having a Son and Friends; ſince *Julius Cæſar*,
Who at *Philippi* the good *Brutus* ghoſted,
There ſaw you labouring for me. What was't
That mov'd pale *Caſſius* to conſpire? And what
Made the all-honour'd, honeſt *Roman Brutus*,

With

With the arm'd reſt, Courtiers of beauteous freedom,
To drench the Capitol, but that they would
Have one Man but a Man; and that is it
Hath made me rig my Navy. At whoſe burthen,
The anger'd Ocean foams, with which I meant
To ſcourge th' ingratitude, that deſpiteful *Rome*
Caſt on my Noble Father.

Cæſ. Take your time.

Ant. Thou canſt not fear us, *Pompey*, with thy Sails,
We'll ſpeak with thee at Sea. At Land thou know'ſt
How much we do o'er-count thee.

Pom. At Land indeed
Thou doſt o'er-count me of my Father's Houſe.
But ſince the Cuckoo builds not for himſelf,
Remain in't as thou may'ſt.

Lep. Be pleas'd to tell us,
For this is from the preſent now you talk,
The offers we have ſent you——

Cæſ. There's the point.

Ant. Which do not be intreated to, but weigh
What it is worth embrac'd.

Cæſ. And what may follow
To try a larger Fortune.

Pom. You have made me offer
Of *Sicily*, *Sardinia*; and I muſt
Rid all the Sea of Pirates; then to ſend
Meaſures of Wheat to *Rome*: this 'greed upon,
To part with unhackt edges, and bear back
Our Targets undinted.

Omnes. That's our offer.

Pom. Know then I came before you here, a Man
Prepar'd, to take this offer. But, *Mark Antony*,
Put me to ſome impatience: though I loſe
The praiſe of it by telling. You muſt know
When *Cæſar* and your Brother were at blows,
Your Mother came to *Sicily*, and did find
Her welcome friendly.

Ant. I have heard it, *Pompey*,
And am well ſtudied for a liberal thanks,
Which I do owe you.

Pom. Let me have your Hand:
I did not think, Sir, to have met you here.

Ant. The Beds i'th' East are soft, and thanks to you,
That call'd me timelier than my purpose hither:
For I have gain'd by't.
Cæs. Since I saw you last,
There is a change upon you.
Pom. Well, I know not,
What counts hard Fortune casts upon my face,
But in my bosom she shall never come,
To make my Heart a Vassal.
Lep. Well met here.
Pom. I hope so, *Lepidus*, thus we are agreed:
I crave our composition may be written
And seal'd between us.
Cæs. That's the next to do.
Pom. We'll feast each other, e'er we part, and let's
Draw lots who shall begin.
Ant. That will I, *Pompey*.
Pom. No, *Antony*, take the lot:
But first or last, your fine *Ægyptian* Cookery
Shall have the fame, I have heard that *Julius Cæsar*
Grew fat with feasting there.
Ant. You have heard much.
Pom. I have fair meaning, Sir.
Ant. And fair words to them.
Pom. Then so much have I heard.
And I have heard *Apollodorus* carried——
Eno. No more of that: he did so.
Pom. What, I pray you?
Eno. A certain Queen to *Cæsar* in a Mattrice.
Pom. I know thee now, how far'st thou, Soldier?
Eno. Well, and well am like to do, for I perceive
Four Feasts are toward.
Pom. Let me shake thy hand,
I never hated thee: I have seen thee fight,
When I have envied thy behaviour.
Eno. Sir, I never lov'd you much, but I ha' prais'd ye,
When you have well deserv'd ten times as much,
As I have said you did.
Pom. Injoy thy plainness,
It nothing ill becomes thee:

Aboard

Aboard my Gally, I invite you all.
Will you lead, Lords?

All. Shew's the way, Sir.

Pom. Come. [*Exeunt.* *Manent* Enob. *and* Menas.

Men. Thy Father, *Pompey*, would ne'er have made Treaty. You, and I have known, Sir.

Eno. At Sea, I think.

Men. We have, Sir.

Eno. You have done well by Water.

Men. And you by Land.

Eno. I will praiſe any Man that will praiſe me, though it cannot be denied what I have done by Land.

Men. Nor what I have done by water.

Eno. Yes, ſomething you can deny for your own ſafety: you have been a good Thief by Sea.

Men. And you by Land.

Eno. There I deny my Land Service: but give me your Hand, *Menas*, if your Eyes had authority, here they might have two Thieves kiſſing.

Men. All Mens faces are true, whatſoe'er their hands are.

Eno. But there is ne'er a fair Woman, has a true Face.

Men. No ſlander, they ſteal hearts.

Eno. We came hither to fight with you.

Men. For my part, I am ſorry it is turn'd to a drinking. *Pompey* doth this day laugh away his Fortune.

Eno. If he do, ſure he cannot weep't back again.

Men. You've ſaid, Sir; we look'd not for *Mark Antony* here; pray you, is he married to *Cleopatra?*

Eno. *Cæſar*'s Siſter is call'd *Octavia.*

Men. True, Sir, ſhe was the wife of *Caius Marcellus.*

Eno. But now ſhe is the wife of *Marcus Antonius.*

Men. Pray ye, Sir.

Eno. 'Tis true.

Men. Then is *Cæſar* and he for ever knit together.

Eno. If I were bound to Divine of this Unity, I would not Propheſie ſo.

Men. I think the policy of that purpoſe, made more in the Marriage, than the Love of the parties.

Eno. I think ſo too. But you ſhall find the band that ſeems to tie their friendſhip together, will be the very eſtranger of their Amity: *Octavia* is of a holy, cold, and ſtill converſation.

Men. Who would not have his Wife ſo?

Eno. Not he that himſelf is not ſo; which is *Mark Antony*. He will to his *Ægyptian* diſh again; then ſhall the ſighs of *Octavia* blow the Fire up in *Cæſar*, and, as I ſaid before, that which is the Strength of their Amity, ſhall prove the immediate Author of their Variance. *Antony* will uſe his affection where it is. He married but his occaſion here.

Men. And thus it may be. Come, Sir, will you Aboard? I have a health for you.

Eno. I ſhall take it, Sir: we have us'd our Throats in *Ægypt*.

Men. Come, let's away. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE V. Pompey's *Galley*.

Muſick Plays.

Enter two or three Servants with a Banquet.

1 *Ser.* Here they'll be, Man: ſome o' their Plants are ill rooted already, the leaſt wind i'th' World will blow them down.

2 *Ser.* *Lepidus* is high-colour'd.

1 *Ser.* They have made him drink Alms drink.

2 *Ser.* As they pinch one another by the diſpoſition he cries out, no more; reconciles them to his entreaty, and himſelf to th' drink.

1 *Ser.* But it raiſes the greater War between him and his diſcretion.

2 *Ser.* Why this it is to have a Name in great Mens Fellowſhip: I had as lieve have a Reed that will do me no ſervice, as a Partizan I could not heave.

1 *Ser.* To be call'd into a huge Sphere, and not to be ſeen to move in't, are the holes where Eyes ſhould be, which pitifully diſaſter the Cheeks.

Trumpets.

Enter Cæſar, Antony, Pompey, Lepidus, Agrippa, Mecænas, Enobarbus, Menas, *with other Captains.*

Ant. Thus do they, Sir: they take the flow o'th' *Nile*
By certain ſcale, i'th' Pyramid; they know
By th' height, the lowneſs, or the mean, if Dearth
Or Foizon follow. The higher *Nilus* ſwells,

The

The more it promiſes; as it ebbs, the Seedſman
Upon the Slime and Ooze ſcatters his Grain,
And ſhortly comes to Harveſt.

Lep. You've ſtrange Serpents there.

Ant. Ay, *Lepidus.*

Lep. Your Serpent of *Ægypt*, is bred now of your mud by the Operation of the Sun; ſo is your Crocodile.

Ant. They are ſo.

Pom. Sirrah, ſome Wine! A Health to *Lepidus.*

Lep. I am not ſo well as I ſhould be:
But I'll ne'er out.

Eno. Not 'till you have ſlept; I fear me, you'll be in, 'till then.

Lep. Nay certainly, I have heard the *Ptolomy*'s Pyramiſis are very goodly things; without contradiction I have heard that.

Men. Pompey, a word. [*Aſide.*

Pom. Say in mine Ear, what is't?

Men. Forſake thy Seat, I do beſeech thee, Captain,
And hear me ſpeak a word.

Pom. For me 'till anon. [*Whiſper in's Ear.*
This Wine for *Lepidus.*

Lep. What manner o'thing is your Crocodile?

Ant. It is ſhap'd, Sir, like it ſelf, and it is as broad as it hath breadth; it is juſt ſo high as it is, and moves with its own Organs. It lives by that which nouriſheth it, and the Elements once out of it, it tranſmigrates.

Lep. What colour is it of!

Ant. Of it's own colour too.

Lep. 'Tis a ſtrange Serpent.

Ant. 'Tis ſo, and the Tears of it are wet.

Caſ. Will this Deſcription ſatisfie him?

Ant. With the Health that *Pompey* gives him, elſe he is a very Epicure.

Pom. Go hang, Sir, hang! tell me of that? away!
Do as I bid you. Where's the Cup I call'd for?

Men. If for the ſake of Merit thou wilt hear me,
Riſe from the Stool.

Pom. I think thou'rt mad; the matter?

Men. I have ever held my Cap off to thy Fortunes.

Pom.

Pom. Thou haſt ſerv'd me with much faith: what's elſe
to ſay? Be jolly, Lords.
Ant. Theſe Quick-ſands, *Lepidus.*
Keep off them, for you ſink.
Men. Wilt thou be Lord of all the World?
Pom. What ſay'ſt thou?
Men. Wilt thou be Lord of the whole World? that's twice.
Pom. How ſhall that be?
Men. But entertain it, and though thou think me poor,
I am the Man will give thee all the World.
Pomp. Haſt thou drunk well?
Men. No, *Pompey*, I have kept me from the cup,
Thou art, if thou dar'ſt be, the earthly *Jove:*
What e'er the Ocean pales, or Sky inclips,
Is thine, if thou wilt ha't.
Pom. Shew me which way.
Men. Theſe three World-Sharers, theſe Competitors
Are in thy Veſſel. Let me cut the Cable.
And when we are put off, fall to their Throats:
All there is thine.
Pom. Ah, this thou ſhouldſt have done,
And not have ſpoken on't. In me 'tis villany,
In thee 't had been good ſervice: thou muſt know,
'Tis not my Profit that does lead mine Honour:
Mine Honour is, Repent that e'er thy tongue,
Hath ſo betray'd thine Act. Being done unknown,
I ſhould have found it afterwards well done;
But muſt condemn it now. Deſiſt, and drink.
Men. For this I'll never follow
Thy pall'd Fortunes more;
Who ſeeks and will not take, when once 'tis offer'd,
Shall never find it more.
Pom. This health to *Lepidus.*
Ant. Bear him aſhoar,
I'll pledge it for him, *Pompey.*
Eno. Here's to thee, *Menas.*
Men. Enobarbus, welcome.
Pom. Fill 'till the Cup be hid.
Eno. There's a ſtrange Fellow, *Menas.* [*Pointing to* Lepidus.
Men. Why?
Eno. A bears the third part of the World, Man! ſeeſt not?

Men.

Men. The third Part, then is drunk; would it were all, that it might go on Wheels.

Eno. Drink thou, encreaſe the Reels.

Men. Come.

Pom. This is not yet an *Alexandrian* Feaſt.

Ant. It ripens towards it; ſtrike the Veſſels hoa. Here's to *Cæſar.*

Cæſ. I could well forbear't, it's monſtrous labour when I waſh my Brain, and it grows fouler.

Ant. Be a Child o'th' time.

Cæſ. Poſſeſs it, I'll make anſwer; but I had rather faſt from all, four Days, than drink ſo much in one.

Eno. Ha, my brave Emperor, ſhall we dance now the *Ægyptian* Bacchanals, and celebrate our drink?

Pom. Let's ha't, good Soldier.

Ant. Come, let's all take Hands,
'Till that the conquering Wine hath ſteept our Senſe,
In ſoft and delicate *Lethe.*

Eno. All take Hands:
Make battery to our Ears with the loud Muſick,
The while, I'll place you, then the Boy ſhall ſing.
The holding every Man ſhall beat as loud,
As his ſtrong ſides can volly.

Muſick Plays. Enobarbus *places them Hand in Hand.*

The SONG.

Come thou Monarch of the Vine,
Plumpy Bacchus *with pink eyne:*
In thy Fats our cares be drown'd:
With thy Grapes our Hairs be crown'd.
Cup us 'till the World go round,
Cup us 'till the World go round.

Cæſ. What would you more? *Pompey*, good Night. Good Brother
Let me requeſt you of; our graver Buſineſs
Frowns at this levity. Gentle Lords, let's part,
You ſee we have burnt our Cheek. Strong *Enobarbe*
Is weaker than the Wind, and mine own Tongue
Splits what it ſpeaks; the wild diſguiſe hath almoſt

Antickt

Antickt us all. What needs more words? good Night.
Good *Antony*, your Hand.
Pom. I'll try you on the Shoar.
Ant. And ſhall, Sir, give's your Hand.
Pom. Oh, *Antony*, you have my Father's Houſe.
But what, we are Friends? Come down into the Boat.
Eno. Take heed you fall not,
Men. I'll not on Shoar.
No, to my Cabin——theſe Drums!
Theſe Trumpets, Flutes! what!
Let *Neptune* hear, we bid aloud farewel
To theſe great Fellows. Sound and be hang'd, ſound out.
[*Sound a Flouriſh with Drums.*
Eno. Hoo ſays a! there's my Cap.
Men. Hoa, noble Captain, come. [*Exeunt.*

ACT III. SCENE I.

SCENE *A Camp.*

Enter Ventidius *in Triumph, the dead Body of* Pacorus *born before him,* Roman *Soldiers and Attendants.*

Ven. NOW darting *Parthia* art thou ſtruck, and now
Pleas'd Fortune does of *Marcus Craſſus* death
Make me revenger. Bear the King's Son's Body
Before our Army, thy *Pacorus, Orodes,*
Pays this for *Marcus Craſſus.*
Rom. Noble *Ventidius,*
Whilſt yet with *Parthian* Blood thy Sword is warm,
The Fugitive *Parthians* follow. Spurn through *Media,*
Meſapotamia, and the ſhelters, whither
The routed fly. So thy grand Captain *Antony*
Shall ſet thee on triumphant Chariots, and
Put Garlands on thy Head.
Ven. Oh *Silius, Silius,*
I have done enough. A lower Place, note well
May make too great an act. For learn this, *Silius,*
Better to leave undone, than by our deed
Acquire too high a Fame, when him we ſerve's away.
Cæſar and *Antony* have ever won More

More in their Officer, than Perſon. *Soſius*,
One of my place in *Syria*, his Lieutenant,
For quick accumulation of renown,
Which he atchiev'd by th' minute, loſt his favour.
Who does i'th' Wars more than his Captain can,
Becomes his Captain's Captain: And Ambition,
The Soldier's Virtue, rather makes choiſe of loſs
Than gain, which darkens him.
I could do more to do *Anthonius* good,
But 'twould offend him; and in his offence,
Should my performance periſh.

Rom. Thou haſt, *Ventidius*, that, without the which
A Soldier and his Sword grants ſcarce diſtinction:
Thou wilt write to *Antony*.

Ven. I'll humbly ſignifie what in his Name,
That magical word of War, we have effected,
How with his Banners, and his well paid ranks,
The ne'er-yet beaten Horſe of *Parthia*,
We have jaded out o'th' Field.

Rom. Where is he now?

Ven. He purpoſeth to *Athens*; whither with what haſte
The weight we muſt convey with's, will permit:
We ſhall appear before him. On there, paſs along. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE II. Rome.

Enter Agrippa *at one Door*, Enobarbus *at another.*

Agr. What, are the Brothers parted?

Eno. They have diſpatcht with *Pompey*, he is gone,
The other three are Sealing. *Octavia* weeps
To part from *Rome*: *Cæſar* is ſad, and *Lepidus*
Since *Pompey*'s Feaſt, as *Menas* ſays, is troubled
With the Green-ſickneſs.

Agr. 'Tis a noble *Lepidus*.

Eno. A very fine one; oh, how he loves *Cæſar*.

Agr. Nay but how dearly he adores *Mark Antony*.

Eno. *Cæſar?* why he's the *Jupiter* of Men.

Agr. What's *Antony*, the god of *Jupiter*?

Eno. Speak you of *Cæſar?* Oh! the non-pareil!

Agr. Oh *Antony*, oh thou *Arabian* Bird!

Eno.

Eno. Would you praiſe *Cæſar*, ſay *Cæſar*, go no further.
Agr. Indeed he plied them both with excellent praiſes.
Eno. But he loves *Cæſar* beſt, yet he loves *Antony*:
Ho! Hearts, Tongues, Figure, Scribes, Bards, Poets, cannot
Think, ſpeak, caſt, write, ſing, number; ho,
His love to *Antony*. But as for *Cæſar*,
Kneel down, kneel down, and wonder——
Agr. Both he loves.
Eno. They are his Shards, and he their Beetle, ſo---
This is to Horſe; adieu, noble *Agrippa*. [*Trumpets.*
Agr. Good Fortune worthy Soldier, and farewel.
Enter Cæſar, Antony, Lepidus, *and* Octavia.
Ant. No farther, Sir.
Cæſ. You take from me a great part of my ſelf:
Uſe me well in't. Siſter, prove ſuch a Wife
As my thoughts make thee, and as my fartheſt Bond
Shall paſs on thy approof. Moſt noble *Antony*,
Let not the piece of Virtue which is ſet
Betwixt us, as the cement of our Love,
To keep it builded, be the Ram to batter
The Fortune of it; for better might we
Have lov'd without this mean, if on both parts
This be not cheriſht.
Ant. Make me not offended
In your diſtruſt.
Cæſ. I have ſaid.
Ant. You ſhall not find,
Though you be therein curious, the leaſt cauſe
For what you ſeem to fear, ſo the Gods keep you,
And make the Hearts of *Romans* ſerve your ends:
We will here part.
Cæſ. Farewel, my deareſt Siſter, fare thee well,
The Elements be kind to thee, and make
Thy Spirits all of comfort; fare thee well.
Oct. My noble Brother.
Ant. The *April*'s in her Eyes, it is loves ſpring,
And theſe the ſhowers to bring it on; be chearful.
Oct. Sir, look well to my Husband's Houſe; and---
Cæſ. What *Octavia*.
Oct. I'll tell you in your Ear.

Ant.

Ant. Her Tongue will not obey her Heart, nor can
Her Heart inform her Tongue, the Swan's Doun-feather,
That ſtands upon the Swell at full of tide,
And neither way inclines.

Eno. Will *Cæſar* weep?

Agr. He has a Cloud in's Face.

Eno. He were the worſe for that were he a Horſe; ſo is he being a Man.

Agr. Why *Enobarbus*?
When *Antony* found *Julius Cæſar* dead,
He cryed almoſt to roaring: And he wept,
When at *Philippi* he found *Brutus* ſlain.

Eno. That Year indeed, he was troubled with a Rheum,
What willingly he did confound, he wail'd;
Believe't 'till I weep too.

Cæſ. No, ſweet *Octavia*,
You ſhall hear from me ſtill; the time ſhall not
Out-go my thinking on you.

Ant. Come Sir, come,
I'll wreſtle with you in my ſtrength of love.
Look here I have you; thus I let you go,
And give you to the Gods.

Cæſ. Adieu, be happy.

Lep. Let all the number of the Stars give Light
To thy fair way.

Cæſ. Farewel, Farewel. [*Kiſſes* Octavia.

Ant. Farewel. [*Trumpets ſound. Exeunt.*

SCENE III. Alexandria.

Enter Cleopatra, Charmian, Iras, *and* Alexas.

Cleo. Where is the Fellow?

Alex. Half afeard to come.

Cleo. Go to, go to: Come hither, Sir.

Enter the Meſſenger as before.

Alex. Good Majeſty, *Herod* of *Jewry* dare not look upon you, but when you are well pleas'd.

Cleo. That *Herod*'s Head, I'll have; but how? When *Antony* is gone, through whom I might command it: Come thou near.

Meſ.

Meſ. Moſt gracious Majeſty.
Cleo. Didſt thou behold *Octavia*?
Meſ. Ay, dread Queen.
Cleo. Where?
Meſ. Madam, in *Rome*, I lookt her in the face:
And ſaw her led between her Brother, and
Mark Antony.
Cleo. Is ſhe as tall as me?
Meſ. She is not, Madam.
Cleo. Didſt hear her ſpeak? is ſhe ſhrill tongu'd or low?
Meſ. Madam, I heard her ſpeak, ſhe is low voic'd.
Cleo. That's not ſo good; he cannot like her long.
Char. Like her? Oh *Iſis!* 'tis impoſſible.
Cleo. I think ſo, *Charmian*; dull of Tongue, and Dwarfiſh.
What Majeſty is in her Gate? remember
If e'er thou look'ſt on Majeſty.
Meſ. She creeps;
Her Motion and her Station are as one:
She ſhews a Body, rather than a Life,
A Statue, than a Breather.
Cleo. Is this certain?
Meſ. Or I have no obſervance.
Char. Three in *Ægypt* cannot make better note.
Cleo. He's very knowing, I do perceiv't,
There's nothing in her yet.
The Fellow has good Judgment.
Char. Excellent.
Cleo. Gueſs at her Years, I prethee.
Meſ. Madam, ſhe was a Widow.
Cleo. Widow? *Charmian*, hark.
Meſ. And I do think ſhe's thirty.
Cleo. Bear'ſt thou her Face in Mind? is't long or round?
Meſ. Round even to faultineſs.
Cleo. For the moſt part too, they are fooliſh that are ſo.
Her Hair what colour?
Meſ. Brown, Madam; and her Forehead.
As low as ſhe would wiſh it.
Cleo. There's Gold for thee.
Thou muſt not take my former Sharpneſs ill,
I will employ thee back again; I find thee

Moſt

Moſt fit for Buſineſs. Go, make thee ready,
Our Letters are prepar'd.

Char. A proper Man.

Cleo. Indeed he is ſo; I repent me much
That ſo I harried him. Why methinks by him,
This Creature's no ſuch thing.

Char. Nothing, Madam.

Cleo. The Man hath ſeen ſome Majeſty, and ſhould know.

Char. Hath he ſeen Majeſty? *Iſis* elſe defend!
And ſerving you ſo long.

Cleo. I have one thing more to ask him yet, good *Charmian:*
But 'tis no matter, thou ſhalt bring him to me
Where I will write; All may be well enough.

Char. I warrant you, Madam. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE IV. Athens.

Enter Antony *and* Octavia.

Ant. Nay, nay *Octavia*, not only that,
That were excuſable, that and thouſands more
Of ſemblable import, but he hath wag'd
New Wars 'gainſt *Pompey*; made his Will, and read it
To publick Ear, ſpoke ſcantly of me;
When perforce he could not
But pay me terms of Honour, cold and ſickly
He vented them; moſt narrow meaſure lent me;
When the beſt hint was given him, he o'er-look'd,
Or did it from his Teeth.

Oct. Oh, my good Lord,
Believe not all, or if you muſt believe,
Stomach not all. A more unhappy Lady,
If this diviſion chance, ne'er ſtood between
Praying for both parts: The good Gods will mock me,
When I ſhall praying, oh bleſs my Lord and Husband,
Undo that Prayer, by crying out as loud,
Oh bleſs my Brother. Husband win, win Brother,
Prays, and deſtroys the Prayer, no midway
'Twixt theſe extreams at all.

Ant. Gentle *Octavia*,
Let your beſt love draw to that point which ſeeks

Beſt to preſerve it: if I loſe mine Honour,
I loſe my ſelf; better I were not yours
Than yours ſo branchleſs. But as you requeſted,
Your ſelf ſhall go between's, the mean time, Lady,
I'll raiſe the preparation of a War
Shall ſtain your Brother, make your ſooneſt haſte
So your deſires are yours.

Oct. Thanks to my Lord,
The *Jove* of Power make me moſt weak, moſt weak,
Your reconciler: Wars 'twixt you twain would be,
As if the World ſhould cleave, and that ſlain Men
Should ſodder up the Rift.

Ant. When it appears to you where this begins,
Turn your diſpleaſure that way, for our faults
Can never be ſo equal, that your love
Can equally move with them. Provide your going,
Chuſe your own Company, and command what coſt
Your Heart has mind to. [*Exeunt.*

Enter Enobarbus *and* Eros.

Eno. How now, Friend *Eros?*

Eros. There's ſtrange News come, Sir.

Eno. What, Man?

Eros. *Cæſar* and *Lepidus* have made War upon *Pompey.*

Eno. This is old, what is the Succeſs?

Eros. *Cæſar* having made uſe of him in the Wars 'gainſt *Pompey*; preſently denied him rivality, would not let him partake of the Glory of the Action, and not reſting here, accuſes him of Letters he had formerly wrote to *Pompey.* Upon his own appeal ſeizes him, ſo the poor Third is up, 'till death enlarge his Confine.

Eno. Then would thou hadſt a pair of Chaps no more, and throw between them all the food thou haſt, they'll grind the other. Where's *Antony?*

Eros. He's walking in the Garden thus; and ſpurns
The Ruſh that lyes before him. Cryes, Fool *Lepidus,*
And threats the Throat of that his Officer,
That murdred *Pompey.*

Eno. Our great Navy's rigg'd.

Eros. For *Italy* and *Cæſar*; more *Domitius,*
My Lord deſires you preſently; my News
I might have told hereafter.

Eno.

Eno. 'Twill be naught, but let it be; bring me to *Antony*.
Eros. Come, Sir. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE V. Rome.

Enter Cæsar, Agrippa, *and* Mecænas.

Cæs. Contemning *Rome* he has done all this, and more,
In *Alexandria*; here's the matter of it:
I'th' Market-place on a Tribunal silver'd,
Cleopatra and himself in Chairs of Gold
Were publickly enthron'd; at the feet sat
Cæsario whom they call my Father's Son,
And all the unlawful Issue, that their lust
Since then hath made between them. Unto her,
He gave the 'stablishment of *Ægypt*, made her
Of lower *Syria*, *Cyprus*, *Lydia*, absolute Queen.
Mec. This in the publick Eye?
Cæs. I'th' common shew-place where they exercise,
His Sons were there proclaim'd the Kings of Kings,
Great *Media*, *Parthia*, and *Armenia*
He gave to *Alexander*; to *Ptolemy* he assign'd,
Syria, *Cilicia*, and *Phœnicia*: She
In th' Abiliments of the Goddess *Isis*
That day appear'd, and oft before gave Audience,
As 'tis reported, so.
Mec. Let *Rome* be thus inform'd.
Agr. Who queasie with his Insolence already,
Will their good Thoughts call from him.
Cæs. The People know it,
And have now receiv'd his Accusations.
Agr. Whom do's he accuse?
Cæs. *Cæsar*, and that having in *Sicily*
Sextus Pompeius spoil'd, we had not rated him
His part o'th' Isle. Then does he say, he lent me
Some shipping unrestor'd. Lastly he frets
That *Lepidus* of the Triumvirate
Should be depos'd, and being that, we detain
All his Revenue.
Agr. Sir, this should be answered.
Cæs. 'Tis done already, and his Messenger gone:
I have told him *Lepidus* was grown too cruel,

That he his high Authority abus'd,
And did deserve his chance. For what I have conquer'd,
I grant him part; but then in his *Armenia*,
And other of his conquer'd Kingdoms, I
Demand the like.

Mec. He'll never yield to that.

Cæs. Nor must not then be yielded to in this.

Enter Octavia *with Attendants.*

Oct. Hail *Cæsar*, and my Lord! hail, most dear *Cæsar!*

Cæs. That ever I should call thee Cast-away.

Oct. You have not call'd me so, nor have you cause.

Cæs. Why hast thou stoln upon me thus? you came not
Like *Cæsar*'s Sister; the Wife of *Antony*
Should have an Army for an Usher, and
The neighs of Horse to tell of her approach,
Long e'er she did appear. The Trees by th'way
Should have born Men, and expectation fainted
Longing for what it had not. Nay, the dust
Should have ascended to the Roof of Heav'n,
Rais'd by your populous Troops: But you are come
A Market-maid to *Rome*, and have prevented
The ostentation of our love; which left unshewn,
Is often left unlov'd; we should have met you
By Sea, and Land, supplying every Stage
With an augmented greeting.

Oct. Good, my Lord,
To come thus was I not constrain'd, but did it
On my free Will. My Lord, *Mark Antony*,
Hearing that you prepar'd for War, acquainted
My grieving Ear withal; whereon I begg'd
His pardon for return.

Cæs. Which soon he granted,
Being an abstract 'tween his Lust, and him.

Oct. Do not say so, my Lord.

Cæs. I have Eyes upon him,
And his Affairs come to me on the Wind:
Where is he now?

Oct. My Lord, in *Athens*.

Cæs. No, my most wronged Sister, *Cleopatra*
Hath nodded him to her. He hath given his Empire
Up to a Whore, who now are levying

The

The Kings o'th' Earth for War. He hath assembled,
Bochus the King of *Lybia*, *Archilaus*
Of *Cappadocia*, *Philadelphos* King
Of *Paphlagonia*: The *Thracian* King *Adallas*,
King *Malichus* of *Arabia*, King of *Pont*,
Herod of *Jewry*, *Mithridates* King
Of *Comagene*, *Polemen* and *Amintas*,
The King of *Mede*, and *Lycaonia*,
With a more larger List of Scepters.

Oct. Ay me most wretched,
That have my Heart parted betwixt two Friends,
That do afflict each other.

Cæs. Welcome hither;
Your Letters did with-hold our breaking forth
'Till we perceiv'd both how you were wrong led,
And we in negligent danger; cheer your Heart.
Be you not troubled with the time which drives
O'er your Content, these strong Necessities,
But let determin'd things to destiny
Hold unbewail'd their way. Welcome to *Rome*:
Nothing more dear to me. You are abus'd
Beyond the mark of Thought; and the high Gods
To do you Justice, make his Ministers
Of us, and those that love you. Be of comfort,
And ever welcome to us.

Agr. Welcome Lady.

Mec. Welcome, dear Madam,
Each Heart in *Rome* does love and pity you,
Only th' adulterous *Antony*, most large
In his Abominations, turns you off,
And gives his potent Regiment to a Trull
That Noses it against us.

Oct. Is it so, Sir?

Cæs. Most certain: Sister, welcome; pray you
Be ever known to patience. My dear'st Sister. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE VI. Actium.

Enter Cleopatra, *and* Enorbarbus.

Cleo. I will be even with thee; doubt it not.

Eno. But why, why, why?

Cleo. Thou haſt foreſpoke my being in theſe Wars;
And ſay'ſt it is not fit.

Eno. Well; is it, is it?

Cleo. Is't not denounc'd againſt us? why ſhould not w: be there in Perſon?

Eno. Well, I could reply; if we ſhould ſerve with Horſe and Mares together, the Horſe were merely luſt; the Mares would bear a Soldier and his Horſe.

Cleo. What is't you ſay?

Eno. Your preſence needs muſt puzzle *Antony*,
Take from his Heart, take from his Brain, take from's time,
What ſhould not then be ſpar'd. He is already
Traduc'd for Levity, and 'tis ſaid in *Rome*,
That *Photinus* an Eunuch, and your Maids
Manage this War.

Cleo. Sink *Rome*, and their Tongues rot
That ſpeak againſt us. A charge we bear i'th' War,
And as the Preſident of my Kingdom will
Appear there for a Man. Speak not againſt it,
I will not ſtay behind.

Enter Antony *and* Canidius.

Eno. Nay I have done, here comes the Emperor.

Ant. Is it not ſtrange, *Canidius*,
That from *Tarentum*, and *Brunduſium*,
He could ſo quickly cut the *Ionian* Sea,
And take in *Toryne?* You have heard on't, Sweet?

Cleo. Celerity is never more admir'd
Than by the negligent.

Ant. A good rebuke,
Which might have well becom'd the beſt of Men
To taunt at ſlackneſs. *Canidius*, we,
Will fight with him by Sea.

Cleo. By Sea, what elſe?

Can. Why will my Lord do ſo?

Ant. For that he dares us to't.

Eno. So hath my Lord dar'd him to ſingle fight.

Can. Ay, and to wage his Battel at *Pharſalia*,
Where *Cæſar* fought with *Pompey*. But theſe offers
Which ſerve not for his Vantage, he ſhakes off,
And ſo ſhould you.

Eno.

Eno. Your Ships are not well Mann'd,
Your Mariners are Muliters, Reapers, People,
Ingroſt by ſwift Impreſs. In *Cæſar*'s Fleet
Are thoſe, that often have 'gainſt *Pompey* fought,
Their Ships are yare, yours heavy: no diſgrace
Shall fall you for refuſing him at Sea,
Being prepar'd for Land.

Ant. By Sea, by Sea.

Eno. Moſt worthy Sir, you therein throw away
The abſolute Soldierſhip you have by Land,
Diſtract your Army, which doth moſt conſiſt
Of War-mark'd-Footmen, leave unexecuted
Your own renowned Knowledge, quite forego
The way which promiſes aſſurance, and
Give up your ſelf meerly to chance and hazard,
From firm Security.

Ant. I'll fight at Sea.

Cleo. I have ſixty Sails, *Cæſar* none better.

Ant. Our over-plus of Shipping will we burn,
And with the reſt full-mann'd, from th' Heart of *Actium*
Beat th' approaching *Cæſar*. But if we fail,
We then can do't at Land.

Enter a Meſſenger.

Thy buſineſs?

Meſ. The News is true, my Lord, he is deſcried,
Cæſar has taken *Toryne*.

Ant. Can he be there in Perſon? 'Tis impoſſible
Strange, that his power ſhould be ſo. *Canidius*,
Our nineteen Legions thou ſhalt hold by Land,
And our twelve thouſand Horſe. We'll to our Ship,
Away my *Thetis*.

Enter a Soldier.

How now, worthy Soldier?

Sold. Oh Noble Emperor, do not fight by Sea,
Truſt not to rotten Planks: Do you miſdoubt
This Sword, and theſe my Wounds; let th' *Ægyptians*
And the *Phœnicians* go a Ducking: we
Have us'd to Conquer ſtanding on the Earth,
And fighting foot to foot.

Ant. Well, well, away. [*Exeunt* Ant. Cleo. *and* Enob.

Sold. By *Hercules* I think I am i'th' right.

Can. Soldier thou art: but the whole Action grows
Not in the power on't: ſo our Leaders lead,
And we are Womens Men.
Sold. You keep by Land
The Legions and the Horſe whole, do you not?
Ven. Marcus Octavius, Marcus Juſtius,
Publicola, and *Celius,* are for Sea:
But we keep whole by Land. This ſpeed of *Cæſar's*
Carries beyond belief,
Sold. While he was yet in *Rome*
His power went out in ſuch diſtractions,
As beguil'd all Spies.
Can. Who's his Lieutenant, hear you?
Sold. They ſay, one *Torus.*
Can. Well, I know the Man.
Enter a Meſſenger.
Meſ. The Emperor calls *Canidius.*
Can. With News the Time's in Labour, and throws forth
Each minute, ſome. [*Exeunt.*
Enter Cæſar *with his Army, marching.*
Cæſ. Torus?
Tor. My Lord.
Cæſ. Strike not by Land. Keep whole, provoke not Battel
'Till we have done at Sea. Do not exceed
The Preſcript of this Scroul: Our Fortune lyes
Upon this jump. [*Exit.*
Enter Antony, *and* Enobarbus.
Ant. Set we our Squdrons on yond ſide o'th' Hill,
In Eye of *Cæſar's* Battel, from which place
We may the number of the Ships behold,
And ſo proceed accordingly. [*Exit.*

Canidius *marching with his Land Army one way over the Stage, and* Torus *the Lieutenant of* Cæſar *the other way: after their going in, is heard the noiſe of a Sea-fight. Alarum. Enter* Enobarbus *and* Scarus.

Eno. Naught, naught, all naught, I can behold no longer;
Thantoniad, the *Ægyptian* Admiral,
With all their ſixty flie, and turn the Rudder:
To ſee't, mine Eyes are blaſted.

Enter

Enter Scarus.

Scar. Gods, and Goddesses, all the whole Synod of them!

Eno. What's thy passion?

Scar. The greater Cantle of the World is lost
With very ignorance, we have kiss'd away
Kingdoms and Provinces.

Eno. How appears the fight?

Scar. On our side like the Token'd Pestilence,
Where Death is sure. Your ribauld Nag of *Ægypt*,
Whom Leprosie o'er, i'th' very midst o' th' fight,
When Vantage like a pair of Twinns appear'd
Both of the same, or rather ours the Elder;
The Breeze upon her, like a Cow in *June*,
Hoists Sails, and flies.

Eno. That I beheld:
Mine Eyes did sicken at the sight, and could not
Indure a further view.

Scar. She once being looft;
The Noble ruin of her Magick, *Antony*,
Claps on his Sea-wing, and like a doating Mallard,
Leaving the Fight in heighth, flies after her:
I never saw an Action of such shame;
Experience, Manhood, Honour ne'er before,
Did violate so it self.

Eno. Alack, alack.

Enter Canidius.

Can. Our Fortune on the Sea is out of breath,
And sinks most lamentably. Had our General
Been what he knew himself, it had gone well:
Oh he has given example for our flight,
Most grosly by his own.

Eno. Ay, are you thereabouts? Why then goodnight indeed.

Can. Toward *Peloponnesus* are they fled.

Scar. 'Tis easie to't.
And there I will attend what further comes.

Can. To *Cæsar* will I render
My Legions and my Horse, six Kings already
Shew me the way of yielding.

Eno. I'll yet follow
The wounded chance of *Antony*, though my reason
Sits in the Wind against me.

Enter

Enter Antony *with Attendants.*

Ant. Hark, the Land bids me tread no more upon't,
It is asham'd to bear me. Friends, come hither,
I am so lated in the World, that I
Have lost my way for ever. I have a Ship
Laden with Gold, take that, divide it; flie,
And make your peace with *Cæsar.*

Omnes. Fly! Not we.

Ant. I have fled my self, and have instructed Cowards
To run, and shew their Shoulders. Friends, be gone,
I have my self resolv'd upon a course,
Which has no need of you. Be gone,
My Treasure's in the Harbour. Take it——Oh,
I follow'd that I blush to look upon,
My very Hairs do mutiny: for the white
Reprove the brown for rashness, and they them
For fear, and doating. Friends, be gone, you shall
Have Letters from me to some Friends, that will
Sweep your way for you. Pray you look not sad:
Nor make replies of lothness, take the hint
Which my despair proclaims. Let them be left
Which leave themselves, to the Sea-side straight-way
I will possess you of that Ship and Treasure.
Leave me, I pray, a little; pray you now——
Nay, do so: for indeed I have lost command,
Therefore, I pray you——I'll see you by and by. [*Sits down.*

Enter Cleopatra, *led by* Charmian *and* Eros.

Eros. Nay, gentle Madam, to him, comfort him.

Iras. Do, most dear Queen.

Char. Do, why, what else?

Cleo. Let me sit down; Oh *Juno!*

Ant. No, no, no, no, no.

Eros. See you here, Sir?

Ant. Oh fie, fie, fie.

Char. Madam.

Iras. Madam, Oh good Empress.

Eros. Sir, Sir.

Ant. Yes, my Lord, yes; he at *Philippi* kept
His Sword e'en like a Dancer, while I strook
The lean and wrinkled *Cassius*, and 'twas I
That the mad *Brutus* ended; he alone

Dealt

Dealt on Lieutenantry, and no practice had
In the brave ſquares of War; yet now——no matter——
Cleo. Ah ſtand by.
Eros. The Queen, my Lord, the Queen——
Iras. Go to him, Madam, ſpeak to him,
He is unqualited with very ſhame.
Cleo. Well then, ſuſtain me: Oh!——
Eros. Moſt noble Sir, ariſe, the Queen approaches,
Her Head's declin'd, and Death will ſeize her, but
Your comfort makes the reſcue.
Ant. I have offended Reputation;
A moſt unnoble ſwerving——
Eros. Sir, the Queen.
Ant. O whither haſt thou led me, *Ægypt?* ſee
How I convey my ſhame, out of thine Eyes,
By looking back, on what I have left behind
Stroy'd in diſhonour.
Cleo. Oh, my Lord, my Lord;
Forgive my fearful Sails, I little thought
You would have followed.
Ant. *Ægypt*, thou knew'ſt too well,
My Heart was to thy Rudder ty'd by th' ſtrings,
And thou ſhould'ſt towe me after. O'er my Spirit
The full Supremacy thou knew'ſt, and that
Thy beck, might from the bidding of the Gods
Command me.
Cleo. Oh, my pardon.
Ant. Now I muſt
To the young Man ſend humble treaties, dodge
And palter in the ſhifts of lowneſs, who,
With half the bulk o'th' World play'd as I pleas'd,
Making, and marring Fortunes. You did know
How much you were my Conquerour, and that
My Sword, made weak by my Affection, would
Obey it on all cauſe.
Cleo. Pardon, pardon.
Ant. Fall not a Tear, I ſay, one of them rates
All that is won and loſt: Give me a Kiſs,
Even this repays.
We ſent our Schoolmaſter, is he come back?
Love I am full of Lead; ſome Wine

Within

Within there, and our Viands: Fortune knows,
We ſcorn her moſt, when moſt ſhe offers blows. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE VII. Cæſar's *Camp.*

Enter Cæſar, Agrippa, Dolabella, Thidias, *with others.*

Cæſ. Let him appear that's come from *Antony.*
Know you him?

Dol. Cæſar, 'tis his Schoolmaſter,
An argument that he is pluckt, when hither
He ſends ſo poor a Pinnion of his Wing,
Which had ſuperfluous Kings for Meſſengers,
Not many Moons gone by.

Enter Ambaſſador from Antony.

Cæſ. Approach, and ſpeak.

Amb. Such as I am, I come from *Antony:*
I was of late as petty to his ends,
As is the Morn-dew on the Myrtle Leaf
To his grand Sea.

Cæſ. Be't ſo, declare thine Office.

Amb. Lord of his Fortunes he ſalutes thee, and
Requires to live in *Ægypt*; which not granted
He leſſens his Requeſts, and to thee ſues
To let him breath between the Heav'ns and Earth
A private Man in *Athens:* this for him.
Next, *Cleopatra* does confeſs thy greatneſs:
Submits her to thy might, and of thee craves
The Circle of the *Ptolomies* for her Heirs,
Now hazarded to thy Grace.

Cæſ. For *Antony,*
I have no Ears to his Requeſt. The Queen,
Of Audience, nor Deſire ſhall fail, ſo ſhe
From *Ægypt* drive her all-diſgraced Friend,
Or take his Life there. This, if ſhe perform,
She ſhall not ſue unheard. So to them both.

Amb. Fortune purſue thee.

Cæſ. Bring him through the Bands: [*Exit Ambaſſador.*
To try thy Eloquence, now 'tis time, diſpatch,
From *Antony* win *Cleopatra,* promiſe [*To* Thidias,
And in our Name, when ſhe requires, add more
From thine invention, offers. Women are not

In

In their beſt Fortunes ſtrong; but want will perjure
The ne'er touch'd Veſtal. Try thy cunning, *Thidias*,
Make thine own Edict for thy pains, which we
Will anſwer as a Law.
Thid. *Cæſar*, I go.
Cæſ. Obſerve how *Antony* becomes his flaw,
And what thou thinkeſt his very Action ſpeaks
In every power that moves.
Thid. *Cæſar*, I ſhall. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE VIII. Alexandria.

Enter Cleopatra, Enobarbus, Charmian, *and* Iras.
Cleo. What ſhall we do, *Enobarbus?*
Eno. Think, and dye.
Cleo. Is *Antony*, or we in fault for this?
Eno. *Antony* only, that would make his will
Lord of his Reaſon. What though you fled,
From that great face of War, whoſe ſeveral ranges
Frighted each other? Why ſhould he follow?
The itch of his Affection ſhould not then
Have nickt his Captainſhip, at ſuch a point,
When half to half the World oppos'd, he being
The meer queſtion. 'Tis a ſhame no leſs
Than was his loſs, to courſe your flying Flags,
And leave his Navy gazing.
Cleo. Prithee peace.
Enter Antony, *with the Ambaſſador.*
Ant. Is this his Anſwer?
Amb. Ay, my Lord.
Ant. The Queen ſhall then have courteſie,
So ſhe will yield us up.
Amb. He ſays ſo.
Ant. Let her know't.
To the Boy *Cæſar* ſend this grizled Head,
And he will fill thy wiſhes to the brim,
With Principalities.
Cleo. That Head, my Lord?
Ant. To him again, tell him he wears the Roſe
Of youth upon him; from which, the World ſhould note
Something particular; his Coyn, Ships, Legions,

May

May be a Coward's, whose Ministers would prevail
Under the service of a Child, as soon
As i'th' Command of *Cæsar*. I dare him therefore
To lay his gay comparisons apart,
And answer me declin'd, Sword against Sword,
Our selves alone; I'll write it, follow me. [*Exit* Antony.

Eno. Yes, like enough: hye-battel'd *Cæsar* will
Unstate his happiness, and be Stag'd to th' shew
Against a Sworder. I see Mens judgments are
A parcel of their Fortunes, and things outward
Do draw the inward quality after them
To suffer all alike. That he should dream,
Knowing all measures, the full *Cæsar* will
Answer his emptiness; *Cæsar* thou hast subdu'd
His judgment too.

Enter a Servant.

Ser. A Messenger from *Cæsar*.

Cleo. What no more Ceremony? See my Women,
Against the blown Rose may they stop their Nose,
That kneel'd unto the Buds. Admit him, Sir.

Eno. Mine honesty, and I, begin to square;
The Loyalty well held to Fools, does make
Our Faith meer Folly: yet he that can endure
To follow with Allegiance a fall'n Lord,
Do's conquer him that did his Master conquer,
And earns a place i'th' Story.

Enter Thidias.

Cleo. Cæsar's Will.

Thid. Hear it apart.

Cleo. None but Friends; say boldly.

Thid. So haply are they Friends to *Antony*.

Eno. He needs as many, Sir, as *Cæsar* has;
Or needs not us. If *Cæsar* please, our Master
Will leap to be his Friend: For as you know,
Whose he is, we are, and that is *Cæsar*'s.

Thid. So. Thus then thou most renown'd, *Cæsar* intreats
Not to consider in what case thou stand'st
Further than he is *Cæsar*.

Cleo. Go on, right Royal.

Thid. He knows that you embrace not *Antony*
As you did love, but as you feared him.

Cleo.

Cleo. Oh! [*Aside.*

Thid. The ſcars upon your Honour, therefore he
Do's pity, as conſtrained blemiſhes,
Not as deſerved.

Cleo. He is a god, and knows what is moſt right.
Mine Honour was not yielded, but conquer'd meerly.

Eno. To be ſure of that, I will ask *Antony*.
Sir,. Sir, thou art ſo leaky
That we muſt leave thee to thy ſinking, for
Thy deareſt quit thee. [*Exit* Eno.

Thid. Shall I ſay to *Cæſar*,
What you require of him: for he partly begs
To be deſir'd to give. It much would pleaſe him,
That of his Fortunes you ſhould make a Staff
To lean upon. But it would warm his Spirits,
To hear from me you had left *Antony*,
And put your ſelf under his Shrowd, the univerſal Landlord.

Cleo. What's your Name?

Thid. My Name is *Thidias*.

Cleo. Moſt kind Meſſenger;
Say to great *Cæſar* this in diſputation,
I kiſs his conqu'ring Hand: Tell him, I am prompt
To lay my Crown at's Feet, and there to kneel.
Tell him that from his all-obeying breath,
I hear the doom of *Ægypt*.

Thid. 'Tis your nobleſt courſe:
Wiſdom and Fortune combating together,
If that the former dare but what it can,
No chance may ſhake it. Give me grace to lay
My duty on your Hand.

Cleo. Your *Cæſar*'s Father oft,
When he hath mus'd of taking Kingdoms in,
Beſtow'd his Lips on that unworthy place,
As it rain'd Kiſſes.

Enter Antony, *and* Enobarbus.

Ant. Favours! by *Jove* that thunders,
[*Seeing* Thidias *kiſs her Hand.*
What art thou Fellow?

Thid. One that but performs
The bidding of the fulleſt Man, and worthieſt
To have command obey'd.

Eno. You will be whipp'd. *Ant.*

Ant. Approach there---ah you Kite! Now gods and devils!
Authority melts from me of late. When I cry'd hoa!
Like Boys unto a muſs, Kings would ſtart forth,
And cry your will. Have you no Ears?
I am *Antony* yet. Take hence this Jack and whip him.

Enter a Servant.

Eno. 'Tis better playing with a Lion's Whelp,
Than with an old one dying.

Ant. Moon and Stars!
Whip him: were twenty of the greateſt tributaries
That do acknowledge *Cæſar*, ſhould I find them
So ſawcy with the hand of ſhe here, what's her Name
Since ſhe was *Cleopatra*——Whip him, Fellows——
'Till like a Boy you ſee him crindge his Face,
And whine aloud for mercy. Take him hence.

Thid. Mark Antony——

Ant. Tug him away; being whipt,
Bring him again, the Jack of *Cæſar*'s ſhall
Bear us an Errand to him. [*Exeunt with* Thidias.
You were half blaſted e'er I knew you: Ha!
Have I my Pillow left unpreſt in *Rome*,
Forborn the getting of a lawful Race,
And by a Jem of Women, to be abus'd
By one that looks on Feeders?

Cleo. Good, my Lord——

Ant. You have been a Boggler ever,
But when we in our viciouſneſs grew hard,
Oh miſery on't, the wiſe gods ſeal our Eyes
In our own filth, drop our clear judgments, make us
Adore our errors, laugh at's while we ſtrut
To our confuſion.

Cleo. Oh, is't come to this?

Ant. I found you as a Morſel, cold upon
Dead *Cæſar*'s Trencher: Nay, you were a Fragment
Of *Cneius Pompey*'s, beſides what hotter hours
Unregiſtred in vulgar Fame, you have
Luxuriouſly pickt out. For I am ſure,
Though you can gueſs what Temperance ſhould be,
You know not what it is.

Cleo. Wherefore is this?

Ant. To let a Fellow that will take rewards,

And

And say, God quit you, be familiar with
My Play-fellow, your hand; this Kingly Seal,
And plighter of high Hearts!—— O that I were
Upon the Hill of *Basan*, to out-roar
The horned Herd, for I have Savage cause,
And to proclaim it civilly, were like
A halter'd Neck, which do's the Hangman thank,
For being yare about him. Is he whip'd?

Enter a Servant with Thidias.

Ser. Soundly, my Lord.

Ant. Cry'd he? and begg'd a pardon?

Ser. He did ask favour.

Ant. If that thy Father live, let him repent
Thou was not made his Daughter; and be thou sorry
To follow *Cæsar* in his triumph, since
Thou hast been whipp'd, for following him. Henceforth
The white Hand of a Lady Fever thee,
Shake to look on't. Go get thee back to *Cæsar*,
Tell him thy entertainment: look thou say
He makes me angry with him. For he seems
Proud and disdainful, harping on what I am,
Not what he knew I was. He makes me angry,
And at this time most easie 'tis to do't:
When my good Stars, that were my former guides
Have empty left their Orbs, and shot their Fires,
Into the Abism of Hell. If he mislike
My Speech, and what is done, tell him he has
Hiparchus, my enfranched Bondman, whom
He may at pleasure whip, or hang, or torture,
As he shall like to quit me. Urge it thou:
Hence with thy stripes, be gone [*Exit* Thid.

Cleo. Have you done yet?

Ant. Alack, our Terrene Moon is now Eclips'd,
And it portends alone the fall of *Antony*.

Cleo. I must stay his time.

Ant. To flatter *Cæsar*, would you mingle Eyes
With one that ties his points?

Cleo. Not know me yet?

Ant. Cold-hearted toward me?

Cleo. Ah, Dear, if I be so,
From my cold Heart, let Heav'n engender Hail,

And Poiſon it in the ſource, and the firſt Stone
Drop in my Neck; as it determines, ſo
Diſſolve my Life; the next *Cæſario* ſmite,
'Till by degrees the memory of my Womb,
Together with my brave *Ægyptians* all,
By the diſcattering of this pelletted ſtorm,
Lie Graveleſs, 'till the Flies and Gnats of *Nile*
Have buried them for prey.

Ant. I am ſatisfied:
Cæſar ſets down in *Alexandria*, where
I will oppoſe his Fate. Our Force by Land,
Hath nobly held, and ſever'd Navy too
Have knit again, and Floar, threatning moſt Sea-like.
Where haſt thou been my Heart? Doſt thou hear, Lady?
If from the Field I ſhall return once more
To kiſs theſe Lips, I will appear in Blood,
I, and my Sword, will earn my Chronicle,
There's hope in't yet.

Cleo. That's my brave Lord.

Ant. I will be treble-ſinewed, hearted, breath'd,
And fight maliciouſly: for when mine hours
Were nice and lucky, Men did ranſome Lives
Of me for Jeſts; but now, I'll ſet my Teeth,
And ſend to darkneſs all that ſtop me. Come,
Let's have one other gawdy Night: Call to me
All my ſad Captains, fill our Bowls; once more
Let's mock the Midnight Bell.

Cleo. It is my Birth-day,
I had thought t'have held it poor. But ſince my Lord
Is *Antony* again, I will be *Cleopatra*.

Ant. We will yet do well.

Cleo. Call all his noble Captains to my Lord.

Ant. Do ſo, we'll ſpeak to them, and to Night I'll force
The Wine peep through their Scars. Come on, my Queen
There's ſap in't yet. The next time I do fight
I'll make Death love me: for I will contend
Even with his Peſtilent Scythe. [*Exeunt.*

Eno. Now he'll out-ſtare the Lightning, to be furious
Is to be frighted out of fear, and in that mood
The Dove will peck the Eſtridge; and I ſee ſtill
A diminution in our Captain's Brain,

Reſtores

Reſtores his Heart; when Valour preys on Reaſon,
It eats the Sword it fights with: I will ſeek
Some way to leave him. [*Exit.*

ACT IV. SCENE I.

SCENE Cæſar's *Camp.*

Enter Cæſar, Agrippa, *and* Mecænas *with his Army*, Cæſar *reading a Letter.*

Cæſ. HE calls me Boy, and chides as he had power
To beat me out of *Ægypt*. My Meſſenger
He hath whipt with Rods, dares me to Perſonal Combat,
Cæſar to *Antony*. Let the old Ruffian know,
I have many other ways to die: mean time
Laugh at this Challenge.

Mec. Cæſar muſt think,
When one ſo great begins to rage, he's hunted
Even to falling. Give him no breath, but now
Make boot of his diſtraction: Never anger
Made good guard for it ſelf.

Cæſ. Let our beſt Heads know,
That to morrow, the laſt of many Battels
We mean tō fight. Within our Files there are,
Of thoſe that ſerv'd *Mark Antony* but late,
Enough to fetch him in. See it done,
And feaſt the Army, we have ſtore to do't,
And they have earn'd the waſte. Poor *Antony!* [*Exeunt.*

SCENE II. Alexandria.

Enter Antony *and* Cleopatra, Enobarbus, Charmian, Iras, Alexas, *with others.*

Ant. He will not fight with me, *Domitius.*

Eno. No?

Ant. Why ſhould he not?

Eno. He thinks, being twenty times of better Fortune,
He is twenty Men to one.

Ant. To morrow, Soldier,
By Sea and Land I'll fight: or I will live,
Or bathe my dying Honour in the Blood,
Shall make it live again. Woo't thou fight well.

Eno. I'll ſtrike, and cry, take all.
Ant. Well ſaid, come on:
Call forth my Houſhold Servants, let's to Night;
Enter Servants.
Be bounteous at our Meal. Give me thy hand,
Thou haſt been rightly honeſt, ſo haſt thou,
And thou, and thou, and thou: you have ſerv'd me well,
And Kings have been your Fellows.
Cleo. What means this?
Eno. 'Tis one of thoſe odd tricks which ſorrow ſhoots
Out of the Mind.
Ant. And thou art honeſt too:
I wiſh I could be made ſo many Men,
And all of you clapt up together, in
An *Antony:* that I might do you ſervice,
So good as you have done.
Omnes. The gods forbid!
Ant. Well, my good Fellows, wait on me to Night;
Scant not my Cups, and make as much of me
As when mine Empire was your Fellow too,
And ſuffered my command.
Cleo. What does he mean?
Eno. To make his followers weep.
Ant. Tend me to Night;
May be it is the period of your duty,
Haply you ſhall not ſee me more, or if,
A mangled ſhadow. Perchance to morrow,
You'll ſerve another Maſter. I look on you,
As one that takes his leave. Mine honeſt Friends,
I turn you not away, but like a Maſter
Married to your good Servive, ſtay till Death:
Tend me to Night two Hours, I ask no more,
And the gods yield you for't.
Eno. What mean you, Sir,
To give them this diſcomfort? Look, you weep,
And I, an Aſs, am Onion-ey'd; for ſhame,
Transform us not to Women.
Ant. Ho, ho, ho:
Now the Witch take me, if I meant it thus.
Grace grow where thoſe drops fall, my hearty Friends,
You take me in too dolorous a ſenſe;

For I ſpake to you for your comfort, did deſire you
To burn this Night with Torches: know, my Hearts,
I hope well of to morrow, and will lead you,
Where rather I'll expect victorious Life,
Than Death, and Honour. Let's to Supper, come,
And drown conſideration. [*Exeunt.*

Enter a Company of Soldiers.

1 *Sold.* Brother, good Night: to morrow is the day.
2 *Sold.* It will determine one way: Fare you well.
Heard you of nothing ſtrange about the Streets.
1 *Sold.* Nothing: what News?
2 *Sold.* Belike 'tis but a Rumour, good Night to you.
1 *Sold.* Well, Sir, good Night.
[*They meet with other Soldiers.*
2 *Sold.* Soldiers, have careful Watch.
1 *Sold.* And you: Good Night, good Night.
[*They place themſelves in every corner of the Stage.*
2 *Sold.* Here we; and if to morrow
Our Navy thrive, I have an abſolute hope
Our Landmen will ſtand up.
1 *Sold.* 'Tis a brave Army, and full of purpoſe.
[*Muſick of the Hoboyes is under the Stage.*
2 *Sold.* Peace, what noiſe?
1 *Sold.* Liſt, liſt!
2 *Sold.* Hark!
1 *Sold.* Muſick i'th' Air.
3 *Sold.* Under the Earth.
It ſings well, do's it not?
2 *Sold.* No.
1 *Sold.* Peace I ſay: what ſhould this mean?
2 *Sold.* 'Tis the god *Hercules*, who loved *Antony*,
Now leaves him.
1 *Sold.* Walk, let's ſee if other Watchmen
Do hear what we do?
2 *Sold.* How now, Maſters? [*Speak together.*
Omnes. How now? how now? do you hear this?
1 *Sold.* Is't not ſtrange?
3 *Sold.* Do you hear, Maſters? Do you hear?
1 *Sold.* Follow the noiſe ſo far as we have quarter,
Let's ſee how it will give off.
Omnes. Content: 'tis ſtrange. [*Exeunt.*

Enter Antony *and* Cleopatra, *with others.*

Ant. *Eros,* mine Armor, *Eros.*

Cleo. Sleep a little.

Ant. No, my Chuck: *Eros,* come, mine Armour, *Eros.*

Enter Eros.

Come, my good Fellow, put thine Iron on,
If Fortune be not ours to day, it is
Becauſe we brave her. Come.

Cleo. Nay, I'll help too, *Antony.*
What's this for? Ah, let be, let be, thou art
The Armorer of my Heart; Falſe, falſe; This, this,
Sooth-law I'll help: Thus it muſt be.

Ant. Well, well, we ſhall thrive now.
Seeſt thou, my good Fellow. Go put on thy defences.

Eno. Briefly, Sir.

Cleo. Is not this buckled well?

Ant. Rarely, rarely:
He that unbuckles this, 'till we do pleaſe
To doff't for our repoſe, ſhall hear a Storm.
Thou fumbleſt *Eros,* and my Queen's a Squire
More tight at this; Diſpatch. O Love,
That thou couldſt ſee my Wars to day, and knew'ſt
The Royal Occupation, thou ſhouldſt ſee
A Workman in't.

Enter an Armed Soldier.

Good morrow to thee, welcome,
Thou look'ſt like him that knows a warlike charge:
To buſineſs that we love, we riſe betime,
And go to't with delight.

Sold. A thouſand, Sir,
Early though't be, have on their Rivetted trim,
And at the Port expect you. [*Shout. Trumpets flouriſh.*

Enter Captains and Soldiers.

Cap. The Morn is fair; good morrow General.

All. Good morrow, General.

Ant. 'Tis well blown, Lad.
This morning like the Spirit of a youth
That means to be of note, begins betimes.
So, ſo; Come give me that, what e'er becomes of me,
Fare thee well, Dame, what e'er becomes of me,
This is a Soldier's kiſs; rebukeable,

And

And worthy ſhameful check it were, to ſtand
On more Mechanick Compliment, I'll leave thee,
Now, like a Man of Steel. You that will fight,
Follow me cloſe, I'll bring you to't: Adieu. [*Exeunt.*

Char. Pleaſe you retire to your Chamber?

Cleo. Lead me:
He goes forth gallantly: that he and *Cæſar* might
Determine this great War in ſingle fight;
Then *Antony*——but now——Well on. [*Exeunt.*

Trumpets ſound. Enter Antony, *and* Eros.

Eros. The gods make this a happy day to *Antony.*

Ant. Would thou, and thoſe thy Scars had once prevail'd,
To make me fight at Land.

Eros. Hadſt thou done ſo,
The Kings that have revolted, and the Soldier
That has this morning left thee, would have ſtill
Followed thy heels.

Ant. Who's gone this morning?

Eros. Who? one ever near thee, call for *Enobarbus.*
He ſhall not hear thee, or from *Cæſar*'s Camp,
Say I am none of thine.

Ant. What ſay'ſt thou?

Sold. Sir, he is with *Cæſar.*

Eros. Sir, his Cheſts and Treaſure he has not with him.

Ant. Is he gone?

Sold. Moſt certain.

Ant. Go, *Eros*, ſend his Treaſure after, do it,
Detain no jot, I charge thee: write to him,
I will ſubſcribe, gentle adieus, and greetings:
Say, that I wiſh he never find more cauſe
To change a Maſter. Oh my Fortunes have
Corrupted honeſt Men. Diſpatch, *Eros.* [*Exit.*

SCENE III. Cæſar's *Camp.*

Enter Cæſar, Agrippa, *with* Enobarbus, *and* Dolabella.

Cæſ. Go forth, *Agrippa*, and begin the fight:
Our will is *Antony* be took alive;
Make it ſo known.

Agr. *Cæſar*, I ſhall.

Cæſ. The time of univerſal peace is near;
Prove this a proſp'rous day, the three-nook'd World
Shall bear the Olive freely.

Enter a Meſſenger.

Meſ. *Antony* is come into the Field.

Cæſ. Go charge *Agrippa*,
Plant thoſe that have revolted in the Van,
That *Antony* may ſeem to ſpend his Fury
Upon himſelf. [*Exeunt.*

Eno. *Alexas* did revolt, and went to *Jewry* on
Affairs of *Antony*; there did perſwade
Great *Herod* to incline himſelf to *Cæſar*,
And leave his Maſter *Antony*. For this pains
Cæſar hath hang'd him: *Canidius* and the reſt
That fell away, have entertainment, but
No honourable truſt: I have done ill,
Of which I do accuſe my ſelf ſo ſorely,
That I will joy no more.

Enter a Soldier of Cæſar's.

Sold. *Enobarbus*, *Antony*
Hath after thee ſent all thy Treaſure, with
His bounty over-plus. The Meſſenger
Came on my Guard, and at thy Tent is now
Unloading of his Mules.

Eno. I give it you.

Sold. Mock not, *Enobarbus*,
I tell you true: Beſt you ſafe't the bringer
Out of the Hoaſt, I muſt attend mine Office,
Or would have done't my ſelf. Your Emperor
Continues ſtill a *Jove*. [*Exit.*

Eno. I am alone the Villain of the Earth,
And feel I am ſo moſt. Oh *Antony*,
Thou Mine of Bounty, how wouldſt thou have paid
My better Service, when my Turpitude
Thou doſt ſo Crown with Gold. This bows my Heart;
If ſwift Thought break it not, a ſwifted mean
Shall out-ſtrike Thought; but Thought will do't, I feel.
I fight againſt thee!——No, I will go ſeek
Some Ditch, where I may die; the foul'ſt beſt fits
My latter part of Life. [*Exit.*

SCENE

SCENE IV. *Before the Walls of* Alexandria.

Alarum. Drums and Trumpets. Enter Agrippa.

Agr. Retire, we have engag'd our ſelves too far:
Cæſar himſelf has work, and our oppreſſion
Exceeds what we expected. [*Exit.*

Alarums. Enter Antony, *and* Scarus *wounded.*

Scar. O my brave Emperor, this is fought indeed,
Had we done ſo at firſt, we had droven them home
With Clouts about their Head. [*Far off.*

Ant. Thou bleed'ſt apace.

Scar. I had a wound here that was like a T,
But now 'tis made an H.

Ant. They do retire.

Scar. We'll beat 'em into Bench-holes, I have yet
Room for ſix ſcotches more.

Enter Eros.

Eros. They are beaten, Sir, and our advantage ſerves
For a fair Victory.

Scar. Let us ſcore their Backs,
And ſnatch 'em up, as we take Hares behind,
'Tis ſport to maul a Runner.

Ant. I will reward thee
Once for thy ſprightly comfort, and ten-fold
For thy good Valour. Come thee on.

Scar. I'll halt after. [*Exeunt.*

Alarum. Enter Antony *again in a march,* Scarus, *with others.*

Ant. We have beat him to his Camp; run one before,
And let the Queen know of our Gueſts; to morrow
Before the Sun ſhall ſee's, we'll ſpill the Blood
That has to day eſcap'd. I thank you all,
For doughty handed are you, and have fought
Not as you ſerv'd the Cauſe, but as't had been
Each Man's like mine; you have ſhewn all *Hectors.*
Enter the City, clip your Wives, your Friends,
Tell them your Feats, whilſt they with joyful Tears

Waſh

Wash the congealment from your Wounds, and kiss
The honour'd gashes whole. Give me thy Hand. [*To* Scarus.

Enter Cleopatra.

To this great Faiery, I'll commend thy acts,
Make her thanks bless thee. O thou day o'th' World,
Chain mine arm'd Neck, leap thou, Attire and all
Through proof of Harness to my Heart, and there
Ride on the pants triumphing.

Cleo. Lord of Lords,
Oh infinite Virtue, com'st thou smiling from
The World's great Snare uncaught.

Ant. My Nightingale,
We have beat them to their Beds. What, Girl, though gray
Do something mingle with our younger brown, yet ha'we
A brain that nourishes our Nerves, and can
Get gole for gole of Youth. Behold this Man,
Commend unto his Lips thy savouring Hand,
Kiss it my Warrior: He hath fought to day,
As if a God in hate of Mankind, had
Destroyed in such a shape.

Cleo. I'll give thee, Friend,
An Armour all of Gold; it was a King's.

Ant. He has deserv'd it, were it Carbunkled
Like holy *Phœbus* Car. Give me thy Hand,
Through *Alexandria* make a jolly march,
Bear our hackt Targets, like the Men that owe them;
Had our great Palace the capacity
To Camp this hoast, we all would sup together,
And drink Carowses to the next Day's Fate
Which promises Royal Peril. Trumpeters
With brazen din blast you the Cities Ear.
Make mingle with our ratling Tabourines,
That Heav'n and Earth may strike their sounds together,
Applauding our Approach. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE V. Cæsar's *Camp.*

Enter a Century, and his Company, Enobarbus *follows.*

Cent. If we be not reliev'd within this hour,
We must return to th' Court of Guard; the Night
Is shiny, and they say, we shall embattel

By

By th' ſecond Hour i'th' Morn.
1 *Watch.* This laſt day was a ſhrewd one to's.
Eno. Oh bear me witneſs Night.
2 *Watch.* What Man is this?
1 *Watch.* Stand cloſe, and liſt him.
Eno. Be witneſs to me, O thou bleſſed Moon,
When Men revolted ſhall upon Record
Bear hateful memory; poor *Enobarbus* did
Before thy Face repent.
Cent. Enobarbus?
3 *Watch.* Peace; hark further.
Eno. Oh Sovereign Miſtreſs of true Melancholy,
The poiſonous damp of Night diſpunge upon me,
That Life, a very Rebel to my Will,
May hang no longer on me. Throw my Heart
Againſt the flint and hardneſs of my Fault,
Which being dried with Grief, will break to Powder,
And finiſh all foul Thoughts. Oh *Antony*,
Nobler than my revolt is infamous,
Forgive me in thine own particular,
But let the World rank me in Regiſter
A Maſter-leaver, and a Fugitive:
Oh *Antony!* Oh *Antony!* [*Dies.*
1 *Watch.* Let's ſpeak to him.
Cent. Let's hear him, for the things he ſpeaks
May concern *Cæſar.*
2 *Watch.* Let's do ſo, but he ſleeps.
Cent. Swoons rather, for ſo bad a Prayer as his
Was never yet for ſleep.
1 *Watch.* Go we to him.
2 *Watch.* Awake, Sir, awake, ſpeak to us.
1 *Watch.* Hear you, Sir?
Cent. The Hand of death hath caught him.
[*Drums afar off.*
Hark how the Drums demurely wake the Sleepers:
Let us bear him to th'Court of Guard; he is of note.
Our Hour is fully out.
2 *Watch.* Come on then, he may recover yet. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE

SCENE VI. *Between the two Camps.*

Enter Antony, *and* Scarus, *with their Army.*

Ant. Their preparation is to day by Sea,
We pleaſe them not by Land.
Scar. For both, my Lord.
Ant. I would they'd fight i'th' Fire, or in the Air,
We'd fight there too. But this it is, our Foot
Upon the Hills adjoining to the City
Shall ſtay with us. Order for Sea is given,
They have put forth the Haven: Further on,
Where their appointment we may beſt diſcover,
And look on their endeavour. [*Exeunt.*

Enter Cæſar, *and his Army.*

Cæſ. But being charg'd, we will be ſtill by Land,
Which as I take't we ſhall; for his beſt force
Is forth to Man his Gallies. To the Vales,
And hold our beſt Advantage. [*Exeunt.*

[*Alarum afar off, as at a Sea-fight.*

Enter Antony, *and* Scarus.

Ant. Yet they are not join'd:
Where yond Pine ſtands, I ſhall diſcover all.
I'll bring thee word ſtraight, how 'tis like to go. [*Exit.*
Scar. Swallows have built
In *Cleopatra*'s Sails their Neſts. The Auguries
Say, they know not——they cannot tell——look grimly,
And dare not ſpeak their Knowledge. *Antony*
Is valiant, and dejected, and by ſtarts,
His fretted Fortunes give him hope and fear
Of what he has, and has not. [*Exit.*

SCENE VII. Alexandria.

Enter Antony.

Ant. All is loſt!
This foul *Ægyptian* hath betrayed me!
My Fleet hath yielded to the Foe, and yonder,
They caſt their Caps up, and Carowſe together
Like Friends long loſt. Triple-turn'd Whore! 'tis thou

Haſt

Haſt ſold me to this Novice, and my Heart
Makes only Wars on thee. Bid them all fly:
For when I am reveng'd upon my Charm,
I have done all. Bid them all fly, be gone.
Oh Sun, thy upriſe ſhall I ſee no more:
Fortune and *Antony* part here, even here
Do we ſhake Hands——All come to this!——The Hearts
That pannelled me at Heals, to whom I gave
Their wiſhes, do diſ-candy, melt their ſweets
On bloſſoming *Cæſar*: And this Pine is bark'd,
That over-topt them all. Betray'd I am.
Oh this falſe Soul of *Ægypt*! this grave Charm,
Whoſe Eye beck'd forth my wars, and call'd them home:
Whoſe Boſom was my Crownet, my chief end,
Like a right Gipſie, hath at faſt and looſe
Beguil'd me, to the very Heart of loſs.
What *Eros*, *Eros*!

Enter Cleopatra.

Ah, thou Spell! Avant.

Cleo. Why is my Lord enrag'd againſt his Love?

Ant. Vaniſh, or I ſhall give thee thy deſerving,
And blemiſh *Cæſar*'s Triumph. Let him take thee,
And hoiſt thee up to th' ſhouting *Plebeians*;
Follow his Chariot, like the greateſt Spot
Of all thy Sex. Moſt Monſter like be ſhewn
For poor'ſt Diminutives, for Dolts; and let
Patient *Octavia* plough thy Viſage up
With her prepared Nails. 'Tis well thou'rt gone,

[*Exit* Cleopatra.

If it be well to live. But better 'twere
Thou fell'ſt into my fury, for one death
Might have prevented many. *Eros*, hoa!
The ſhirt of *Neſſus* is upon me; teach me,
Alcides, thou mine Anceſtor, thy rage:
Let me lodge *Licas* on the horns o'th' Moon,
And with thoſe hands that graſpt the heavieſt Club,
Subdue my worthieſt ſelf. The Witch ſhall die;
To the young *Roman* Boy ſhe hath ſold me, and I fall
Under his Plot: She dies for't. *Eros*, hoa! [*Exit.*

Enter

Enter Cleopatra, Charmian, Iras, *and* Mardian.

Cleo. Help me, my Women! Oh he is more mad
Than *Telamon* for his Shield, the Boar of *Theſſaly*
Was never ſo imboſt.

Char. To th' Monument, there lock your ſelf,
And ſend him word you are dead:
The Soul and Body rive not more in parting,
Than greatneſs going off.

Cleo. To th' Monument;
Mardian, go tell him I have ſlain my ſelf,
Say, that the laſt I ſpoke was *Antony*,
And word it, prethee, pitiouſly. Hence, *Mardian*,
And bring me how he takes my death to th' Monument.

[*Exeunt.*

SCENE VIII. Cleopatra's *Palace.*

Enter Antony *and* Eros.

Ant. Eros, thou yet behold'ſt me?

Eros. Ay, noble Lord.

Ant. Sometime we ſee a Cloud that's Dragoniſh,
A Vapour ſometime, like a Bear, or Lion,
A tower'd Cittadel, a pendant Rock,
A forked Mountain, or blue Promontory
With Trees upon't, that nod unto the World,
And mock our Eyes with Air. Thou haſt ſeen theſe ſigns,
They are black Veſper's Pageants.

Eros. Ay, my Lord.

Ant. That which is now a Horſe, even with a Thought
The Rack diſlimn's, and makes it indiſtinct
As water is in water

Eros. It do's, my Lord.

Ant. My good Knave, *Eros*, now thy Captain is
Even ſuch a Body; here I am *Antony*,
Yet cannot hold this viſible ſhape, my Knave
I made theſe wars for *Ægypt*, and the Queen,
Whoſe Heart I thought I had, for ſhe had mine;
Which whilſt it was mine, had annext unto't
A Million more, now loſt; ſhe, *Eros*, has
Packt Cards with *Cæſar*, and falſe plaid my Glory
Unto an Enemy's Triumph.

Nay,

Nay, weep not, gentle *Eros*, there is left us
Our ſelves to end our ſelves. Oh the vile Lady!
Enter Mardian.
She has robb'd me of my Sword.
Mar. No, *Antony*,
My Miſtreſs lov'd thee, and her Fortunes mingled
With thine intirely.
Ant. Hence, ſawcy Eunuch, peace, ſhe hath betraid me
And ſhe ſhall die the death.
Mar. Death of one Perſon can be paid but once,
And that ſhe has diſcharg'd. What thou would'ſt do
Is done unto thy Hand; the laſt ſhe ſpake
Was *Antony*! moſt noble *Antony!*
Then in the midſt a tearing Groan did break
The Name of *Antony*; it was divided
Between her Heart and Lips; ſhe rendred Life
Thy Name ſo buried in her.
Ant. Dead then?
Mar. Dead.
Ant. Unarm me, *Eros*, the long Day's task is done,
And we muſt ſleep; that thou depart'ſt hence ſafe
Does pay thy labour richly; go. Oh, pluck off,
[*Exit* Mardian.
The ſeven-fold ſhield of *Ajax* cannot keep
The battery from my Heart. Oh cleave my ſides.
Heart, once be ſtronger than thy Continent, [*Unarming himſelf.*
Crack thy frail Caſe. Apace, *Eros*, apace,
No more a Soldier——bruiſed pieces go,
You have been nobly born; from me a while. [*Exit* Eros.
I will o'er-take thee, *Cleopatra*, and
Weep for my pardon. So it muſt be, for now
All length is Torture; ſince the Torch is out,
Lye down and ſtray no farther. Now all labour
Marrs what it does, yea, very force entangles
It ſelf with ſtrength; ſeal then and all is done.
Eros!——I come, my Queen——*Eros!* Stay for me,
Where Souls do couch on Flowers, we'll Hand in Hand,
And with our ſprightly Port make the Ghoſts gaze;
Dido, and her *Æneas* ſhall want Troops,
And all the haunt be ours. Come, *Eros, Eros!*
Enter

Enter Eros.

Eros. What would my Lord?

Ant. Since *Cleopatra* died,
I have liv'd in ſuch diſhonour, that the gods
Deteſt my baſeneſs. I, that with my Sword,
Quarter'd the World, and o'er green *Neptune*'s Back
With Ships, made Cities, condemn my ſelf, to lack
The Courage of a Woman; leſs noble minded
Than ſhe which, by her death, our *Cæſar* tells,
I am Conqueror of my ſelf. Thou art ſworn *Eros*,
That when the exigent ſhould come, which now
Is come indeed, when I ſhould ſee behind me
Th' inevitable Proſecution of diſgrace
And horrour, that on my command, thou then
Wouldſt kill me. Do't, the time is come:
Thou ſtrik'ſt not me, 'till *Cæſar* thou defeat'ſt.
Put colour in my Cheek.

Eros. The Gods with-hold me,
Shall I do that which all the *Parthian* Darts,
Though Enemy, loſt aim, and could not?

Ant. Eros,
Wouldſt thou be window'd in great *Rome*, and ſee
Thy Maſter thus with pleacht Arms, bending down
His corrigible Neck, his Face ſubdu'd
To penetrative ſhame; whilſt the wheel'd ſeat
Of fortunate *Cæſar* drawn before him, branded
His baſeneſs that enſued.

Eros. I would not ſee't.

Ant. Come then; for with a wound I muſt be cur'd.
Draw that thy honeſt Sword which thou haſt worn
Moſt uſeful for thy Country.

Eros. Oh, Sir, pardon me.

Ant. When I did make thee free, ſwor'ſt thou not then
To do this when I bad thee? Do it at once,
Or thy precedent Services are all
But accidents unpurpos'd. Draw, and come.

Eros. Turn from me then that noble countenance,
Wherein the worſhip of the whole World lyes.

Ant. Lo thee. [*Turning from him.*

Eros. My Sword is drawn.

Ant.

Ant. Then let it do at once
The thing why thou haſt drawn it.
Eros. My dear Maſter,
My Captain, and my Emperor. Let me ſay
Before I ſtrike this bloody ſtroke, farewel.
Ant. 'Tis ſaid, Man, and farewel.
Eros. Farewel, great Chief. Shall I ſtrike now?
Ant. Now, *Eros.*
Eros. Why there then—— [Eros *kills himſelf.*
Thus I do eſcape the ſorrow of *Antony*'s death.
Ant. Thrice nobler than my ſelf,
Thou teacheſt me, oh valiant *Eros,* what
I ſhould, and thou could'ſt not; my Queen and *Eros*
Have by their brave Inſtruction got upon me
A nobleneſs in Record. But I will be
A Bridegroom in my death, and run into't
As to a Lover's Bed. Come then, and *Eros,*
Thy Maſter dies thy Scholar; to do thus [*Falling on his Sword.*
I learnt of thee. How, not dead? not dead?——
The Guard——how!——oh diſpatch me.

Enter Decretas *and Guard.*

1 *Guard.* What's the noiſe?
Ant. I have done my work, ill Friends:
O make an end of what I have begun.
2 *Guard.* The Star is faln.
1 *Guard.* And time is at his Period.
All. Alas, and woe!
Ant. Let him that loves me, ſtrike me dead.
1 *Guard.* Not I.
2 *Guard.* Not I.
3 *Guard.* Nor any one. [*Exeunt.*
Dec. Thy death and fortunes bid thy Followers fly.
This Sword but ſhewn to *Cæſar* with this tidings,
Shall enter me with him.

Enter Diomedes.

Dio. Where's *Antony?*
Dec. There, *Diomed,* there.
Dio. Lives he? wilt thou not anſwer, Man?
Ant. Art thou there, *Diomed?* Draw thy Sword, and give me
Sufficing ſtrokes for death.

Dio. Moſt abſolute Lord,
My Miſtreſs *Cleopatra* ſent me to thee.
Ant. When did ſhe ſend thee?
Dio. Now, my Lord.
Ant. Where is ſhe?
Dio. Lockt in her Monument. She had a propheſying Fear
Of what hath come to paſs; for when ſhe ſaw,
Which never ſhall be found, you did ſuſpect
She had diſpos'd with *Cæſar*, and that your rage
Would not be purg'd, ſhe ſent you word ſhe was dead:
But fearing ſince how it might work, hath ſent
Me to proclaim the truth, and I am come,
I dread, too late.
Ant. Too late, good *Diomed*; call my Guard I prethee.
Dio. What ho! the Emperor's Guard.
The Guard, what hoa! Come, your Lord calls.
Enter the Guard.
Ant. Bear me, good Friends, where *Cleopatra* bides,
'Tis the laſt ſervice that I ſhall command you.
Guard. Woe! woe are we, Sir! you may not live to wear
All your true Followers out.
All. Moſt heavy day!
Ant. Nay, good my Fellows, do not pleaſe ſharp Fate
To grace it with your Sorrows. Bid that welcome
Which comes to puniſh us, and we puniſh it
Seeming to bear it lightly. Take me up,
I have led you oft, carry me now, good Friends,
And have my thanks for all. [*Exeunt bearing* Antony.

ACT V. SCENE I.

SCENE *A magnificent Monument.*

Enter Cleopatra, Charmian, *and* Iras, *above.*

Cleo. O H *Charmian*, I will never go from hence.
Char. Be comforted, dear Madam.
Cleo. No, I will not:
All ſtrange and terrible Events are welcome,
But Comforts we deſpiſe; our ſize of ſorrow

Propor-

Proportion'd to our cauſe, muſt be as great
As that which makes it.

Enter Diomedes.

How now? Is he dead?

Dio. His Death's upon him, but not dead.
Look out o'th' other-ſide your Monument,
His Guard have brought him hither.

Enter Antony, *born by the Guard.*

Cleo. O Sun,
Burn the great Sphere thou mov'ſt in, darkling ſtand
The varying Shore o'th' World. O *Antony! Antony! Antony!*
Help, *Charmian*, help, *Iras*, help; help, Friends,
Below, let's draw him hither.

Ant. Peace,
Not *Cæſar*'s Valour hath o'er-thrown *Antony*,
But *Antony* hath triumpht on himſelf.

Cleo. So it ſhould be, that none but *Antony*
Should conquer *Antony*, but woe 'tis ſo.

Ant. I am dying, *Ægypt*, dying; only
I here importune Death awhile, until
Of many thouſand kiſſes the poor laſt
I lay upon thy Lips.

Cleo. I dare not, Dear,
Dear my Lord, pardon; I dare not,
Leſt I be taken; not th' imperious ſhew
Of the full-fortun'd *Cæſar*, ever ſhall
Be brooch'd with me; if Knife, Drugs, Serpents have,
Edge, Sting, or Operation, I am ſafe:
Your Wife *Octavia*, with her modeſt Eyes,
And ſtill concluſion, ſhall acquire no honour,
Demuring upon me. But, come, come, *Antony*,
Help me, my Women, we muſt draw thee up——
Aſſiſt, good Friends.

Ant. Oh quick, or I am gone.

Cleo. Here's ſport indeed; how heavy weighs my Lord!
Our ſtrength is all gone into heavineſs,
That makes the weight. Had I great *Juno*'s Power,
The ſtrong wing'd *Mercury* ſhould fetch thee up,
And ſet thee by *Jove*'s ſide. Yet come a little,
Wiſhers were ever Fools. Oh come, come, come——

[*They draw* Antony *up to* Cleopatra.

And welcome, welcome. Die when thou haſt liv'd,
Quicken with kiſſing; had my Lips that power,
Thus would I wear them out.
All. Oh heavy ſight!
Ant. I am dying, *Ægypt*, dying.
Give me ſome Wine, and let me ſpeak a little.
Cleo. No, let me ſpeak, and let me rail ſo high,
That the falſe Huſwife, Fortune, break her Wheel,
Provok'd by my offence.
Ant. One word, ſweet Queen.
Of *Cæſar* ſeek your honour, with your ſafety----Oh!——
Cleo. They do not go together.
Ant. Gentle, hear me,
None about *Cæſar* truſt, but *Proculeius.*
Cleo. My Reſolution, and my Hands, I'll truſt,
None about *Cæſar.*
Ant. The miſerable change now at my end,
Lament nor ſorrow at: But pleaſe your Thoughts
In feeding them with thoſe my former Fortunes,
Wherein I liv'd. The greateſt Prince o'th' World,
The nobleſt once; and do now not baſely die,
Nor Cowardly, put off my Helmet to
My Countryman. A *Roman*, by a *Roman*
Valiantly vanquiſh'd. Now my Spirit is going,
I can no more——— [Antony *Dies.*
Cleo. Nobleſt of Men———woo't die?
Haſt thou no care of me? ſhall I abide
In this dull world, which in thy abſence is
No better than a Stye? O ſee, my Women!
The Crown o'th' Earth doth melt----My Lord!----
Oh wither'd is the Garland of the War,
The Soldiers Pole is faln: Young Boys and Girls
Are level now with Men; the odds is gone,
And there is nothing left remarkable,
Beneath the viſiting Moon. [*She faints.*
Char. Oh quietneſs, Lady.
Iras. She's dead too, our Sovereign.
Char. Lady.
Iras. Madam.
Char. Oh Madam, Madam, Madam———
Iras. Royal *Ægypt!* Empreſs!

Char.

Char. Peace, peace, *Iras.*

Cleo. No more but a meer Woman, and commanded
By ſuch poor paſſion, as the Maid that Milks,
And does the meaneſt chares. It were for me
To throw my Scepter at the injurious Gods,
To tell them that this world did equal theirs,
'Till they had ſtoln our Jewel. All's but nought:
Patience is ſottiſh, and Impatience does
Become a Dog that's mad: Then is it ſin,
To ruſh into the ſecret Houſe of death,
E'er death dare come to us? How do you, Women?
What, what good cheer? why how now, *Charmian?*
My noble Girls?——Ah, women, women! Look,
Our Lamp is ſpent, it's out——Good Sirs, take Heart,
We'll bury him: And then what's brave, what's noble,
Let's do't after the high *Roman* faſhion,
And make Death proud to take us. Come, away,
This caſe of that huge Spirit now is cold.
Ah, Women, Women! Come, we have no Friend,
But Reſolution, and the briefeſt End.

[*Exeunt, bearing off* Antony's *Body.*

SCENE VII. Cæſar's *Camp.*

Enter Cæſar, Agrippa, Dolabella, *and* Menas.

Caſ. Go to him, *Dolabella*, bid him yield,
Being ſo fruſtrate, tell him,
He mocks the pawſes that he makes.

Dol. Cæſar, I ſhall.

Enter Decretas *with the Sword of* Antony.

Caſ. Wherefore is that? and what art thou that dar'ſt
Appear thus to us?

Dec. I am called *Decretas*,
Mark Antony I ſerv'd, who beſt was worthy
Beſt to be ſerv'd; whilſt he ſtood up, and ſpoke,
He was my Maſter, and I wore my Life
To ſpend upon his Haters, If thou pleaſe
To take me to thee; as I was to him,
I'll be to *Cæſar:* If thou pleaſeſt not,
I yield thee up my Life.

Cæſ. What is't thou ſayeſt?
Dec. I ſay, Oh *Cæſar*, *Antony* is dead.
Cæſ. The breaking of ſo great a thing, ſhould make
A greater Crack. The round World
Should have ſhook Lions into civil Streets,
And Citizens to their Dens. The Death of *Antony*
Is not a ſingle Doom, in the name lay
A moiety of the World.
Dec. He is dead, *Cæſar*,
Not by a publick Miniſter of Juſtice,
Nor by a hired Knife: but that ſelf-hand
Which writ his honour in the Acts it did,
Hath with the Courage which the Heart did lend it,
Splitted the Heart. This is his Sword,
I robb'd his wound of it: Behold it ſtain'd
With his moſt noble Blood.
Cæſ. Look you, ſad Friends,
The Gods rebuke me, but it is a Tiding
To waſh the Eyes of Kings.
Dol. And ſtrange it is,
That Nature muſt compel us to lament
Our moſt perſiſted Deeds.
Men. His taints and honours weigh'd equal in him.
Dol. A rarer Spirit never
Did ſteer humanity; but you Gods will give us
Some faults to make us Men. *Cæſar* is touch'd.
Men. When ſuch a ſpacious Mirror's ſet before him,
He needs muſt ſee himſelf.
Cæſ. Oh *Antony!*
I have followed thee to this, but we do launch
Diſeaſes in our Bodies. I muſt perforce
Have ſhewn to thee ſuch a declining Day,
Or look on thine; we could not ſtall together,
In the whole World. But yet let me lament
With tears as Soveraign as the Blood of Hearts,
That thou my Brother, my Competitor,
In top of all deſign, my Mate in Empire,
Friend and Companion in the front of War,
The Arm of mine own Body, and the Heart
Where mine his Thoughts did kindle; that our Stars
Unreconcileable, ſhould divide our equalneſs to this.

Hear

Hear me, good Friends,
But I will tell you at ſome meeter Seaſon——
The buſineſs of this Man looks out of him,
We'll hear him what he ſays. Whence are you?

Enter an Ægyptian.

Ægypt. A poor *Ægyptian* yet, the Queen my Miſtreſs
Confin'd in all ſhe has, her Monument,
Of thy intents, deſires, inſtruction,
That ſhe preparedly may frame her ſelf
To th' way ſhe's forc'd to.

Cæſ. Bid her have good Heart,
She ſoon ſhall know of us, by ſome of ours,
How honourable, and how kindly we
Determine for her. For *Cæſar* cannot leave to be ungentle.

Ægypt. So the Gods preſerve thee. [*Exit.*

Cæſ. Come hither *Proculeius*, go and ſay
We purpoſe her no ſhame; give her what comforts
The quality of her Paſſion ſhall require;
Leſt in her greatneſs, by ſome mortal ſtroke
She do defeat us: For her life in *Rome*
Would be eternal in our triumph. Go,
And with your ſpeedieſt bring us what ſhe ſays,
And how you find of her.

Pro. Cæſar, I ſhall. [*Exit* Proculeius.

Cæſ. Gallus, go you along; where's *Dolabella*, to ſecond *Proculeius?*

All. Dolabella.

Cæſ. Let him alone; for I remember now
How he's employ'd: He ſhall in time be ready.
Go with me to my Tent, where you ſhall ſee
How hardly I was drawn into this War,
How calm and gentle I proceeded ſtill
In all my Writings. Go with me, and ſee
What I can ſhew in this. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE VIII. *The Monument.*

Enter Cleopatra, Charmian, Iras, Mardian, *and* Seleucus.

Cleo. My deſolation does begin to make
A better Life; 'tis paltry to be *Cæſar:*
Not being fortune, he's but fortune's Knave,

A Miniſter of her will; and it is great,
To do that thing that ends all other deeds,
Which ſhackles accidents, and bolts up change,
Which ſleeps, and never pallats more the dung,
The Beggar's Nurſe, and *Cæſar*'s.

Enter Proculeius.

Pro. *Cæſar* ſends greeting to the Queen of *Ægypt*,
And bids thee ſtudy on what fair demands
Thou mean'ſt to have him grant thee.

Cleo. What's thy name?

Pro. My name is *Proculeius*.

Cleo. *Antony*
Did tell me of you, bad me truſt you, but
I do not greatly care to be deceiv'd
That have no uſe for truſting. If your Maſter
Would have a Queen his Beggar, you muſt tell him,
That Majeſty, to keep *decorum*, muſt
No leſs beg than a Kingdom: If he pleaſe
To give me conquer'd *Ægypt* for my Son,
He gives me ſo much of mine own, as I
Will kneel to him with thanks.

Pro. Be of good cheer:
You're faln into a princely Hand, fear nothing,
Make your full reference freely to my Lord,
Who is ſo full of Grace, that it flows over
On all that need. Let me report to him
Your ſweet dependency, and you ſhall find
A Conqueror that will pray in aid for kindneſs,
Where he for Grace is kneel'd to.

Cleo. Pray you tell him,
I am his Fortunes Vaſſal, and I ſend him
The greatneſs he has got. I hourly learn
A Doctrine of Obedience, and would gladly
Look him i'th' Face.

Pro. This I'll report, dear Lady,
Have comfort, for I know your plight is pitied
Of him that caus'd it.

Char. You ſee how eaſily ſhe may be ſurpris'd:
Guard her 'till *Cæſar* come.

Iras. Royal Queen.

Char. Oh *Cleopatra*, thou art taken Queen.

Cleo.

Cleo. Quick, quick, good hands.
Pro. Hold, worthy Lady, hold:
Do not your ſelf ſuch wrong, who are in this
Reliev'd, but not betray'd.
Cleo. What of Death too that rids our Dogs of languiſh?
Pro. Cleopatra, do not abuſe my Maſter's bounty, by
Th' undoing of your ſelf: Let the World ſee
His Nobleneſs well acted, which your Death
Will never let come forth.
Cleo. Where art thou, Death?
Come hither, come: Oh! Come, and take the Queen
Worth many Babes and Beggars.
Pro. Oh temperance, Lady.
Cleo. Sir, I will eat no meat, I'll not drink, Sir:
If idle talk will once be neceſſary,
I'll not ſleep neither. Tis mortal houſe I'll ruin,
Do *Cæſar* what he can. Know, Sir, that I
Will not wait pinnion'd at your Maſter's Court,
Not once to be chaſtis'd with the ſober Eye
Of dull *Octavia*. Shall they hoiſt me up,
And ſhew me to the ſhouting Varlotry
Of cenſuring *Rome?* rather a ditch in *Ægypt*.
But gentle, Grave, unto me: rather on *Nilus* mud
Lay me ſtark-nak'd, and let the water-Flies
Blow me into abhorring: rather make
My Country's high *Pyramides* my Gibbet,
And hang me up in Chains.
Pro. You do extend
Theſe thoughts of horror further than you ſhall
Find cauſe in *Cæſar*.

Enter Dolabella.

Dol. Proculeius,
What thou haſt done, my Maſter *Cæſar* knows,
And he hath ſent for thee: as for the Queen,
I'll take her to my Guard.
Pro. So, *Dolabella*,
It ſhall content me beſt; be gentle to her:
To *Cæſar* I will ſpeak what you ſhall pleaſe,
If you'll employ me to him. [*Exit* Proculeius.
Cleo. Say, I would die.
Dol. Moſt Noble Empreſs, you have heard of me.

Cleo.

Cleo. I cannot tell.

Dol. Assuredly you know me.

Cleo. No matter, Sir, what I have heard or known:
You laugh when Boys or Women tell their Dreams,
Is't not your trick?

Dol. I understand not, Madam.

Cleo. I Dreamt there was an Emperor *Antony*;
Oh such another Sleep, that I might see
But such another Man.

Dol. If it might please ye———

Cleo. His Face was as the Heav'ns, and therein stuck
A Sun and Moon, which kept their course, and lighted
The little o'th' Earth

Dol. Most Sovereign Creature———

Cleo. His Legs bestrid the Ocean, his rear'd Arm
Crested the World: his Voice was propertied
As all the tuned Spheres, and that to Friends:
But when he meant to quail, and shake the Orb,
He was as ratling Thunder. For his bounty,
There was no Winter in't. An *Antony* it was,
That grew the more by reaping: his delights
Were Dolphin-like, they shew'd his back above
The Element they liv'd in; In his Livery
Walk'd Crowns and Crownets: Realms and Islands
As Plates dropt from his Pocket.

Dol. Cleopatra———

Cleo. Think you there was, or might be such a Man
As this I dreamt of?

Dol. Gentle Madam, no.

Cleo. You lie up to the hearing of the gods;
But if there be, or ever were one such,
It's past the size of dreaming: Nature wants stuff
To vy strange forms with Fancy, yet t' imagine
An *Antony* were Nature's piece, 'gainst Fancy,
Condemning Shadows quite.

Dol. Hear me, good Madam:
Your loss is as your self, great; and you bear it
As answering to the weight: would I might never
O'er-take pursu'd Success, but I do feel
By the rebound of yours, a grief that suits
My very Heart at Root.

Cleo.

Cleo. I thank you, Sir,
Know you what *Cæsar* means to do with me?
Dol. I am loth to tell you what, I would you knew.
Cleo. Nay, pray you, Sir.
Dol. Though he be honourable.
Cleo. He'll lead me then in triumph.
Dol. Madam, he will, I know't.
Enter Cæsar, Gallus, Mecænas, Proculeius *and Attendants.*
All. Make way there——*Cæsar.*
Cæs. Which is the Queen of *Ægypt?*
Dol. It is the Emperor, Madam. [Cleo. *kneels.*
Cæs. Arise, you shall not kneel:
I pray you rise, rise, *Ægypt.*
Cleo. Sir, the gods will have it thus,
My Master and my Lord I must obey.
Cæs. Take to you no hard thoughts,
The Record of what injuries you did us,
Though written in our Flesh, we shall remember
As things but done by chance.
Cleo. Sole Sir o'th' World,
I cannot project mine own cause so well
To make it clear, but do confess I have
Been laden with like frailties, which before
Have often sham'd our Sex.
Cæs. Cleopatra, know,
We will extenuate rather than inforce:
If you apply your self to our intents,
Which towards you are most gentle, you shall find
A benefit in this change, but if you seek
To lay on me a Cruelty, by taking
Antony's course, you shall bereave your self
Of my good purposes, and put your Children
To that destruction which I'll guard them from,
If thereon you rely. I'll take my leave.
Cleo. And may through all the World: 'tis yours, and we
Your Scutcheons, and your signs of Conquest shall
Hang in what place you please. Here, my good Lord.
Cæs. You shall advise me in all for *Cleopatra.*
Cleo. This is the brief: of Mony, Plate, and Jewels
I am possest of, 'tis exactly valued,
Not petty things admitted. Where's *Seleucus?*

Sel.

Sel. Here, Madam.

Cleo. This is my Treaſurer, let him ſpeak, my Lord,
Upon his peril, that I have reſerv'd
To my ſelf nothing. Speak the truth, *Seleucus.*

Sel. Madam, I had rather ſeal my Lips,
Than to my peril ſpeak that which is not.

Cleo. What have I kept back?

Sel. Enough to purchaſe what you have made known.

Cæſ. Nay, bluſh not *Cleopatra,* I approve
Your Wiſdom in the deed.

Cleo. See *Cæſar!* Oh behold,
How pomp is followed: mine will now be yours
And ſhould we ſhift Eſtates, yours would be mine.
The ingratitude of this *Seleucus,* do's
Even make me wild. Oh Slave, of no more truſt
Than love that's hir'd. What, goeſt thou back, thou ſhalt
Go back I warrant thee: but I'll catch thine Eyes
Though they had Wings. Slave, Soul-leſs, Villian, Dog,
O rarely baſe!

Cæſ. Good Queen, let us intreat you.

Cleo. O *Cæſar,* what a wounding ſhame is this,
That thou vouchſafing here to viſit me,
Doing the Honour of thy Lordlineſs
To one ſo meek, that mine own Servant ſhould
Parcel the ſum of my diſgraces, by
Addition of his Envy! Say, good *Cæſar,*
That I ſome Lady-trifles have reſerv'd,
Immoment toys, things of ſuch Dignity
As we greet modern Friends withal, and ſay
Some Nobler Token I have kept apart
For *Livia* and *Octavia,* to induce
Their mediation, muſt I be unfolded
With one that I have bred? the gods! it ſmites me
Beneath the fall I have. Prethee go hence,
Or I ſhall ſhew the Cynders of my Spirits
Through th'aſhes of my chance: Wert thou a Man,
Thou would'ſt have mercy on me.

Cæſ. Forbear, *Seleucus.*

Cleo. Be it known, that we the greateſt are miſ-thought
For things that others dō; and when we fall,
We anſwer others merits, in our Names

Are

Are therefore to be pitied.
Cæſ. *Cleopatra*,
Not what you have reſerv'd, nor what acknowledg'd
Put me i'th' Roll of Conqueſt, ſtill be't yours;
Beſtow it at your pleaſure, and believe
Cæſar's no Merchant to make prize with you
Of things that Merchants ſold. Therefore be cheer'd,
Make not your Thoughts your Priſons: No, dear Queen,
For we intend ſo to diſpoſe you, as
Your ſelf ſhall give us counſel: Feed, and Sleep.
Our care and pity is ſo much upon you,
That we remain your Friend, and ſo adieu.
Cleo. My Maſter, and my Lord.
Cæſ. Not ſo: Adieu. [*Exeunt* Cæſar, *and his Train.*
Cleo. He words me, Girls, he words me,
That I ſhould not be noble to my ſelf.
But hark thee, *Charmian.*
Iras. Finiſh, good Lady, the bright day is done,
And we are for the dark.
Cleo. Hie thee again.
I have ſpoke already, and it is provided,
Go put it to the haſte.
Char. Madam, I will.
Enter Dolabella.
Dol. Where's the Queen?
Char. Behold, Sir.
Cleo. *Dolabella.*
Dol. Madam, as thereto ſworn, by your command,
Which my love makes Religion to obey,
I tell you this: *Cæſar* through *Syria*
Intends his Journey, and within three days,
You with your Children will he ſend before,
Make your beſt uſe of this. I have perform'd
Your pleaſure, and my promiſe.
Cleo. *Dolabella*, I ſhall remain your Debtor.
Dol. I your Servant.
Adieu, good Queen, I muſt attend on *Cæſar*. [*Exit.*
Cleo. Farewel, and thanks. Now, *Iras*, what think'ſt thou?
Thou, an *Ægyptian* Puppet, ſhalt be ſhewn
In *Rome* as well as I: Mechanick Slaves
With greaſie Aprons, Rules, and Hammers, ſhall

Upliſt

Uplift us to the view. In their thick breaths,
Rank of groſs Diet, ſhall we be enclouded,
And forc'd to drink their vapour.

Iras. The gods forbid.

Cleo. Nay, 'tis moſt certain, *Iras:* ſawcy Lictors
Will catch at us like Strumpets, and ſcall'd Rhimers
Ballad us out a tune. The quick Comedians
Extemporally will ſtage us, and preſent
Our *Alexandrian* Revels: *Antony*
Shall be brought drunken forth, and I ſhall ſee
Some ſpeaking *Cleopatra* Boy my greatneſs
I'th' poſture of a Whore.

Iras. O the good gods!

Cleo. Nay, that's certain.

Iras. I'll never ſee't; for I am ſure my Nails
Are ſtronger than mine Eyes.

Cleo. Why that's the way
To fool their preparation and to conquer
Their moſt abſurd intents. Now *Charmian.*

Enter Charmian.

Shew me my Women like a Queen: Go fetch
My beſt Attires. I am again for *Cidnus*
To meet *Mark Antony.* Sirrah *Iras,* go,
Now, noble *Charmian,* we'll diſpatch indeed,
And when thou haſt done this chare, I'll give thee leave
To play 'till Doom's-day: bring our Crown, and all

[*A noiſe within.*

Wherefore this noiſe?

Enter a Guardſman.

Guardſ. Here is a rural Fellow,
That will not be deny'd your Highneſs preſence,
He brings you Figs.

Cleo. Let him come in. How poor an Inſtrument

[*Exit Guardſman.*

May do a noble deed; he brings me Liberty.
My Reſolution's plac'd, and I have nothing
Of Woman in me; now from Head to Foot
I am Marble conſtant: now the fleeting Moon
No Planet is of mine.

Enter Guardſman and Clown, with a Basket.

Guardſ. This is the Man.

Cleo.

Cleo. Avoid and leave him. [*Exit Guardſman.*
Haſt thou the pretty Worm of *Nilus* there,
That kills and pains not?

Clown. Truly I have him: but I would not be the party that ſhould deſire you to touch him, for his biting is immortal: thoſe that do die of it, do ſeldom or never recover.

Cleo. Remember'ſt thou any that have dy'd on't?

Clown. Very many Men and Women too. I heard of one of them no longer than yeſterday, a very honeſt Woman, but ſomething given to lie, as a Woman ſhould not do, but in the way of honeſty. How ſhe dy'd of the biting of it, what pain ſhe felt; truly, ſhe makes a very good report o'th' Worm: but he that will believe all that they ſay, ſhall never be ſaved by half that they do: but this is moſt fallible, the Worm's an odd Worm.

Cleo. Get thee hence, farewel.

Clown. I wiſh you all joy of the Worm.

Cleo. Farewel.

Clown. You muſt think this, look you, that the Worm will do his kind.

Cleo. Ay, ay, farewel.

Clown. Look you, the Worm is not to be truſted, but in the keeping of wiſe People: for indeed there is no goodneſs in the Worm.

Cleo. Take no care, it ſhall be heeded.

Clown. Very good: give it nothing I pray you, for it is not worth the feeding.

Cleo. Will it eat me?

Clown. You muſt not think I am ſo ſimple, but I know the Devil himſelf will not eat a Woman: I know, that a Woman is a diſh for the gods, if the Devil dreſs her not. But truly, theſe ſame whore-ſon Devils do the gods great harm in their Women: for in every ten that they make, the Devils mar five.

Cleo. Well, get thee gone, farewel.

Clown. Yes forſooth, I wiſh you joy o'th' Worm. [*Exit.*

Cleo. Give me my Robe, put on my Crown, I have
Immortal longings in me. Now no more
The juice of *Ægypt*'s Grape ſhall moiſt his Lip.
Yare, yare, good *Iras*, quick——methinks I hear

Antony

Antony call, I ſee him rowſe himſelf
To praiſe my noble Act. I hear him mock
The luck of *Cæſar*, which the gods give Men
To excuſe their after wrath. Husband, I come;
Now to that Name, my Courage prove my Title.
I am Fire, and Air; my other Elements
I give to baſer life. So——have you done?
Come then, and take the laſt warmth of my Lips.
Farewel kind *Charmian*, *Iras*, long farewel. [*Applying the Aſp.*
Have I the Aſpick in my Lips? Doſt fall?
If thou and Nature can ſo gently part,
The ſtroke of Death is as a Lovers Pinch,
Which hurts, and is deſir'd. Doſt thou lye ſtill?
If thus thou vaniſheſt, thou tell'ſt the World
It is not worth leave taking.

Char. Diſſolve thick Cloud and Rain, that I may ſay,
The gods themſelves do weep.

Cleo. This proves me baſe——
If ſhe approves the curled *Antony*,
He'll make demand of her, and ſpend that kiſs
Which is my Heav'n to have. Come thou mortal wretch,
With thy ſharp Teeth this knot intrinſicate
Of life at once untie: Poor venomous Fool,
Be angry and diſpatch. Oh couldſt thou ſpeak,
That I might hear thee call great *Cæſar* Aſs, unpolicied.

Char. Oh Eaſtern Star!

Cleo. Peace, peace!
Doſt thou not ſee my Baby at my Breaſt,
That ſucks the Nurſe aſleep.

Char. O break! O break!

Cleo. As ſweet as Balm, as ſoft as Air, as gentle.
O *Antony!* Nay I will take thee too.
What ſhould I ſtay—— [*Dies.*

Char. In this wild World? ſo fare thee well:
Now boaſt thee Death, in thy poſſeſſion lyes
A Laſs unparallel'd. Downy Windows cloſe,
And Golden *Phœbus* never be beheld
Of Eyes again ſo Royal: your Crowns away,
I'll mend it, and then play——

Enter

Enter the Guard rushing in.

1 *Guard.* Where's the Queen?

Char. Speak softly, wake her not.

1 *Guard.* *Cæsar* hath sent ——

[Charmain *and* Iras *apply the* Asp.

Char. Too slow a Messenger.
Oh come apace, dispatch, I partly feel thee.

1 *Guard.* Approach ho!
All's not well *Cæsar*'s beguil'd.

2 *Guard.* There's *Dolabella* sent from *Cæsar*; call him.

1 *Guard.* What work is here, *Charmian?* Is this well done?

Char. It's well done, and fitting for a Princess
Descended of so many Royal Kings.
Ah Soldiers! —— [Charmian *and* Iras *Die.*

Enter Dolabella.

Dol. How goes it here?

2 *Guard.* All Dead.

Dol. *Cæsar*, thy Thoughts
Touch their Effects in this; thy self art coming
To see perform'd the dreaded Act which thou
So fought'st to hinder.

Enter Cæsar *and Attendants.*

All. Make way there, make way for *Cæsar.*

Dol. Oh, Sir, you are too sure an Augurer;
That you did fear, is done.

Cæs. Bravest at the last,
She levell'd at our purposes, and being Royal
Took her own way; the manner of their Deaths?
I do not see them Bleed.

Dol. Who was last with them?

1 *Guard.* A simple Countryman, that brought her Figs:
This was his Basket.

Cæs. Poison'd then.

1 *Guard.* Oh *Cæsar*!
This *Charmian* liv'd but now, she stood and spake:
I found her trimming up the Diadem,
On her dead Mistress, tremblingly she stood,
And on the sudden dropt.

Cæsar. Oh noble weakness
If they had swallowed Poison, 'twould appear.
By external Swelling; but she looks like Sleep.

As ſhe would catch another *Antony*
In her ſtrong Toil of Grace.
Dol. Here on her Breaſt,
There is a vent of Blood, and ſomething blown,
The like is on her Arm.
1 *Guard.* This is an Aſpick's Trail
And theſe Fig-leaves have ſlime upon them, ſuch
As th' Aſpick leaves upon the Caves of *Nyle*,
Cæſ. Moſt probable.
That ſo ſhe died; for her Phyſician tells me
She hath purſu'd Concluſions infinite
Of eaſie ways to die. Take up her bed,
And bear her Women from the Monument,
She ſhall be buried by her *Antony*.
No Grave upon the Earth ſhall clip in it
A pair ſo Famous. High events as theſe
Strike thoſe that make them; and their Story is
No leſs in Pity, than his Glory which
Brought them to be lamented. Our Army ſhall,
In ſolemn ſhew, attend this Funeral,
And then to *Rome*: Come, *Dolabella*, ſee
High Order in this great Solemnity. [*Exeunt omnes.*

P. 2747.

CYMBELINE.

A

TRAGEDY.

Printed in the YEAR 1709.

Dramatis Perſonæ.

CYmbeline, *King of* Britain.
Cloten, *Son to the Queen by a former Husband.*

Leonatus Poſthumus, *A Gentleman in Love with the Princeſs, and privately Married to her.*

Guiderius, } *Diſguis'd under the Names of* Polidore *and*
Arviragus, } Cadwal, *ſuppoſed Sons to* Bellarius.

Bellarius, *A Baniſh'd Lord, diſguis'd under the Name of* Morgan.

Philario, *An* Italian, *Friend to* Poſthumus.

Iachimo, *Friend to* Philario.

Caius Lucius, *Ambaſſador from* Rome.

Piſanio, *Servant to* Poſthumus.

A French *Gentleman, Friend to* Philario.

Cornelius, *A Doctor, Servant to the Queen.*

Two Gentlemen.

Queen, Wife to Cymbeline.

Imogen, *Daughter to* Cymbeline *by a former Queen.*

Helen, *Woman to* Imogen.

Lords, Ladies, Roman *Senators, Tribunes, Ghoſts, a Soothſayer, Captains, Soldiers, Meſſengers, and other Attendants.*

SCENE, *for ſome Part of the firſt, ſecond, and third Acts, lyes in* Rome ; *for the reſt of the Play in* Britain.

CYM.

CYMBELINE.

ACT I. SCENE I.

SCENE *A Palace.*

Enter two Gentlemen.

1 *GENTLEMAN.*

OU do not meet a Man but frowns. Our Bloods
No more obey the Heav'ns than our Courtiers;
But ſeem, as do's the King's.

2 *Gent.* But what's the matter?

1 *Gent.* His Daughter, and the Heir of's Kingdom (whom
He purpos'd to his Wife's ſole Son, a Widow,
That late he married) hath referr'd her ſelf
Unto a poor, but worthy Gentleman. She's wedded.
Her Husband baniſh'd; ſhe impriſon'd, all
Is outward ſorrow, though I think the King
Be touch'd at very Heart.

2 *Gent.* None but the King?

1 *Gent.* He that hath loſt her too: ſo is the Queen,
That moſt deſir'd the Match. But not a Courtier,
Although they wear their Faces to the bent
Of the King's looks, hath a Heart, that is not
Glad at the thing they ſcoul ar.

2 *Gent.* And why so?

1 *Gent.* He that hath miss'd the Princess, is a thing
Too bad, for bad report: And he that hath her,
(I mean, that marry'd her, alack good Man,
And therefore banish'd) is a Creature, such,
As to seek through the Regions of the Earth
For one, his like; there would be something failing
In him, that should compare. I do not think,
So fair an outward, and such stuff within
Endows a Man, but him.

2 *Gent.* You speak him fair.

1 *Gent.* I do extend him, Sir, within himself,
Crush him together, rather than unfold
His Measure fully.

2 *Gent.* What's his Name and Birth?

1 *Gent.* I cannot delve him to the Root: his Father
Was call'd *Sicillius*, who did join his Honour
Against the *Romans*, with *Cassibelan*,
But had his Titles by *Tenantius*, whom
He serv'd with Glory and admir'd Success:
So gain'd the Sur-addition, *Leonatus*.
And had, besides this Gentleman in question,
Two other Sons, who in the Wars o'th' time
Dy'd with their Swords in Hand. For which their Father,
Then old, and fond of Issue, took such Sorrow
That he quit Being; and his gentle Lady
Big of this Gentleman, our Theam, deceas'd,
As he was born. The King, he takes the Babe
To his Protection, calls him *Posthumus Leonatus*;
Breeds him, and makes him of his Bed-chamber,
Puts to him all the Learnings that his time
Could make him the receiver of, which he took
As we do Air, fast as 'twas ministred,
And in's Spring, became a Harvest: Liv'd in Court,
Which rare it is to do, most prais'd, most lov'd,
A Sample to the youngest; to th' more Mature,
A Glass that featur'd them; and to the Graver,
A Child that guided Dotards. To his Mistress,
For whom he now is banish'd, her own Price
Proclaims how she esteem'd him; and his Virtue
By her Election may be truly read,
What kind of Man he is.

2 *Gent.*

2 *Gent.* I honour him, even out of your report.
But pray you tell me, is she sole Child to th'King?
1 *Gent.* His only Child.
He had two Sons (if this be worth your hearing,
Mark it) the eldest of them, at three Years old,
I'th' swathing Cloaths the other, from their Nursery
Were stoll'n, and to this Hour, no guess in knowledge
Which way they went.
2 *Gent.* How long is this ago?
1 *Gent.* Some twenty Years.
2 *Gent.* That a King's Children should be so convey'd!
So slackly Guarded, and the Search so slow
That could not trace them———
1 *Gent.* Howsoe'er 'tis strange,
Or that the Negligence may well be laugh'd at,
Yet is it true, Sir.
2 *Gent.* I do well believe you.
1 *Gent.* We must forbear. Here comes the Gentleman,
The Queen, and Princess. [*Exeunt.*

Enter the Queen, Posthumus, Imogen, *and Attendants.*

Queen. No, be assur'd you shall not find me, Daughter,
After the Slander of most Step-Mothers,
Evil-ey'd unto you: You're my Prisoner, but
Your Goaler shall deliver you the Keys
That lock up your Restraint. For you, *Posthumus,*
So soon as I can win th'offended King,
I will be known your Advocate: marry yet
The fire of Rage is in him, and 'twere good
You lean'd unto his Sentence, with what Patience
Your Wisdom may inform you.
Post. Please your Highness,
I will from hence to Day.
Queen. You know the peril:
I'll fetch a turn about the Garden, pitying
The Pangs of barr'd Affections, though the King
Hath charg'd you should not speak together. [*Exit.*
Imo. O dissembling Courtesie! How fine this Tyrant
Can tickle where she wounds! My dearest Husband,
I something fear my Father's Wrath, but nothing,
Always reserv'd my holy Duty, what

His Rage can do on me. You must be gone,
And I shall here abide the hourly shot
Of angry Eyes: Not comforted to live,
But that there is this Jewel in the World,
That I may see again.

Post. My Queen! my Mistress!
O Lady, weep no more, lest I give cause
To be suspected of more Tenderness
Than doth become a Man. I will remain
The loyall'st Husband, that did e'er plight Troth.
My Residence in *Rome*, at one *Philario's*
Who to my Father was a Friend, to me
Known but by Letter; thither write, my Queen,
And with mine Eyes, I'll drink the Words you send,
Though Ink be made of Gall.

Enter Queen.

Queen. Be brief, I pray you;
If the King come, I shall incur, I know not
How much of his Displeasure—yet I'll move him [*Aside.*
To walk this way; I never do him wrong,
But he do's buy my Injuries, to be Friends,
Pays dear for my Offences. [*Exit.*

Post. Should we be taking leave,
As long a term as yet we have to live,
The lothness to depart, would grow; Adieu.

Imo. Nay, stay a little:
Were you but riding forth to Air your self,
Such parting were too petty. Look here, Love,
This Diamond was my Mother's; take it, Heart,
But keep it 'till you woo another Wife,
When *Imogen* is dead.

Post. How, how? Another!
You gentle Gods, give me but this I have,
And sear up my Embracements from a next,
With Bonds of Death. Remain, remain thou here,
[*Putting on the Ring.*
While Sense can keep it on: And sweetest, fairest,
As I, my poor self, did exchange for you
To your so infinite loss: So in our Trifles
I still win of you. For my sake wear this,
It is a Manacle of Love, I'll place it
[*Putting a Bracelet on her Arm.*

Upon this faireſt Priſoner.
Imo. O the Gods!
When ſhall we ſee again?
Enter Cymbeline, *and Lords.*
Poſt. Alack, the King!
Cym. Thou baſeſt thing, avoid, hence, from my Sight:
If after this command thou fraught the Court
With thy Unworthineſs, thou dyeſt. Away!
Thou'rt Poiſon to my Blood.
Poſt. The Gods protect you,
And bleſs the good Remainders of the Court:
I am gone. [*Exit.*
Imo. There cannot be a pinch in death
More ſharp than this is.
Cym. O diſloyal thing,
That ſhould'ſt repair my Youth, thou heap'ſt
A Year's age on me.
Imo. I beſeech you, Sir,
Harm not your ſelf with your Vexation,
I am ſenſeleſs of your Wrath; a touch more rare
Subdues all Pangs, all Fears.
Cym. Paſt Grace? Obedience?
Imo. Paſt Hope, and in Deſpair, that way paſt Grace.
Cym. That might'ſt have had the ſole Son of my Queen.
Imo. O bleſſed that I might not: I choſe an Eagle,
And did avoid a Puttock.
Cym. Thou took'ſt a Beggar, would'ſt have made my Throne
A Seat for Baſeneſs.
Imo. No, I rather added a Luſtre to it.
Cym. O thou vile one!
Imo. Sir,
It is your fault that I have lov'd *Poſthumus:*
You bred him as my Play-fellow, and he is
A Man, worth any Woman; over-buys me
Almoſt the Sum he pays.
Cym. What? art thou Mad?
Imo. Almoſt, Sir; Heav'n reſtore me: would I were
A Neat-herds Daughter, and my *Leonatus*
Our Neighbour-Shepherd's Son.
Enter Queen.
Cym. Thou fooliſh thing;
They were again together, you have done Not

Not after our Command. Away with her,
And pen her up.

Queen. Beſeech your Patience; Peace,
Dear Lady Daughter, peace. Sweet Sovereign,
Leave us to our ſelves, and make your ſelf ſome Comfort
Out of your beſt Advice.

Cym. Nay let her languiſh
A drop of Blood aday, and being aged
Die of this Folly. [*Exit.*

Enter Piſanio.

Queen. Fie, you muſt give way:
Here is your Servant. How now, Sir? What News?

Piſ. My Lord your Son, drew on my Maſter.

Queen. Hah!
No harm, I truſt, is done?

Piſ. There might have been,
But that my Maſter rather play'd than fought,
And had no help of Anger: they were parted
By Gentlemen, at hand.

Queen. I am very glad on't.

Imo. Your Son's my Father's Friend, he takes his part
To draw upon an Exile; O brave Sir,
I would they were in *Africk* both together,
My ſelf by with a Needle, that I might prick
The goer back. Why came you from your Maſter?

Piſ. On his command; he would not ſuffer me
To bring him to the Haven: Left theſe Notes
Of what Commands I ſhould be ſubject to,
When't pleaſe you to employ me.

Queen. This hath been
Your faithful Servant: I dare lay mine Honour
He will remain ſo.

Piſ. I humbly thank your Highneſs.

Queen. Pray walk a while.

Imo. About ſome half Hour hence, pray you ſpeak with me;
You ſhall, at leaſt, go ſee my Lord aboard.
For this time leave me. [*Exeunt.*

Enter Cloten, *and two Lords.*

1 *Lord.* Sir, I would adviſe you to ſhift a Shirt; the Violence of Action hath made you reek as a Sacrifice: Where

Air

Air comes out, Air comes in: There's none abroad so wholsome as that you vent.

Clot. If my Shirt were bloody, then to shift it———— Have I hurt him?

2 *Lord.* No faith: Not so much as his Patience.

1 *Lord.* Hurt him? His Body's a passable Carkass if he be not hurt. It is a through-fare for Steel if it be not hurt.

2 *Lord.* His Steel was in debt, it went o'th' Back-side the Town.

Clot. The Villain would not stand me.

2 *Lord.* No, but he fled forward still, toward your Face.

1 *Lord.* Stand you? you have Land enough of your own: But he added to your having, gave you some ground.

2 *Lord.* As many Inches, as you have Oceans, Puppies!

Clot. I would they had not come between us.

2 *Lord.* So would I, 'till you had measur'd how long a Fool you were upon the Ground.

Clot. And that she should love this Fellow, and refuse me!

2 *Lord.* If it be a Sin to make a true Election, she is damn'd.

1 *Lord.* Sir, as I told you always, her Beauty and her Brain go not together. She's a good Sign, but I have seen small reflection of her Wit.

2 *Lord.* She shines not upon Fools, lest the reflection Should hurt her.

Clot. Come, I'll to my Chamber: would there had been some hurt done.

2 *Lord.* I wish not so, unless it had been the fall of an Ass, which is no great hurt.

Clot. You'll go with us?

1 *Lord.* I'll attend your Lordship.

Clot. Nay come, let's go together.

2 *Lord.* Well, my Lord. [*Exeunt.*

Enter Imogen, *and* Pisanio.

Imo. I would thou grew'st unto the Shores o'th' Haven, And question'd'st ev'ry Sail: If he should write, And I not have it, 'twere a Paper lost As offer'd Mercy is: what was the last That he spake to thee?

Pis. It was his Queen, his Queen.

Imo. Then wav'd his Handkerchief?

Pis. And kiss'd it, Madam.

Imo.

Imo. Senſeleſs Linnen, happier therein than I:
And that was all?

Piſ. No, Madam; for ſo long
As he could make me with his Eyes, or Ear,
Diſtinguiſh him from others, he did keep
The Deck, with Glove, or Hat, or Handkerchief,
Still waving, as the fits and ſtirrs of's mind
Could beſt expreſs how ſlow his Soul ſail'd on,
How ſwift his Ship.

Imo. Thou ſhould'ſt have made him
As little as a Crow, or leſs, e'er left
To after-eye him.

Piſ. Madam, ſo I did.

Imo. I would have broke mine Eye-ſtrings;
Crack'd them, but to look upon him; 'till the Diminution
Of ſpace, had pointed him ſharp as my Needle;
Nay, followed him, 'till he had melted from
The ſmallneſs of a Gnat, to air; and then
Have turn'd mine Eye, and wept. But, good *Piſanio*,
When ſhall we hear from him?

Piſ. Be aſſur'd, Madam,
With his next Vantage.

Imo. I did not take my leave of him, but had
Moſt pretty things to ſay; E'er I could tell him
How I would think on him at certain Hours,
Such thoughts, and ſuch; or I could make him ſwear,
The She's of *Italy* ſhould not betray
Mine Intereſt, and his Honour; or have charg'd him
At the ſixth Hour of Morn, at Noon, at Midnight,
T'encounter me with Oraiſons, for then
I am in Heav'n for him; or e'er I could,
Give him that parting Kiſs, which I had ſet
Betwixt two charming words, comes in my Father,
And like the tyrannous breathing of the North,
Shakes all our buds from growing.

Enter a Lady.

Lady. The Queen, Madam,
Deſires your Highneſs Company.

Imo. Thoſe things I bid you do, get them diſpatch'd,
I will attend the Queen.

Piſ. Madam, I ſhall. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE

SCENE II. Rome.

Enter Philario, Iachimo, *and a* French *Man*,

Iach. Believe it, Sir, I have ſeen him in *Britain*; he was then of a Creſcent, none expected to prove ſo worthy, as ſince he hath been allowed the name of. But I could then have look'd on him, without the help of Admiration, though the Catalogue of his endowments had been tabled by his ſide, and I to peruſe him by *Items*.

Phil. You ſpeak of him when he was leſs furniſh'd, than now he is, with that which makes him both without and within.

French. I have ſeen him in *France*; we had very many there, could behold the Sun, with as firm Eyes as he.

Iach. This matter of marrying his King's Daughter, wherein he muſt be weighed rather by her value, than his own, words him, I doubt not, a great deal from the matter.

French. And then his baniſhment.

Iach. Ay, and the approbation of thoſe, that weep this lamentable Divorce under her Colours, are wonderfully to extend him; be it but to fortifie her Judgment, which elſe an eaſie Battery might lay flat, for taking a Beggar without more Quality. But how comes it, he is to ſojourn with you? how creeps acquaintance?

Phil. His Father and I were Soldiers together, to whom I have been often bound for no leſs than my Life.

Enter Poſthumus.

Here comes the *Britain*. Let him be ſo entertained amongſt you, as ſuits with Gentlemen of your knowing, to a ſtranger of his quality. I beſeech you all be better known to this Gentleman, whom I commend to you, as a noble Friend of mine. How worthy he is, I will leave to appear hereafter, rather than ſtory him in his own hearing.

French. Sir, we have known together in *Orleance*.

Poſt. Since when I have been debter to you for courteſies, which I will be ever to pay, and yet pay ſtill.

French. Sir, you o'er-rate my poor kindneſs; I was glad I did atone my Countryman and you; it had been pity you ſhould have been put together, with ſo mortal a purpoſe, as then each bore, upon importance of ſo ſlight and trivial a nature.

Poſt.

Post. By your Pardon, Sir, I was then a young Traveller; rather, ſhun'd to go even with what I heard, than in my every Action to be guided by others experiences: but upon my mended Judgment, if I offend not to ſay it is mended, my Quarrel was not altogether ſlight.

French. Faith yes, to be put to the arbitrement of Swords; and by ſuch two, that would by all likelyhood have confounded one the other, or have ſain both.

Iach. Can we with manners, ask what was the Difference?

French. Safely, I think, 'twas a Contention in publick, which may, without Contradiction, ſuffer the report. It was much like an Argument that fell out laſt night, where each of us fell in Praiſe of our Country-Miſtreſſes. This Gentleman at that time vouching, and upon Warrant of bloody Affirmation, his to be more Fair, Virtuous, Wiſe, Chaſt, Conſtant, Qualified, and leſs attemptible than any, the rareſt of our Ladies in *France*.

Iach. That Lady is not now living; or this Gentleman's Opinion by this worn out.

Post. She holds her Virtue ſtill, and I my Mind.

Iach. You muſt not ſo far prefer her, 'fore ours of *Italy*.

Post. Being ſo far provok'd as I was in *France*; I would abate her nothing, thou I profeſs my ſelf her Adorer, not her Friend.

Iach. As fair, and as good; a kind of Hand in Hand compariſon, had been ſomething too fair, and too good for any Lady in *Britany*: if ſhe went before others, I have ſeen; as that Diamond of yours out-luſters many I have beheld; I could not believe ſhe excelled many; but I have not ſeen the moſt precious Diamond that is, nor you the Lady.

Post. I prais'd her, as I rated her; ſo do I my Stone.

Iach. What do you eſteem it at?

Post. More than the World enjoys.

Iach. Either your unparagon'd Miſtreſs is dead, or ſhe's out-priz'd by a Trifle.

Post. You are miſtaken; the one may be ſold or given, if there were Wealth enough for the Purchaſe, or Merit for the Gift. The other is not a thing for Sale, and only the Gift of the Gods.

Iach.

Iach. Which the Gods have given you?

Poſt. Which by their Graces I will keep.

Iach. You may wear her in title yours; but, you know, ſtrange Fowle light upon neighbouring Ponds. Your ring may be ſtoln too; ſo your Brace of unprizeable Eſtimations, the one is but frail, and the other caſual. A cunning Thief, or a, that way, accompliſh'd Courtier, would hazard the winning both of firſt and laſt.

Poſt. Your *Italy* contains none ſo accompliſh'd a Courtier to convince the Honour of my Miſtreſs; if in the holding or loſs of that, you term her frail, I do nothing doubt you have ſtore of Thieves, notwithſtanding I fear not my Ring.

Phil. Let us leave here, Gentlemen.

Poſt. Sir, with all my Heart. This worthy Signior, I thank him, makes no ſtranger of me, we are familiar at firſt.

Iach. With five times ſo much Converſation, I ſhould get ground of your fair Miſtreſs; make her go back, even to the yielding, had I admittance, and opportunity to Friend.

Poſt. No, no.

Iach. I dare thereupon pawn the Moiety of my Eſtate, to your Ring, which in my Opinion o'er-values it ſomething: but I make my wager rather againſt your Confidence, than her Reputation. And to bar your Offence herein too, I durſt attempt it againſt any Lady in the World.

Poſt. You are a great deal abus'd in too bold a perſwaſion; and I doubt not you'd ſuſtain what you're worthy of, by your Attempt.

Iach. What's that?

Poſt. A Repulſe; though your Attempt, as you call it, deſerves more; a Puniſhment too.

Phil. Gentlemen, enough of this, it came in too ſuddenly, let it die as it was born, and I pray you be better acquainted.

Iach. Would I had put my Eſtate, and my Neighbours, on th' approbation of what I have ſpoke.

Poſt. What Lady would you chuſe to aſſail?

Iach. Yours; whom in conſtancy you think ſtards ſo ſafe. I will lay you ten thouſand Duckets to your Ring, that

that commend me to the Court where your Lady is, with no more Advantage than the opportunity of a ſecond conference, and I will bring from thence, that honour of hers, which you imagine ſo reſerv'd.

Poſt. I will wage againſt your Gold, Gold to it: My Ring I hold dear as my Finger, 'tis part of it.

Iach. You are a Friend, and therein the wiſer; if you buy Ladies fleſh at a Million a Dram, you cannot preſerve it from tainting; but I ſee you have ſome Religion in you, that you fear.

Poſt. This is but a Cuſtom in your Tongue; you bear a graver Purpoſe, I hope.

Iach. I am the Maſter of my Speeches, and would undergo what's ſpoken, I ſwear.

Poſt. Will you? I ſhall but lend my Diamond 'till your return; let there be Covenants drawn between's. My Miſtreſs exceeds in goodneſs, the hugeneſs of your unworthy things. I dare you to this match; here's my Ring.

Phil. I will have it no lay.

Iach. By the Gods it is one; if I bring you not ſufficient Teſtimony that I have enjoy'd the deareſt bodily part of your Miſtreſs; my ten thouſand Duckets are yours, ſo is your Diamond too; if I come off, and leave her in ſuch Honour as you have truſt in; ſhe your Jewel, this your Jewel, and my Gold are yours; provided I have your commendation, for my more entertainment.

Poſt. I embrace theſe Conditions, let us have Articles betwixt us; only thus far you ſhall anſwer; if you make your Voyage upon her, and give me directly to underſtand, you have prevail'd, I am no further your Enemy, ſhe is not worth our Debate. If ſhe remain unſeduc'd, you not making it appear otherwiſe; for your ill Opinion, and th'aſſault you have made to her Chaſtity, you ſhall anſwer me with your Sword.

Iach. Your Hand, a Covenant; we will have theſe things ſet down by lawful Counſel, and ſtraight away for *Britain*, leſt the Bargain ſhould catch cold, and ſtarve; I will fetch my Gold, and have our two Wagers recorded.

Poſt. Agreed.

French. Will this hold, think you?

Phil. Signior *Iachimo* will not from it.
Pray let us follow 'em. [*Exeũnt.*

SCENE

SCENE III. Cymbeline's *Palace.*

Enter Queen, Ladies, and Cornelius *with a Viol.*

Queen. While yet the Dew's on Ground gather thoſe Flowers.
Make haſte. Who has the Note of them?
Ladies. I, Madam.
Queen. Diſpatch. [*Exeunt Ladies.*
Now Maſter Doctor, have you brought thoſe Drugs?
Cor. Pleaſeth your Highneſs, Ay; here th y are, Madam;
But I beſeech your Grace, without Offence
My Conſcience bids me ask, wherefore you have
Commanded of me theſe moſt poiſonous Compounds,
Which are the movers of a languiſhing Death;
But though ſlow, deadly.
Queen. I wonder, Doctor,
Thou ask'ſt me ſuch a Queſtion; have I not been
Thy Pupil long? haſt thou not learn'd me how
To make Perfumes? Diſtil? Preſerve? Yea ſo,
That our great King himſelf doth woe me oft
For my Confections? Having thus far proceeded,
Unleſs thou think'ſt me deviliſh, is it not meet
That I did amplifie my Judgment in
Other Concluſions? I will try the Forces
Of theſe thy Compounds, on ſuch Creatures as
We count not worth the hanging, but none human,
To try the Vigor of them, and apply
Allayments to their Act, and by them gather
Their ſeveral Virtues, and effects.
Cor. Your Highneſs
Shall from this Practice, but make hard your Heart;
Beſides, the ſeeing theſe Effects will be
Both noyſome and infectious.
Queen. O content thee.
Enter Piſanio.
Here comes a flattering Raſcal, upon him [*Aſide.*
Will I firſt work; he's for his Maſter,
And Enemy to my Son. How now, *Piſanio*?
Doctor, your Service for this time is ended,
Take your own way.

Cor. I do ſuſpect you, Madam. [*Aſide.*
But you ſhall do no harm.
Queen. Hark thee a word. [*To* Piſanio.
Cor. I do not like her. She doth think ſhe has
Strange ling'ring Poiſons; I do know her Spirit,
And will not truſt one of her Malice, with
A drug of ſuch damn'd Nature. Thoſe ſhe has,
Will ſtupifie and dull the Senſe a while,
Which firſt perchance ſhe'll prove on Cats and Dogs,
Then afterward up higher; but there is
No Danger in what ſhew of Death it makes,
More than the locking up the Spirits a time,
To be more freſh, reviving. She is fool'd
With a moſt falſe effect; and I the truer,
So to be falſe with her.
Queen. No further Service, Doctor,
Until I ſend for thee.
Cor. I humbly take my leave. [*Exit.*
Queen. Weeps ſhe ſtill, ſayeſt thou? Doſt thou think in time
She will not quench, and let Inſtructions enter
Where folly now poſſeſſes? do thou work;
When thou ſhalt bring me word ſhe loves my Son,
I'll tell thee on the inſtant, thou art then
As great as is thy Maſter; greater; for
His Fortunes all lye ſpeechleſs, and his Name
Is at laſt Gaſp. Return he cannot, nor
Continue where he is; to ſhift his being,
Is to exchange one Miſery with another,
And every Day that comes, comes to decay
A Day's Work in him. What ſhalt thou expect
To be depender on a thing that leans?
Who cannot be new built, nor has no Friends
So much, as but to prop him? thou takeſt up
[Piſanio *looking on the Viol.*
Thou know'ſt not what; but take it for thy Labour,
It is a thing I make, which hath the King
Five times redeem'd from Death; I do not know
What is more Cordial. Nay I prethee take it,
It is an earneſt of a farther good
That

That I mean to thee. Tell thy Miſtreſs how
The Caſe ſtands with her; do't, as from thy ſelf:
Think what a chance thou chanceſt on, but think
Thou haſt thy Miſtreſs ſtill; to boot, my Son,
Who ſhall take Notice of thee. I'll move the King
To any ſhape of thy Preferment, ſuch
As thou'lt deſire; and then my ſelf, I chiefly
That ſet thee on to this Deſert, am bound
To load thy Merit richly. Call my Women. [*Exit* Piſanio.
Think on my words---- A ſlye, and conſtant Knave,
Not to be ſhak'd; the Agent for his Maſter,
And the Remembrancer of her, to hold
The Hand faſt to her Lord. I have given him that,
Which if he take, ſhall quite unpeople her
Of Leidgers for her Sweet; and which ſhe after,
Except ſhe bend her humor, ſhall be aſſur'd
To taſte of too.

Enter Piſanio, *and Ladies.*

So, ſo; well done, well done;
The Violets, Cowſlips, and the Prim-Roſes.
Bear to my Cloſet; fare thee well, *Piſanio*,
Think on my words. [*Exit Queen and Ladies.*

Piſa. And ſhall do:
But when to my good Lord, I prove untrue,
I'll choak my ſelf; there's all I'll do for you. [*Exit.*

Enter Imogen *alone.*

Imo. A Father cruel, and a Stepdame falſe,
A fooliſh Suiter to a wedded Lady,
That hath her Husband baniſh'd---O, that Husband!
My ſupream Crown of Grief, and thoſe repeated
Vexations of it ---- had I been Thief-ſtoln,
As my two Brothers, happy; but moſt miſerable
Is the Deſire that's Glorious. Bleſſed be thoſe
How mean ſo e'er, that have their honeſt Wills,
Which Seaſons comfort. Who may this be? Fie!

Enter Piſanio, *and* Iachimo.

Piſ. Madam, a noble Gentleman of *Rome*,
Comes from my Lord with Letters.

Iach. Change you, Madam?
The worthy *Leonatus* is in ſafety,
And greets your Highneſs dearly.

Imo. Thanks, good Sir,
You're kindly welcome.

Iach. All of her, that is out of door, moſt rich!
If ſhe be furniſh'd with a mind ſo rare,
She is alone th' *Arabian* Bird; and I
Have loſt the Wager. Boldneſs be my Friend;
Arm me Audacity from Head to Foot.
Or like the *Parthian* I ſhall flying Fight,
Rather directly flye.

Imogen *reads.*

He is one of the Nobleſt Note, to whoſe kindneſſes I am moſt infinitely tyed. Reflect upon him accordingly, as you value your truſt. Leonatus.

So far I read aloud.
But even the very middle of my Heart
Is warmed by th' reſt, and take it thankfully——
You are as welcome, worthy Sir, as I
Have words to bid you, and ſhall find it ſo
In all that I can do.

Iach. Thanks, faireſt Lady;
What, are Men mad? hath Nature given them Eyes
To ſee this vaulted Arch, and the rich Crop
Of Sea and Land, which can diſtinguiſh 'twixt
The fiery Orbs above, and the twinn'd Stones
Upon the number'd Beach? and can we not
Partition make with Spectacles ſo precious
'Twixt fair, and foul?

Imo. What makes your Admiration?

Iach. It cannot be i'th' Eye; for Apes, and Monkeys,
'Twixt two ſuch She's, would chatter this way, and
Contemn with mowes the other. Nor i'th' judgment;
For Ideots in this Caſe of Favour, would
Be wiſely definit. Nor in the Appetite,
Sluttery to ſuch neat excellence oppos'd,
Should make Deſire vomit emptineſs,
Not ſo allur'd to feed.

Imo. What is the matter trow?

Iach. The cloyed Will,
That ſatiate yet unſatisfy'd Deſire, that Tub
Both fill'd and running: Ravening firſt the Lamb,
Longs after for the Garbage ——

Imo.

Imo. What, dear Sir,
Thus raps you? are you well?
Iach. Thanks, Madam, well; beſeech you, Sir,
Deſire my Man's abode, where I did leave him;
He's ſtrange and peeviſh. [*To* Piſanio.
Piſ. I was going, Sir,
To give him welcome.
Imo. Continues well my Lord?
His Health, beſeech you?
Iach. Well, Madam.
Imo. Is he diſpos'd to Mirth? I hope he is.
Iach. Exceeding pleaſant; none a ſtranger there,
So merry, and ſo gameſome; he is call'd
The *Britain* Reveller.
Imo. When he was here
He did incline to ſadneſs, and oft times
Not knowing why.
Iach. I never ſaw him ſad.
There is a *Frenchman* his Companion, one
An eminent Monſieur, that it ſeems much loves
A *Gallian*-Girl at home. He Furnaces
The thick ſides from him; whiles the jolly *Britain*,
Your Lord I mean, laughs from's free Lungs, cries oh!——
Can my ſides hold, to think, that Man who knows
By Hiſtory, Report, or his own proof
What Woman is, yea, what ſhe cannot chuſe
But muſt be, will's free Hours languiſh,
For aſſur'd Bondage?
Imo. Will my Lord ſay ſo?
Iach. Ay, Madam, with his Eyes in flood with laughter,
It is a Recreation to be by
And hear him mock the *Frenchman*:
But Heav'ns know ſome Men are much to blame.
Imo. Not he, I hope.
Iach. Not he. But yet Heav'ns Bounty towards him, might
Be us'd more thankfully. In himſelf 'tis much;
In you, which I account his beyond all Talents,
Whilſt I am bound to wonder, I am bound
To pity too.

Imo. What do you pity, Sir?
Iach. Two Creatures heartily.
Imo. Am I one, Sir?
You look on me; what wrack discern you in me
Deserves your Pity?
Iach. Lamentable! what
To hide me from the radiant Sun, and solace
I'th' Dungeon by a Snuff?
Imo. I pray you, Sir,
Deliver with more openness your Answers
To my Demands. Why do you pity me?
Iach. That others do,
I was about to say, enjoy your ——— but
It is an Office of the Gods to venge it,
Not mine to speak on't.
Imo. You do seem to know
Something of me, or what concerns me; pray you
Since doubting things go ill, often hurts more,
Than to be sure they do; For certainties
Either are past Remedies; or timely knowing,
The Remedy then born; Discover to me
What both you spur and stop.
Iach. Had I this Cheek
To bath my Lips upon; this Hand, whose touch,
Whose very touch would force the feeler's Soul
To th' Oath of Loyalty; this object, which
Takes Prisoner, the wild Motion of mine Eye,
Fixing it only here; should I, damn'd then,
Slaver with Lips as common as the Stairs
That mount the Capitol? join Gripes, with Hands
Made hard with hourly Falshood as with Labour?
Then glad my self by peeping in an Eye
Base and unlustrious as the smoaky Light
That's fed with stinking Tallow? it were fit
That all the Plagues of Hell should at one time
Encounter such Revolt.
Imo. My Lord, I fear,
Has forgot *Britain.*
Iach. And himself; not I
Inclin'd to this Intelligence, pronounce
The Beggary of his Change; but 'tis your Graces

That

That from my muteſt Conſcience, to my Tongue,
Charms this report out.
Imo. Let me hear no more.
Iach. O deareſt Soul! your Cauſe doth ſtrike my Heart
With Pity, that doth make me ſick. A Lady
So fair, and faſtned to an Empery,
Would make the great'ſt King double, to be partner'd
With Tomboys hir'd, with that ſelf Exhibition
Which your own Coffers yield! with diſeas'd ventures
That play with all infirmities for Gold,
Which rottenneſs can lend Nature! Such boyl'd ſtuff
As well might poiſon Poiſon! Be reveng'd,
Or ſhe that bore you was no Queen, and you
Recoil from your great Stock.
Imo. Reveng'd!
How ſhould I be reveng'd if this be true,
As I have ſuch a Heart, that both mine Ears
Muſt not in haſte abuſe, if it be true,
How ſhall I be reveng'd?
Iach. Shou'd he make me
Live like *Diana*'s Prieſt, betwixt cold Sheets;
Whiles he is Vaulting variable Ramps
In your Deſpight, upon your Purſe; revenge it.
I dedicate my ſelf to your ſweet Pleaſure,
More Noble than that Runagate to your Bed,
And will continue faſt to your Affection,
Still cloſe, as ſure.
Imo. What ho, *Piſanio*!———
Iach. Let me my Service tender on your Lips.
Imo. Away, I do condemn mine Ears, that have
So long attended thee. If thou wert honourable
Thou wouldſt have told this Tale for Virtue, not
For ſuch an end thou ſeek'ſt, as baſe, as ſtrange:
Thou wrong'ſt a Gentleman, who is as far
From thy Report, as thou from Honour; and
Solicit'ſt here a Lady, that diſdains
Thee, and the Devil alike. What, ho, *Piſanio*!——
The King my Father ſhall be made acquainted
Of thy Aſſault; if he ſhall think it fit,
A ſawcy Stranger in his Court, to Mart
As in a *Romiſh* Stew, and to Expound

His beastly Mind to us; he hath a Court
He little cares for, and a Daughter, whom
He not respects at all. What ho, *Pisanio*! ——
Iach. O happy *Leonatus*, I may say,
The Credit that thy Lady hath of thee
Deserves thy trust, and thy most perfect goodness
Her assur'd Credit; blessed live you long,
A Lady to the worthiest Sir, that ever
Country call'd his; and you his Mistress, only
For the most worthiest Fit. Give me your pardon.
I have spoke this, to know if your Affiance
Were deeply rooted, and shall make your Lord,
That which he is, new o'er; and he is one
The truest manner'd; such a holy Witch,
That he inchants Societies into him:
Half all Mens Hearts are his.
Imo. You make amends.
Iach. He sits amongst Men, like a descended God;
He hath a kind of Honour sets him off,
More than a mortal seeming. Be not angry,
Most mighty Princess, that I have adventur'd
To try your taking of a false Report, which hath
Honour'd with Confirmation your great Judgment,
In the Election of a Sir, so rare,
Which you know cannot err. The Love I bear him,
Made me to fan you thus, but the Gods made you,
Unlike all others, chaffless. Pray, your Pardon.
Imo. All's well, Sir; take my Power i'th' Court for yours.
Iach. My humble Thanks; I had almost forgot
T' intreat your Grace, but in a small request,
And yet of Moment too, for it concerns
Your Lord; my self, and other Noble Friends
Are Partners in the Business.
Imo. Pray what is't?
Iach. Some dozen *Romans* of us, and your Lord,
The best Feather of our Wing, have mingled Sums
To buy a Present for the Emperor:
Which I, the Factor for the rest, have done
In *France*; 'tis Plate of rare Device, and Jewels
Of rich and exquisite Form, their Values great;

And

And I am ſomething curious, being ſtrange,
To have them in ſafe ſtowage: May it pleaſe you
To take them in Protection.
Imo. Willingly;
And pawn mine Honour for their Safety, ſince
My Lord hath Intereſt in them, I will keep them
In my Bed-chamber.
Iach. They are in a Trunk
Attended by my Men: I will make bold
To ſend them to you, only for this Night;
I muſt aboard to Morrow.
Imo. O no, no.
Iach. Yes, I beſeech you: Or I ſhall ſhort my word
By length'ning my return. From *Gallia*,
I croſt the Seas on purpoſe, and on promiſe
To ſee your Grace.
Imo. I thank you for your Pains;
But not away to Morrow.
Iach. O, I muſt Madam.
Therefore I ſhall beſeech you, if you pleaſe
To greet your Lord with writing, do't to Night,
I have out-ſtood my time, which is material
To th' tender of our Preſent.
Imo. I will write;
Send your Trunk to me, it ſhall be ſafe kept,
And truly yielded you: You're very welcome. [*Exeunt.*

ACT II. SCENE I.

SCENE *The Palace.*

Enter Cloten, *and two Lords.*

Clot. WAS there ever Man had ſuch luck! when I kiſs'd the *Jack* upon an Up-caſt, to be hit away! I had an Hundred pound on't; and then a whorſon Jack-an-Apes muſt take me up for Swearing, as if I borrow'd mine Oaths of him, and might not ſpend them at my Pleaſure.

1 *Lord.* What got he by that? you have broke his Pate with your Bowl.

2 *Lord.* If his Wit had been like him that broke it; it would have run all out.

Clot. When a Gentleman is disposed to swear; it is not for any standers by to curtail his Oaths. Ha?

2 *Lord.* No, my Lord; nor crop the Ears of them.

Clot. Whorson Dog! I give him satisfaction? Would he had been one of my Rank.

2 *Lord.* To have smelt like a Fool.

Clot. I am not vext more at any thing in the Earth,---a Pox on't. I had rather not be so Noble as I am; they dare not Fight with me, because of the Queen my Mother; every Jack-slave hath his Belly full of Fighting, and I must go up and down like a Cock, that no body can match.

2 *Lord.* You are a Cock and a Capon too, and you crow Cock, with your Comb on. [*Aside.*

Clot. Say'st thou?

2 *Lord.* It is not fit your Lordship should undertake every Companion, that you give offence to.

Clot. No, I know that: But it is fit I should commit Offence to my Inferiors.

2 *Lord.* Ay, it is fit for your Lordship only.

Clot. Why so I say.

1 *Lord.* Did you hear of a Stranger that's come to Court to Night?

Clot. A Stranger, and I not know on't?

2 *Lord* He's a strange Fellow himself, and knows it not.

1 *Lord.* There's an *Italian* come, and 'tis thought one of *Leonatus*'s Friends.

Clot. Leonatus! A banish'd Rascal; and he's another, whereso'ever he be. Who told you of this Stranger?

1 *Lord.* One of your Lordship's Pages.

Clot. Is it fit I went to look upon him? Is there no derogation in't?

2 *Lord.* You cannot derogate, my Lord.

Clot. Not easily, I think.

2 *Lord.* You are a Fool granted, therefore your Issues being Foolish, do not derogate.

Clot. Come, I'll go see this *Italian*: What I have lost to day at Bowls, I'll win to Night of him. Come; go.

2 *Lord.* I'll attend your Lordship. [*Exit* Clot.

That such a crafty Devil as is his Mother,

Should

Should yield the World this Ass: A Woman, that
Bears all down with her Brain, and this her Son,
Cannot take Two from Twenty for his Heart,
And leave Eighteen. Alas poor Princess,
Thou divine *Imogen*, what thou endur'st,
Betwixt a Father by thy Step-dame govern'd,
A Mother hourly coining Plots; a Wooer,
More hateful than the foul Expulsion is
Of thy dear Husband, than that horrid Act
Of the divorce——he'll make the Heav'ns hold firm
The Walls of thy dear Honour; Keep unshak'd
That Temple thy fair Mind, that thou may'st stand
T' enjoy thy banish'd Lord: And this great Land. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE II. *A magnificent Bedchamber, in one part of it a large Trunk.*

Imogen *is discover'd reading in her Bed, a Lady attending.*

Imo. Who's there? My Woman *Helen*?
Lady. Please you, Madam———
Imo. What Hour is it?
Lady. Almost Midnight, Madam.
Imo. I have read three Hours then, mine Eyes are weak,
Fold down the Leaf where I have left; to Bed——
Take not away the Taper, leave it burning:
And if thou canst awake by four o'th' Clock,
I prithee call me——Sleep hath seiz'd me wholly. [*Exit Lady.*
To your protection I commend me, Gods,
From Fairies, and the Tempters of the Night,
Guard me, beseech ye. [*Sleeps.*

[Iachimo *rises from the Trunk.*

Iach. The Crickets sing, and Man's o'er-labour'd Sense,
Repairs it self by rest: Our *Tarquin* thus
Did softly press the Rushes, e'er he waken'd
The Chastity he wounded. *Cytherea*,
How bravely thou becom'st thy Bed! Fresh Lilly,
And whiter than the Sheets! That I might touch,
But kiss, one kiss——Rubies unparagon'd,
How dearly they do't——'Tis her Breathing that
Perfumes the Chamber thus: the Flame o'th' Taper

Bows

Bows toward her, and would under-peep her Lids,
To see th' inclosed Lights, now Canopy'd
Under the Windows, White and Azure, lac'd
With Blue of Heav'ns own tinct——but my Design's
To Note the Chamber——I will write all down,
Such, and such Pictures——there the Window,——such
Th' Adornment of her Bed——the Arras, Figures——
Why such, and such——and the Contents o'th' Story——
Ah, but some natural Notes about her Body,
Above ten thousand meaner Moveables
Would testifie, t' enrich mine Inventory.
O Sleep, thou Ape of Death, lye dull upon her,
And be her Sense but as a Monument,
Thus in a Chappel lying. Come off, come off,——
[*Taking off her Bracelet.*
As slippery as the Gordian-knot was hard.
'Tis mine, and this will witness outwardly,
As strongly as the Conscience do's within,
To th' madding of her Lord. On her left Breast
A Mole Cinque-spotted---Like the Crimson Drops
I' th' bottom of a Cowslip. Here's a Voucher,
Stronger than ever Law could make: This Secret
Will force him think I have pick'd the Lock, and ta'en
The Treasure of her Honour. No more---to what end?
Why should I write this down, that's rivetted,
Screw'd to my Memory. She hath been reading late,
The Tale of *Tereus*, here the Leaf's turn'd down
Where *Philomele* gave up---I have enough,
To th' Trunk again, and shut the Spring of it.
Swift, swift, you Dragons of the Night, that dawning
May bear the Raven's Eye: I lodge in fear,
Though this a heav'nly Angel, Hell is here. [*Clock strikes.*
One, two, three: Time, time.
[*He goes into the Trunk, the Scene closes.*

SCENE III. *The Palace.*

Enter Cloten, *and Lords.*

1 *Lord.* Your Lordship is the most patient Man in loss, the most coldest that ever turn'd up Ace.

Clot. It would make any Man cold to lose.

1 *Lord.*

1 *Lord.* But not every Man patient, after the noble Temper of your Lordſhip; You are moſt hot and furious, when you win.

Clot. Winning will put any Man into Courage: If I could get this fooliſh *Imogen*, I ſhould have Gold enough: It's almoſt Morning, is't not?

1 *Lord.* Day, my Lord.

Clot. I would this Muſick would come: I am adviſed to give her Muſick a Mornings, they ſay it will penetrate.

Enter Muſicians.

Come on, Tune; if you can penetrate here with your Fingering, ſo; we'll try with Tongue too; if none will do, let her remain: But I'll never give o'er. Firſt, a very excellent good conceited thing; after a wonderful ſweet Air, with admirable rich Words to it, and then let her conſider.

Song.

Hark, hark, the Lark at Heav'n's Gate ſings,
And Phœbus *'gins ariſe,*
His Steeds to Water at thoſe Springs
On chalic'd Flow'rs that lyes:
And winking Mary-*buds begin to ope their Golden Eyes*
With every thing that pretty is, my Lady ſweet ariſe:
Ariſe, ariſe.

So, get you gone---if this penetrate, I will conſider your Muſick the better: If it do not, it is a Vice in her Ears, which Horſe-hairs, and Cat's-Guts, nor the Voice of unpav'd Eunuch to boot, can never amend.

Enter Queen and Cymbeline.

2 *Lord.* Here comes the King.

Clot. I am glad I was up ſo late, for that's the reaſon I was up ſo early: He cannot chuſe but take this Service I have done, Fatherly. Good Morrow to your Majeſty, and gracious Mother.

Cym. Attend you here the Door of our ſtern Daughter? Will ſhe not forth?

Clot. I have aſſail'd her with Muſicks, but ſhe vouchſafes no Notice.

Cym. The Exile of her Minion is too new.
She hath not yet forgot him, ſome more time

Muſt

Muſt wear the print of his Remembrance out,
And then ſhe's yours.

Queen. You are moſt bound to th' King,
Who lets go by no Vantages, that may
Prefer you to his Daughter: frame your ſelf
To orderly Solicits, and be friended
With aptneſs of the Seaſon; make Denials
Encreaſe your Services; ſo ſeem, as if
You were inſpir'd to do thoſe Duties which
You tender to her: That you in all obey her,
Save when Command to your Diſmiſſion tends,
And therein you are ſenſeleſs.

Clot. Senſeleſs? not ſo.

Enter a Meſſenger.

Meſ. So like you, Sir, Ambaſſadors from *Rome*;
The one is *Caius Lucius.*

Cym. A worthy Fellow,
Albeit he comes on angry purpoſe now;
But that's no Fault of his: We muſt receive him
According to the Honour of his Sender,
And towards himſelf, his Goodneſs fore-ſpent on us
We muſt extend our Notice: Our dear Son,
When you have given good Morning to your Miſtreſs,
Attend the Queen, and us, we ſhall have need
T' employ you towards this *Roman.* Come, our Queen.

[*Exeunt.*

Clot. If ſhe be up, I'll ſpeak with her, if not,
Let her lye ſtill, and dream: By your leave ho!
I know her Women are about her——what
If I do line one of their Hands——'tis Gold
Which buys Admittance, oft it doth, yea, and makes
Diana's Rangers falſe themſelves, and yield up
Their Deer to th' ſtand o'th' Stealer: And 'tis Gold
Which makes the True-man kill'd, and ſaves the Thief;
Nay, ſometimes hangs both Thief, and True-man: What
Can it not do, and undo? I will make
One of her Women Lawyer to me, for
I yet not underſtand the Caſe my ſelf.
By your leave. [*Knocks.*

Enter

Enter a Lady.

Lady. Who's there that knocks?
Clot. A Gentleman.
Lady. No more.
Clot. Yes, and a Gentlewoman's Son.
Lady. That's more
Than ſome whoſe Tailors are as dear as yours,
Can juſtly boaſt of: What's your Lordſhip's Pleaſure?
Clot. Your Lady's Perſon, is ſhe ready?
Lady. Ay, to keep her Chamber.
Clot. There is Gold for you,
Sell me your good Report.
Lady. How, my good Name? or to report of you
What I ſhall think is good. The Princeſs.

Enter Imogen.

Clot. Good Morrow Faireſt, Siſter your ſweet Hand.
Imo. Good Morrow, Sir, you lay out too much Pains
For purchaſing but trouble: the Thanks I give,
Is telling you that I am poor of Thanks,
And ſcarce can ſpare them.
Clot. Still I ſwear I love you.
Imo. If you'd but ſaid ſo, 'twere as deep with me:
If you ſwear ſtill, your Recompence is ſtill
That I regard it not.
Clot. This is no anſwer.
Imo. But that you ſhall not ſay, I yield being ſilent,
I would not ſpeak. I pray you ſpare me, Faith
I ſhall unfold equal Diſcourteſie
To your beſt Kindneſs: One of your great knowing
Should learn, being taught, Forbearance.
Clot. To leave you in your Madneſs, 'twere my Sin,
I will not.
Imo. Fools are not mad Folks.
Clot. Do you call me Fool?
Imo. As I am mad I do:
If you'll be patient, I'll no more be mad,
That cures us both. I am much ſorry, Sir,
You put me to forget a Lady's Manners
By being ſo verbal: And learn now, for all,
That I which know my Heart, do here pronounce
By th' very truth of it, I care not for you,

And

And am so near the lack of Charity
To accuse my self, I hate you: which I had rather
You felt, than make't my boast.

Clot. You sin against
Obedience, which you owe your Father; for
The Contract you pretend with that base Wretch,
One, bred of Alms, and foster'd with cold Dishes,
With scraps o'th' Court, it is no Contract, none;
And though it be allow'd in meaner Parties,
Yet who than he more mean, to knit their Souls
On whom there is no more dependancy
But Brats and Beggary, in self-figur'd knot,
Yet you are curb'd from that Enlargement, by
The consequence o'th' Crown, and must not foil
The precious Note of it; with a base Slave,
A Hilding for a Livery, a Squire's Cloth,
A Pantler; not so eminent.

Imo. Prophane Fellow:
Wert thou the Son of *Jupiter*, and no more,
But what thou art, besides, thou wert too base,
To be his Groom: thou wert dignify'd enough
Ev'n to the point of Envy, if 'twere made
Comparative for your Virtues, to be stil'd
The under Hangman of his Kingdom; and hated
For being preferr'd so well.

Clot. The South-fog rot him.

Imo. He never can meet more Mischance, than come
To be but nam'd of thee. His meanest Garment
That ever hath but clipt his Body, is dearer
In my respect, than all the Hairs above thee,
Were they all made such Men. How now, *Pisanio?*

Enter Pisanio.

Clot. His Garment? Now the Devil.

Imo. To *Dorothy*, my Woman, hye thee presently.

Clot. His Garment?

Imo. I am sprighted with a Fool,
Frighted, and angred worse——Go bid my Woman
Search for a Jewel, that too casually
Hath left mine Arm---it was thy Master's. Shrew me
If I would lose it for a Revenue
Of any Kings in *Europe*. I do think,

I —

I saw't this morning; confident I am,
Last Night 'twas on my Arm; I kiss'd it,
I hope it be not gone, to tell my Lord
That I kiss ought but him.
Pis. 'Twill not be lost.
Imo. I hope so; go and search.
Clot. You have abus'd me---- His meanest Garment? ----
Imo. Ay, I said so, Sir,
If you will make't an Action, call Witness to't.
Clot. I will inform your Father.
Imo. Your Mother too;
She's my good Lady; and will conceive, I hope,
But the worst of me. So I leave you, Sir,
To th' worst of Discontent. [*Exit.*
Clot. I'll be reveng'd;
His meanest Garment? ——— Well. [*Exit.*

SCENE IV. Rome.

Enter Posthumus, *and* Philario.

Post. Fear it not, Sir; I would I were so sure
To win the King, as I am bold, her honour
Will remain hers.
Phi. What means do you make to him?
Post. Not any, but abide the change of Time,
Quake in the present Winters state, and wish
That warmer Days would come; in these fear'd hopes
I barely gratifie your love; they failing
I must die much your Debtor
Phi. Your very Goodness, and your Company,
O'erpays all I can do. By this your King
Hath heard of great *Augustus*: *Caius Lucius*,
Will do's Commission throughly. And I think
He'll grant the Tribute; send th' Arrearages,
Or look upon our *Romans*, whose remembrance
Is yet fresh in their Grief.
Post. I do believe,
Statist though I am none, nor like to be,
That this will prove a War; and you shall hear
The Legion now in *Gallia*, sooner landed

In our not-fearing *Britain*, than have tidings
Of any penny Tribute paid. Our Countrymen
Are Men more order'd than when *Julius Cæsar*
Smil'd at their lack of Skill, but found their Courage
Worthy his frowning at. Their Discipline,
Now mingled with their Courages, will make known
To their Approvers, they are People, such
That mend upon the World.

Enter Iachimo.

Phil. See *Iachimo.*

Post. The swiftest Harts have posted you by Land;
And Winds of all the Corners kiss'd your Sails,
To make your Vessel nimble.

Phil. Welcome, Sir.

Post. I hope the briefness of your answer, made
The speediness of your return.

Iach. Your Lady,
Is one of the fairest that I have look'd upon.

Post. And therewithal the best, or let her Beauty
Look thorough a Casement to allure false Hearts,
And be false with them.

Iach. Here are Letters for you.

Post. Their Tenure good, I trust.

Iach. 'Tis very like.

Post. Was *Caius Lucius* in the *Britain* Court,
When you were there?

Iach. He was expected then,
But not approach'd.

Post. All is well yet,
Sparkles this Stone as it was wont, or is't not
Too dull for your good wearing?

Iach. If I have lost it,
I should have lost the worth of it in Gold;
I'll make a Journey twice as far, t' enjoy
A second Night of such sweet shortness, which
Was mine in *Britain*, for the Ring is won.

Post. The Stone's too hard to come by.

Iach. Not a whit,
Your Lady being so easie.

Post. Make not, Sir,
Your loss, your Sport; I hope you know that We

Must

Muſt not continue Friends.

Iach. Good Sir, we muſt,
If you keep Covenant; had I not brought
The Knowledge of your Miſtreſs home, I grant
We were to Queſtion farther; but I now
Profeſs my ſelf the winner of her Honour,
Together with your Ring; and not the wronger
Of her, or you, having proceeded but
By both your Wills.

Poſt. If you can make't apparent
That you have taſted her in Bed; my Hand,
And Ring is yours. If not, the foul Opinion
You had of her poor Honour, gains, or loſes
Your Sword or mine, or maſterleſs leaves both
To who ſhall find them.

Iach. Sir, my Circumſtances
Being ſo near the Truth, as I will make them,
Muſt firſt induce you to believe; whoſe Strength
I will confirm with Oath, which I doubt not
You'll give me leave to ſpare, when you ſhall find
You need it not.

Poſt. Proceed.

Iach. Firſt, her Bed-chamber
Where I confeſs I ſlept not, but profeſs
Had that was well worth Watching, it was hang'd
With Tapeſtry of Silk, and Silver, the Story
Proud *Cleopatra*, when ſhe met her *Roman*,
And *Cidnus* ſwell'd above the Banks, or for
The Preſs of Boats, or Pride: A piece of Work
So bravely done, ſo rich, that it did ſtrive
In Workmanſhip, and Value, which I wonder'd
Could be ſo rarely, and exactly wrought,
Since the true Life on't was ———

Poſt. This is true;
And this you might have heard of here, by me,
Or by ſome other.

Iach. More particulars
Muſt juſtifie my Knowledge.

Poſt. So they muſt,
Or do your Honour Injury.

Iach. The Chimney
Is South the Chamber, and the Chimney-piece
Chaſt *Dian*, bathing ; never ſaw I Figures
So likely to report themſelves ; the Cutter
Was as another Nature dumb, out-went her,
Motion and Breath left out.
Poſt. This is a thing
Which you might from Relation likewiſe read,
Being, as it is, much ſpoke of.
Iach. The Roof o'th' Chamber,
With golden Cherubins is fretted. Her Andirons,
I had forgot them, were two winking *Cupids*
Of Silver, each on one Foot ſtanding, nicely
Depending on their Brands.
Poſt. This is her Honour ;
Let it be granted you have ſeen all this, and praiſe
Be given to your Remembrance, the Deſcription
Of what is in her Chamber, nothing ſaves
The Wager you have laid.
Iach. Then if you can [*Pulling out the Bracelet.*
Be Pale, I beg but leave to air this Jewel : See! ——
And now 'tis up again ; it muſt be Married
To that your Diamond. I'll keep them.
Poſt. Jove ! ——————
Once more let me behold it : Is it that
Which I left with her ?
Iach. Sir, I thank her, that
She ſtrip'd it from her Arm, I ſee her yet,
Her pretty Action did out-ſell her Gift,
And yet enrich'd it too ; ſhe gave it me,
And ſaid ſhe priz'd it once.
Poſt. May be, ſhe pluck'd it off
To ſend it me.
Iach. She writes ſo to you ? doth ſhe ?
Poſt. O no, no, no, 'tis true. Here take this too,
It is a Baſilisk unto mine Eye,
Kills me to look on't : Let there be no Honour,
Where there is Beauty, Truth, where Semblance, Love
Where there's another Man. The Vows of Women,
Of no more Bondage be, to where they are made,
Than they are to their Virtues, which is nothing ;

O,

O, above Measure false! ———
Phi. Have Patience, Sir,
And take your Ring again; 'tis not yet won;
It may be probable she lost it; or
Who knows if one of her Women, being corrupted,
Hath stoln it from her.
Post. Very true,
And so I hope he came by't; back my Ring,
Render to me some corporal sign about her
More evident than this; for this was stole.
Iach. By *Jupiter*, I had it from her Arm.
Post. Hark you, he swears; by *Jupiter* he swears.
'Tis true --- nay keep the Ring --- 'tis true; I am sure
She could not lose it; her Attendants are
All sworn, and honourable; they induc'd to steal it!
And by a Stranger! --- no, he hath enjoy'd her,
The Cognizance of her Incontinency
Is this; she hath bought the Name of Whore, thus dearly.
There, take thy hire, and all the Fiends of Hell
Divide themselves between you.
Phi. Sir, be patient;
This is not strong enough to be believ'd,
Of one perswaded well of ———
Post. Never talk on't;
She hath been colted by him.
Iach. If you seek
For further satisfying; under her Breast,
Worthy the pressing, lyes a Mole, right proud
Of that most delicate Lodging. By my Life
I kist it, and it gave me present hunger
To feed again, though full. You do remember
This stain upon her?
Post. Ay, and it doth confirm
Another stain, as big as Hell can hold,
Were there no more but it.
Iach. Will you hear more?
Post. Spare your Arithmetick,
Never count the Turns: Once, and a Million.
Iach. I'll be sworn ———
Post. No swearing:
If you will swear you have not done't, you lie,

And I will kill thee if thou doſt deny
Thou'ſt made me Cuckold.
Iach. I'll deny nothing.
Poſt. O that I had her here, to tear her Limb-meal;
I will go there and do't i'th' Court, before
Her Father —— I'll do ſomething ——— [*Ex*
Phil. Quite beſides
The Government of Patience. You have won;
Let's follow him, and pervert the preſent Wrath
He hath againſt himſelf.
Iach. With all my Heart. [*Exeun.*

Enter Poſthumus.

Poſt. Is there no way for Men to be, but Women
Muſt be half-workers? We are all Baſtards,
And that moſt venerable Man, which I
Did call my Father, was, I know not where,
When I was ſtampt. Some Coyner with his Tools
Made me a Counterfeit; yet my Mother ſeem'd
The *Dian* of that time; ſo doth my Wife
The Non-pareil of this--- Oh Vengeance, Vengeance!
Me of my lawful pleaſure ſhe reſtrain'd,
And pray'd me oft Forbearance; did it with
A pudency ſo Roſie, the ſweet view on't
Might well have warm'd old *Saturn* ———
That I thought her
As Chaſte, as unſun'd Snow. Oh, all the Devils!
This yellow *Iachimo* in an Hour —— was't not?
Or leſs; at firſt? Perchance ſpoke not, but
Like a full Acorn'd Boar, a *German* one
Cry'd oh, and mounted; found no oppoſition
But what he look'd for, ſhould oppoſe, and ſhe
Should from Encounter guard. Could I find out
The Woman's part in me, for there's no Motion
That tends to Vice in Man, but I affirm
It is the Woman's part; be it lying, note it,
The Woman's; Flattering, hers; deceiving, hers;
Luſt, and rank Thoughts, hers, hers; Revenges, hers;
Ambitions, Covetings, change of Prides, Diſdain,
Nice-longing, Slanders, Mutability:
All Faults that may be named, nay, that Hell knows,
Why hers, in part, or all; but rather all. For even to Vice

They

They are not constant, but are changing still;
One Vice, but of a minute old, for one
Not half so old as that. I'll write against them,
Detest them, curse them —— yet 'tis greater Skil
In a true Hate, to pray they have their Will;
The very Devils cannot plague them better. [*Exit.*

ACT III. SCENE I.

SCENE *A Palace.*

Enter in State, Cymbeline, *Queen,* Cloten, *and Lords at one Door; and at another,* Caius Lucius, *and Attendants.*

Cym. NOW say, what would *Augustus Cæsar* with us?
Luc. When *Julius Cæsar*, whose remembrance yet
Lives in Mens Eyes, and will to Ears and Tongues
Be Theam, and hearing ever, was in this *Britain*,
And conquer'd it, *Cassibelan* thine Uncle,
Famous in *Cæsar*'s Praises, no whit less
Than in his Feats deserving it for him
And his Succession, granted *Rome* a Tribute,
Yearly three thousand Pounds; which by thee lately
Is left untender'd.
Queen. And to kill the marvail,
Shall be so ever.
Clot. There be many *Cæsars*,
E'er such another *Julius*: *Britain*'s a World
By it self, and we will nothing pay
For wearing our own Noses.
Queen. That opportunity
Which then they had to take from's, to resume
We have again; remember, Sir, my Liege,
The Kings your Ancestors, together with
The natural Bravery of your Isle, which stands
As *Neptune*'s Park ribb'd, and pal'd in
With Oaks unskaleable, and roaring Waters,
With Sand that will not bear your Enemies Boats,
But suck them up to'th' Top-mast. A kind of Conquest
Cæsar made here, but made not here his brag

Of, came, and saw, and overcame; with shame,
The first that ever touch'd him, he was carried
From off our Coast, twice beaten; and his Shipping,
Poor ignorant Baubles, on our terrible Seas,
Like Egg-shells, mov'd upon their Surges, crack'd
As easily 'gainst our Rocks. For Joy whereof,
The fam'd *Cassibelan*, who was once at point,
Oh giglet Fortune! to master *Cæsar*'s Sword,
Made *Lud's-Town* with rejoicing Fires bright,
And *Britains* strut with Courage.

Clot. Come, there's no more Tribute to be paid. Our Kingdom is stronger than it was at that time; and, as I said, there is no more such *Cæsars*, other of them may have crook'd Noses, but to owe such strait Arms, none.

Cym. Son, let your Mother end.

Clot. We have yet many among us, can gripe as hard as *Cassibelan*, I do not say I am one; but I have a hand. Why Tribute? Why should we pay Tribute? If *Cæsar* can hide the Sun from us with a Blanket, or put the Moon in his Pocket, we will pay him Tribute for Light; else, Sir, no more Tribute, pray you now.

Cym. You must know,
'Till the injurious *Romans* did extort
This Tribute from us, we were free. *Cæsar*'s Ambition,
Which swell'd so much, that it did almost stretch
The sides o'th' World, against all Colour here,
Did put the Yoak upon's; which to shake off
Becomes a warlike People, whom we reckon
Our selves to be; we do. Say then to *Cæsar*,
Our Ancestor was that *Mulmutius*, which
Ordain'd our Laws, whose use the Sword of *Cæsar*
Hath too much mangled; whose repair and franchise,
Shall by the Power we hold be our good deed,
Though *Rome* be therefore angry. *Mulmutius* made our Laws,
Who was the first of *Britain*, which did put
His Brows within a golden Crown, and call'd
Himself a King.

Luc. I am sorry, *Cymbeline*,
That I am to pronounce *Augustus Cæsar*,
Cæsar that hath more Kings his Servants, than
Thy self Domestick Officers, thine Enemy.

Receive

Receive it from me then. War, and Confusion
In *Cæsar*'s Name pronounce I 'gainst thee: Look
For Fury, not to be resisted. Thus defy'd,
I thank thee for my self.

Cym. Thou art welcome, *Caius*,
Thy *Cæsar* Knighted me; my Youth I spent
Much under him: Of him, I gather'd Honour,
Which he, to seek of me again, perforce,
Behooves me keep at utterance. I am perfect,
That the *Pannonians* and *Dalmatians*, for
Their Liberties are now in Arms: A Precedent
Which not to read, would shew the *Britains* cold:
So *Cæsar* shall not find them.

Luc. Let Proof speak.

Clot. His Majesty bids you Welcome. Make Pastime with us a Day, or two, or longer: If you seek us afterwards in other terms, you shall find us in our Salt-water Girdle: If you beat us out of it, it is yours: If you fall in the Adventure, our Crows shall fare the better for you: And there's an end.

Luc. So, Sir.

Cym. I know your Master's Pleasure, and he mine:
All the Remain, is welcome. [*Exeunt.*

Enter Pisanio *reading of a Letter.*

Pis. How? of Adultery? Wherefore write you not
What Monsters her accuse? *Leonatus!*
Oh Master, what a strange Infection
Is fall'n into thy Ear? What false *Italian*,
As poisonous tongu'd, as handed, hath prevail'd
On thy too ready hearing? Disloyal? No,
She's punish'd for her Truth; and undergoes
More Goddess-like, than Wife-like, such Assaults
As would take in some Virtue. Oh my Master,
Thy Mind to her, is now as low, as were
Thy Fortunes. How? That I should Murther her,
Upon the Love, and Truth, and Vows, which I
Have made to thy Command!---I her!---Her Blood!
If it be so, to do good Service, never
Let me be counted serviceable. How look I,
That I should seem to lack Humanity,
So much as this Fact comes to? *Do't---the Letter* [*Reading.*

That

That I have ſent her, by her own Command,
Shall give the Opportunity. Oh damn'd Paper!
Black as the Ink that's on thee: Senſeleſs Bauble!
Art thou a Fœdarie for this act; thou look'ſt
So Virgin-like without? Lo here ſhe comes.

Enter Imogen.

I am ignorant in what I am commanded.

Imo. How now, *Piſanio?*

Piſ. Madam, here is a Letter from my Lord.

Imo. Who! thy Lord? that is my Lord *Leonatus?*
Oh, learn'd indeed were that Aſtronomer
That knew the Stars, as I his Characters,
He'd lay the Future open. You good Gods,
Let what is here contain'd, reliſh of Love,
Of my Lord's Health, of his Content, yet not
That we two are aſunder, let that grieve him:
Some Griefs are medicinable, that is one of them,
For it doth phyſick Love, of his Content,
All but in that. Good Wax, thy leave: bleſt be
You Bees that make theſe Locks of Counſel. Lovers,
And Men in dangerous Bonds pray not alike.
Though Forfeitures you caſt in Priſon, yet
You claſp young *Cupid*'s Tables: good News, Gods.

Reading.

JUſtice, and your Father's Wrath, ſhould he take me in his Dominion, could not be ſo cruel to me, as you, oh the dearest of Creatures, would even renew me with your Eyes. Take notice that I am in Cambria *at* Milford-Haven: *What your own, Love, will out of this adviſe you, follow. So he wiſhes you all Happineſs, that remains Loyal to his Vow, and your increaſing in Love,* Leonatus Poſthumus.

Oh for a Horſe with Wings! Hear'ſt thou, *Piſanio?*
He is at *Milford-Haven*: Read, and tell me
How far 'tis thither. If one of mean Affairs
May plod it in a Week, why may not I
Glide thither in a day? then, true *Piſanio,*
Who long'ſt like me, to ſee thy Lord, who long'ſt,
Oh let me bate, but not like me, yet long'ſt
But in a fainter kind---Oh not like me;
For mine's beyond, beyond----ſay, and ſpeak thick
Love's Counſellor ſhould fill the Bores of Hearing

To

To th' ſmothering of the Senſe, how far it is
To this ſame bleſſed *Milford*. And by th' way
Tell me how *Wales* was made ſo Happy, as
T' inherit ſuch a Haven. But firſt of all,
How may we ſteal from hence: And for the Gap
That we ſhall make in time, from our hence-going,
And our return, to excuſe---but firſt, how get hence.
Why ſhould Excuſe be born or e'er begot?
We'll talk of that hereafter. Prithee ſpeak,
How many Score of Miles may we well ride
'Twixt Hour and Hour?

Piſ. One Score 'twixt Sun, and Sun,
Madam's enough for you: And too much too.

Imo. Why, one that rode to's Execution, Man,
Could never go ſo ſlow: I have heard of riding Wagers,
Where Horſes have been nimbler than the Sands
That run i' th' Clocks behalf. But this is Foolery,
Go, bid my Woman feign a Sickneſs, ſay
She'll home to her Father, and provide me preſently
A riding Suit: No coſtlier than would fit
A *Franklin*'s Houſwife.

Piſ. Madam, you're beſt conſider.

Imo. I ſee before me, Man, nor here, nor here,
Nor what enſues but have a Fog in them,
That I cannot look through. Away, I prithee,
Do as I bid thee; there's no more to ſay;
Acceſſible is none but *Milford* way. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE II. *A Foreſt with a Cave.*

Enter Bellarius, Guiderius, *and* Arviragus.

Bel. A goodly Day, not to keep Houſe with ſuch,
Whoſe Roof's as low as ours: See, Boys! this Gate
Inſtructs you how t' adore the Heav'ns; and bows you
To a Morning's holy Office. The Gates of Monarchs
Are Arch'd ſo high, that Giants may jet through
And keep their impious Turbands on, without
Good Morrow to the Sun. Hail, thou fair Heav'n,
We houſe i'th' Rock, yet uſe thee not ſo hardly,
As prouder Livers do.

Guid. Hail, Heav'n!

Arv.

Arv. Hail, Heav'n!

Bel. Now for our Mountain ſport, up to yond Hill,
Your Legs are young: I'll tread theſe Flats. Conſider,
When you above perceive me like a Crow,
That it is Place, which leſſens and ſets off,
And you may then revolve what Tales I have told you,
Of Courts of Princes, of the Tricks in War,
This Service, is not Service, ſo being done,
But being ſo allow'd. To apprehend thus,
Draws us a Profit from all things we ſee:
And often to our Comfort, ſhall we find
The ſharded Beetle, in a ſafer hold
Than is the full-wing'd Eagle. Oh this Life,
Is nobler than attending for a Check;
Richer, than doing nothing for a Bauble;
Prouder, than ruſtling in unpaid-for Silk:
Such gain the Cap of him, that makes them fine,
Yet keeps his Book uncroſs'd; no Life to ours.

Guid. Out of your Proof you ſpeak: we poor unfledg'd
Have never wing'd from view o' th' Neſt; nor know not
What Air's from Home. Hap'ly this Life is beſt,
If quiet Life is beſt, ſweeter to you
That have a ſharper known: Well correſponding
With your ſtiff Age; but unto us, it is
A Cell of Ignorance; travelling a Bed,
A Priſon, or a Debtor, that not dares
To ſtride a limit.

Arv. What ſhould we ſpeak of
When we are old as you? when we ſhall hear
The Rain and Wind beat dark *December*? How
In this our pinching Cave, ſhall we diſcourſe
The freezing Hours away? We have ſeen nothing,
We are beaſtly; ſubtle as the Fox for Prey,
Like warlike as the Wolf, for what we eat:
Our Valour is to chaſe what flies, our Cage
We make a Quire, as doth the priſon'd Bird,
And ſing our Bondage freely.

Bel. How you ſpeak?
Did you but know the City's Uſuries,
And felt them knowingly; the art o' th' Court,
As hard to leave, as keep, whoſe top to climb
Is certain falling, or ſo ſlipp'ry, that

The

The Fear's as bad as Falling. The Toil o' th' War,
A Pain, that only ſeems to ſeek out Danger
I'th' name of Fame, and Honour; which dies i'th' ſearch,
And hath as oft a ſland'rous Epitaph,
As Record of fair act; nay, many times
Doth ill deſerve, by doing well: what's worſe
Muſt curt'ſie at the Cenſure. Oh Boys, this Story
The World may read in me: My Body's mark'd
With *Roman* Swords; and my report was once
Firſt with the beſt of Note. *Cymbeline* lov'd me,
And when a Soldier was the Theme, my Name
Was not far off: Then was I as a Tree
Whoſe Boughs did bend with Fruit. But in one Night,
A Storm, or Robbery, call it what you will,
Shook down my mellow Hangings, nay my Leaves,
And left me bare to Weather.

Guid. Uncertain Favour!

Bel. My Fault being nothing, as I have told you oft,
But that two Villains, whoſe falſe Oaths prevail'd
Before my perfect Honour, ſwore to *Cymbeline*,
I was Confederate with the *Romans*: So
Follow'd my Baniſhment, and this Twenty years,
This Rock, and theſe Demeſnes, have been my World,
Where I have liv'd at honeſt freedom, pay'd
More pious Debts to Heav'n, than in all
The fore-end of my time. But, up to th' Mountains,
This is not Hunters Language; he that ſtrikes
The Veniſon firſt, ſhall be the Lord o'th' Feaſt,
To him the other two ſhall miniſter,
And we will fear no Poiſon, which attends
In place of greater State:
I'll meet you in the Valleys. [*Exeunt.*
How hard it is to hide the ſparks of Nature?
Theſe Boys know little they are Sons to th' King,
Nor *Cymbeline* dreams that they are alive.
They think they are mine, and though train'd up thus meanly
I'th' Cave, where, on the Bow, their Thoughts do hit
The Roofs of Palaces, and Nature prompts them
In ſimple and low things, to Prince it, much
Beyond the trick of others. This *Polydor*,

The

The Heir of *Cymbeline* and *Britain*, whom
The King his Father call'd *Guiderius*, *Jove!*
When on my Three-foot Stool I ſit, and tell
The warlike Feats I have done, his Spirits fly out
Into my Story: Say, thus mine Enemy fell,
And thus I ſet my Foot on's Neck, even then
The Princely Blood flows in his Cheek, he ſweats,
Strains his young Nerves, and puts himſelf in poſture
That acts my Words. The younger Brother *Cadwall*,
Once *Arviragus*, in as like a Figure
Strikes Life into my Speech, and ſhews much more
His own conceiving. Hark, the Game is rouz'd----
Oh *Cymbeline!* Heav'n and my Conſcience knows
Thou didſt unjuſtly baniſh me: whereon
At three, and two Years old, I ſtole theſe Babes,
Thinking to bar thee of Succeſſion, as
Thou reft'ſt me of my Lands. *Euriphile*,
Thou waſt their Nurſe, they took thee for their Mother,
And every day do Honour to her Grave;
My ſelf *Belarius*, that am *Morgan* call'd,
They take for natural Father. The Game is up. [*Exit.*

Enter Piſanio *and* Imogen.

Imo. Thou told'ſt me when we came from Horſe, the Place
Was near at hand: Ne'er long'd my Mother ſo
To ſee me firſt, as I have now---*Piſanio!* Man!
Where is *Poſthumus?* What is in thy Mind
That makes thee ſtare thus? Wherefore breaks that Sigh
From th'inward of thee? One, One, but painted thus
Would be interpreted a thing perplex'd
Beyond Self-explication. Put thy ſelf
Into a 'haviour of leſs Fear, e'er Wildneſs
Vanquiſh my ſtaieder Senſes. What's the Matter?
Why tender'ſt thou that Paper to me, with
A Look untender? If't be Summer News,
Smile to't before, if Winterly, thou need'ſt
But keep that Count'nance ſtill. My Husband's Hand?
That Drug-damn'd *Italy*, hath out-craftied him,
And he's at ſome hard point. Speak, Man, thy Tongue
May take off ſome Extremity, which to read
Would be even Mortal to me.

Piſ.

Piſ. Pleaſe you read,
And you ſhall find me, wretched Man, a thing
The moſt diſdain'd of Fortune.

Imogen *reads.*

THY Miſtreſs, Piſanio, *hath play'd the Strumpet in my Bed: The Teſtimonies whereof lye bleeding in me. I ſpeak not out of weak Surmiſes, but from Proof as ſtrong as my Grief, and as certain as I expect my Revenge. That part, thou* Piſanio, *muſt act for me, if thy Faith be not tainted with the breach of hers; let thine own Hands take away her Life: I ſhall give thee opportunity at* Milford-Haven. *She hath my Letter for the Purpoſe; where, if thou fear to ſtrike, and to make me certain it is done, thou art the Pander to her Diſhonour, and equally to me Diſloyal.*

Piſ. What ſhall I need to draw my Sword, the Paper
Hath cut her Throat already. No, 'tis Slander,
Whoſe Edge is ſharper than the Sword, whoſe Tongue
Out-venoms all the Worms of *Nile*, whoſe Breath
Rides on the poſting Winds, and doth belye
All Corners of the World. Kings, Queens, and States,
Maids, Matrons, nay the Secrets of the Grave
This viperous Slander enters. What chear, Madam?

Imo. Falſe to his Bed! What is it to be falſe?
To lye in watch there, and to think on him?
To weep 'twixt Clock and Clock? If ſleep charge Nature,
To break it with a fearful Dream of him,
And cry my ſelf awake? that's falſe to's Bed; is it?

Piſ. Alas, good Lady!

Imo. I falſe! thy Conſcience witneſs, *Iachimo*,
Thou didſt accuſe him of Incontinency,
Thou then look'dſt like a Villain: Now, methinks,
Thy Favour's good enough. Some Jay of *Italy*,
Whoſe Wother was her Painting, hath betray'd him:
Poor I am ſtale, a Garment out of Faſhion,
And for I am richer than to hang by th' Walls,
I muſt be ript; To Pieces with me: Oh!
Mens Vows are Womens Traitors. All good ſeeming
By thy Revolt, oh Husband, ſhall be thought
Put on for Villany: not born where't grows,
But worn a Bait for Ladies.

Piſ.

Pif. Good Madam, hear me———

Imo. True honeſt Men being heard, like falſe *Æneas*,
Were in his time thought falſe: and *Synon*'s weeping
Did ſcandal many a holy Tear; took pity
From moſt true Wretchedneſs. So thou *Poſthumus*,
Wilt lay the leven to all proper Men;
Goodly, and Gallant, ſhall be Falſe and Perjur'd,
From thy great fail: Come, Fellow, be thou honeſt,
Do thou thy Maſter's bidding. When thou ſeeſt him,
A little witneſs my Obedience. Look,
I draw the Sword my ſelf, take it, and hit
The innocent Manſion of my Love, my Heart,
Fear not, 'tis empty of all things, but Grief;
Thy Maſter is not there, who was indeed
The Riches of it. Do his bidding, ſtrike,
Thou may'ſt be valiant in a better Cauſe:
But now thou ſeem'ſt a Coward.

Pif. Hence, vile Inſtrument,
Thou ſhall not damn my Hand.

Imo. Why, I muſt die,
And if I do not by thy Hand, thou art
No Servant of thy Maſter's. Againſt Self-ſlaughter,
There is a Prohibition ſo divine
That cravens my weak Hand: Come, here's my Heart———
Something's afore't----Soft, ſoft, we'll no defence
[*Opening her Breaſt.*
Obedient as the Scabbard. What is here,
The Scriptures of the Loyal *Leonatus*,
All turn'd to Hereſie? Away, away,
[*Pulling his Letter out of her Boſom.*
Corrupters of my Faith, you ſhall no more
Be Stomachers to my Heart: Thus may poor Fools
Believe falſe Teachers: Though thoſe that are betray'd
Do feel the Treaſon ſharply, yet the Traitor
Stands in worſe caſe of Woe. And thou *Poſthumus*,
That didſt ſet up my Diſobedience 'gainſt the King
My Father, and mad'ſt me put into contempt the Suits
Of Princely Fellows; ſhalt hereafter find
It is no act of common paſſage, but
A ſtrain of Rareneſs: And I grieve my ſelf,
To think, when thou ſhalt be diſedg'd by her,
That now thou tireſt on, how thy Memory

Will

Will then be pang'd by me. Prethee dispatch,
The Lamb entreats the Butcher. Where's the Knife?
Thou art too slow to do thy Master's bidding,
When I desire it too.
Pis. O gracious Lady!
Since I receiv'd Command to do this Business,
I have not slept one wink.
Imo. Do't, and to bed then.
Pis. I'll break mine Eye-balls first.
Imo. Wherefore then
Didst undertake it? Why hast thou abus'd
So many Miles, with a pretence? this place?
Mine action? and thine own? Our Horses Labour?
The time inviting thee? the perturb'd Court
For my being absent; whereunto I never
Purpose return? why hast thou gone so far
To be unbent? when thou hast ta'en thy stand,
Th' elected Deer before thee?
Pis. But to win time
To lose so bad employment, in the which
I have consider'd of a Course; good Lady,
Hear me with Patience.
Imo. Talk thy Tongue weary, speak;
I have heard I am a Strumpet, and mine ear
Therein false strook, can take no greater Wound,
Nor tent, to bottom that. But speak.
Pis. Then, Madam,
I thought you would not back again.
Imo. Most like,
Bringing me here to kill me.
Pis. Not so neither;
But if I were as wise, as honest, then
My purpose would prove well; it cannot be,
But that my Master is abus'd, some Villain,
Ay, and singular in his Art, hath done you both
This cursed Injury.
Imo. Some *Roman* Curtezan?
Pis. No, on my Life;
I'll give him Notice you are dead, and send him
Some bloody Sign of it. For 'tis Commanded
I should do so; you shall be miss'd at Court,

And that will well confirm it.
Imo. Why, good Fellow;
What ſhall I do the while? Where bide? How live?
Or in my Life, what Comfort, when I am
Dead to my Husband?
Piſ. If you'll back to th' Court.
Imo. No Court, no Father; nor no more ado
With that harſh, noble, ſimple nothing,
That *Cloten*; whoſe Love-ſuit hath been to me
As fearful as a Siege.
Piſ. If not at Court,
Then not in *Britain* muſt you bide.
Imo. Where then?
Hath *Britain* all the Sun that ſhines? Day? Night?
Are they not but in *Britain*? I'th' World's Volume
Our *Britain* ſeems as of it, but not in't;
In a great Pool a Swan's Neſt, prethee think
There's Livers out of *Britain.*
Piſ. I am moſt glad
You think of other Place: Th' Ambaſſador
Lucius the *Roman*, comes to *Milford-Haven*
To morrow. Now, if you could wear a mind
Dark as your Fortune is, and but Diſguiſe
That which t'appear it ſelf, muſt not yet be,
But by ſelf-danger, you ſhould tread a Courſe
Pretty, and full of view; yea, happily, near
The Reſidence of *Poſthumus*; ſo nigh, at leaſt,
That though his Action were not viſible, yet
Report ſhould render him hourly to your Ear,
As truly as he moves.
Imo. Oh for ſuch means,
Though Peril to my Modeſty, not Death on't,
I would adventure.
Piſ. Well then, there's the Point;
You muſt forget to be a Woman, change
Command into Obedience. Fear and Niceneſs,
The Handmaids of all Women, or more truly
Woman it's pretty ſelf, into a waggiſh Courage,
Ready in Gybes, quick-anſwer'd, ſawcy, and
As quarrellous as the Weazel: Nay, you muſt
Forget that rareſt Treaſure of your Cheek,
Expoſing it (but oh the harder Heart,
Alack no remedy) to the greedy Touch

Of common-kiſſing *Titan*; and forget
Your labourſome and dainty trims, wherein
You made great *Juno* angry.
Imo. Nay, be brief:
I ſee into thy end, and am almoſt
A Man already.
Piſ. Firſt, make your ſelf but like one,
Fore-thinking this, I have already fit,
('Tis in my Cloak-bag) Doublet, Hat, Hoſe, all
That anſwer to them. Would you in their ſerving,
And with what imitation you can borrow
From Youth of ſuch a Seaſon, 'fore Noble *Lucius*
Preſent your ſelf, deſire his Service; tell him
Wherein you're happy, which will make him know,
If that his Head have ear in Muſick, doubtleſs
With Joy he will embrace you; for he's honourable,
And doubling that, moſt holy. Your means abroad;
You have me rich, and I will never fail
Beginning, nor ſupplyment.
Imo. Thou art all the Comfort
The Gods will diet me with. Prethee away.
There's more to be conſider'd; but we'll even
All that good time will give us. This attempt
I am Soldier too, and will ab de it with
A Prince's Courage. Away, I prethee.
Piſ. Well, Madam, we muſt take a ſhort farewel,
Leſt being miſs'd, I be ſuſpected of
Your Carriage from the Court. My noble Miſtreſs,
Here is a Box, I had it from the Queen,
What's in't is precious: If you are ſick at Sea,
Or Stomach qualm'd at Land, a dram of this
Will drive away Diſtemper. To ſome ſhade,
And fit you to your Manhood; may the Gods
Direct you to the beſt.
Imo. Amen: I thank thee. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE III. *The Palace.*

Enter Cymbeline, *Queen*, Cloten, Lucius, *and Lords.*
Cym. Thus far, and ſo farewel.
Luc. Thanks, Royal Sir;
My Emperor hath wrote, I muſt from hence,

And am right ſorry, that I muſt report ye
My Maſter's Enemy.

Cym. Our Subjects, Sir,
Will not endure his Yoak; and for our ſelf
To ſhew leſs Soveraignty than they, muſt needs
Appear un-King like.

Luc. So, Sir: I deſire of you
A Conduct over Land, to *Milford-Haven.*
Madam, all Joy befal your Grace, and you.

Cym. My Lords, you are appointed for that Office;
The due of Honour in no point omit:
So farewel, noble *Lucius.*

Luc. Your Hand, my Lord.

Clot. Receive it friendly; but from this time forth
I wear it as your Enemy.

Luc. Sir, the Event
Is yet to name the Winner. Fare you well.

Cym. Leave not the worthy *Lucius*, good my Lords,
Till he have croſt *Severn.* Happineſs. [*Exit* Lucius, *&c.*

Queen. He goes hence frowning; but it honours us,
That we have given him Cauſe.

Clot. 'Tis all the better,
Your valiant *Britains* have their wiſhes in it.

Cym. Lucius hath wrote already to the Emperor,
How it goes here. It fits us therefore ripely,
Our Chariots, and our Horſemen be in readineſs;
The Powers that he already hath in *Gallia*
Will ſoon be drawn to Head, from whence he moves
His War for *Britain.*

Queen. 'Tis not ſleepy Buſineſs,
But muſt be look'd to ſpeedily, and ſtrongly.

Cym. Our expectation that it ſhould be thus
Hath made us forward. But, my gentle Queen,
Where is our Daughter? She hath not appear'd
Before the *Roman*, nor to us hath tender'd
The Duty of the Day. She looks as like
A thing more made of Malice, than of Duty,
We have noted it. Call her before us, for
We have been too light in ſufferance.

Queen. Royal Sir,
Since the Exile of *Poſthumus*, moſt retir'd

Hath

Hath her Life been; the Cure whereof, my Lord,
'Tis time muſt do. Beſeech your Majeſty,
Forbear ſharp Speeches to her. She's a Lady
So tender of Rebukes, that Words are Strokes,
And Strokes Death to her.

Enter a Meſſenger.

Cym. Where is ſhe, Sir? How
Can her Contempt be anſwer'd?

Meſ. Pleaſe you, Sir,
Her Chambers are all lock'd, and there's no anſwer
That will be given to th' loudeſt Noiſe we make.

Queen. My Lord, when laſt I went to viſit her,
She pray'd me to excuſe her keeping cloſe,
Whereto conſtrain'd by her infirmity,
She ſhould that Duty leave unpaid to you
Which daily ſhe was bound to proffer; this
She wiſh'd me to make known; but our great Court
Made me to blame in Memory.

Cym. Her Doors lock'd?
Not ſeen of late? Grant Heav'ns, that which I fear,
Prove falſe. [*Exit.*

Queen. Son, I ſay; follow the King.

Clot. That Man of hers, *Piſanio*, her old Servant,
I have not ſeen theſe two Days. [*Exit.*

Queen. Go, look after ——
Piſanio, thou that ſtand'ſt ſo for *Poſthumus*! ——
He hath a Drug of mine; I pray, his abſence
Proceed by ſwallowing that; for he believes
It is a thing moſt precious. But for her,
Where is ſhe gone? Haply Deſpair hath ſeiz'd her;
Or wing'd with Fervour of her Love, ſhe's flown
To her deſired *Poſthumus*; gone ſhe is,
To death, or to diſhonour, and my end
Can make good uſe of either. She being down,
I have the placing of the *Britiſh* Crown.

Enter Cloten.

How now, my Son?

Clot. 'Tis certain ſhe is fled.
Go in and cheer the King, he rages, none
Dare come about him.

Queen. All the better; may
This Night fore-ſtall him of the coming Day. [*Exit Qu.*
Clot. I love and hate her; for ſhe's fair and Royal,
And that ſhe hath all courtly Parts more exquiſite
Than Lady, Ladies, Woman, from every one
The beſt ſhe hath, and ſhe of all Compounded
Out-ſells them all; I love her therefore; but
Diſdaining me, and throwing Favours on
To low *Poſthumus*, ſlanders ſo her Judgment,
That what's elſe rare, is choak'd; and in that point
I will conclude to hate her, nay indeed,
To be reveng'd upon her. For, when Fools ——
Enter Piſanio.
Who is here? What, are you packing, Sirrah?
Come hither; Ah you precious Pander, Villain,
Where is thy Lady? In a word, or elſe
Thou art ſtraightway with the Fiends.
Piſ. Oh, good my Lord.
Clot. Where is thy Lady? Or, by *Jupiter*,
I will not ask again. Cloſe Villain,
I'll have this ſecret from thy Heart, or rip
Thy Heart to find it. Is ſhe with *Poſthumus*?
From whoſe ſo many weights of baſeneſs, cannot
A dram of Worth be drawn.
Piſ. Alas, my Lord,
How can ſhe be with him? When was ſhe miſs'd?
He is in *Rome*.
Clot. Where is ſhe, Sir? Come nearer;
No farther halting; ſatisfie me home,
What is become of her.
Piſ. Oh, my all-worthy Lord! ——
Clot. All-worthy Villain!
Diſcover where thy Miſtreſs is, at once,
At the next word; no more of worthy Lord,
Speak, or thy Silence on the inſtant, is
Thy Condemnation, and thy Death.
Piſ. Then, Sir,
This Paper is the hiſtory of my knowledge
Touching her flight.
Clot. Let's ſee't; I will purſue her
Even to *Auguſtus* Throne.

Piſ.

Pif. Or this, or periſh. [*Aſide.*
She's far enough, and what he learns by this,
May prove his travel, not her danger.

Clot. Humh.

Pif. I'll write to my Lord ſhe is dead. Oh, *Imogen*,
Safe may'ſt thou wander, ſafe return agen.

Clot. Sirrah, is this Letter true?

Pif. Sir, as I think.

Clot. It is *Poſthumus*'s Hand, I know't. Sirrah, if thou would'ſt not be a Villain, but to do me true Service; undergo thoſe employments wherein I ſhould have Cauſe to uſe thee with a ſerious induſtry, that is, what Villany ſoe'er I bid thee do to perform it, directly and truly, I would think thee an honeſt Man; thou ſhouldſt neither want my Means for thy Relief, nor my Voice for thy Preferment.

Pif. Well, my good Lord.

Clot. Wilt thou ſerve me? For ſince patiently and conſtantly thou haſt ſtuck to the bare Fortune of that Beggar *Poſthumus*, thou can'ſt not in the Courſe of Gratitude, but be a diligent follower of mine. Wilt thou ſerve me?

Pif. Sir, I will.

Clot. Give me thy Hand, here's my Purſe. Haſt any of thy late Maſter's Garments in thy Poſſeſſion?

Pif. I have, my Lord, at the Lodging, the ſame Suit he wore, when he took leave of my Lady and Miſtreſs.

Clot. The firſt Service thou doſt me, fetch that Suit hither; let it be thy firſt Service, go.

Pif. I ſhall, my Lord. [*Exit.*

Clot. Meet thee at *Milford-Haven*? I forgot to ask him one thing, I'll remember't anon; even there, thou Villain, *Poſthumus*, will I kill thee. I would theſe Garments were come. She ſaid upon a time, the bitterneſs of it, I now Belch from my Heart, that ſhe held the very Garment of *Poſthumus*, in more reſpect, than my Noble and Natural Perſon; together with the adornment of my Qualities. With that Suit upon my back will I raviſh her; firſt kill him, and in her Eyes---there ſhall ſhe ſee my Valour, which will then be a torment to her Contempt. He on the ground, my ſpeech of inſultment ended on his dead Body, and when my Luſt hath dined, which as I ſay, to vex her, I will execute in the Cloaths that ſhe ſo prais'd; to the Court

I'll knock her back, foot her home again. She hath despis'd me rejoycingly, and I'll be merry in my Revenge.

Enter Pisanio, *with a Suit of Cloaths.*

Be those the Garments?

Pis. Ay, my Noble Lord.

Clot. How long is't since she went to *Milford-Haven*?

Pis. She can scarce be there yet.

Clot. Bring this Apparel to my Chamber, that is the second thing that I have commanded thee. The third is, that thou wilt be a voluntary Mute to my Design. Be but duteous, and true Preferment shall tender it self to thee. My Revenge is now at *Milford*, would I had Wings to follow it. Come and be true. [*Exit.*

Pis. Thou bidd'st me to my loss; for true to thee,
Were to prove false, which I will never be
To him that is most true. To *Milford* go,
And find not her, whom thou pursuest. Flow, flow,
You Heav'nly Blessings on her: This Fool's speed
Be-crost with slowness; Labour be his meed. [*Exit.*

SCENE IV. *The Forest and Cave.*

Enter Imogen *in Boy's Cloaths.*

Imo. I see a Man's Life is a tedious one,
I have tired my self; and for two Nights together
Have made the Ground my Bed. I should be sick,
But that my Resolution helps me; *Milford*,
When from the Mountain top *Pisanio* shew'd thee,
Thou wast within a Ken. Oh, *Jove*, I think
Foundations fly the wretched, such I mean,
Where they should be reliev'd. Two Beggars told me,
I could not miss my way. Will poor Folks lie
That have Afflictions on them, knowing 'tis
A Punishment, or Trial? Yes; no wonder,
When rich ones scarce tell true. To lapse in Fulness
Is sorer, than to lie for Need; and Falshood
Is worse in Kings, than Beggars. My dear Lord,
Thou art one o'th' false ones; now I think on thee,
My hunger's gone; but even before, I was
At point to sink for Food. But what is this? [*Seeing the Cave.*
Here is a Path to't —— 'tis some savage hold;

I were beſt not call; I dare not call; yet Famine
E'er it clean o'er-throw Nature, makes it valiant.
Plenty and Peace breeds Cowards, Hardneſs ever
Of Hardineſs is Mother. Ho! who's here?
If any thing that's civil, ſpeak, if ſavage,
Take, or lend—Ho! no anſwer? then I'll enter,
Beſt draw my Sword; and if mine Enemy
But fear the Sword like me, he'll ſcarcely look on't.
Such a Foe, good Heav'ns. [*She goes into the Cave.*

Enter Bellarius, Guiderius, *and* Arviragus.

Bel. You *Polidore* have prov'd beſt Woodman, and
Are Maſter of the Feaſt; *Cadwall* and I
Will play the Cook, and Servant, 'tis our match:
The ſweat of Induſtry would dry, and die
But for the end it works to. Come, our Stomachs
Will make what's homely, ſavoury; Wearineſs
Can ſnore upon the Flint, when reſty Sloth
Finds the Down-pillow hard. Now peace be here,
Poor Houſe, that keep'ſt thy ſelf.

Guid. I am throughly weary.

Arv. I am weak with Toil, yet ſtrong in Appetite.

Guid. There is cold Meat i'th' Cave, we'll brouze on that
Whilſt what we have kill'd be Cook'd.

Bel. Stay, come not in——— [*Looking in.*
But that it eats our Victuals, I ſhould think
Here were a Fairy.

Guid. What's the matter, Sir?

Bel. By *Jupiter* an Angel! or if not,
An Earthly Paragon. Behold Divineneſs
No elder than a Boy.

Enter Imogen.

Imo. Good Maſter, harm me not;
Before I enter'd here, I call'd, and thought
To have begg'd, or bought, what I have took: good Troth
I have ſtoln nought, nor would not, though I had found
Gold ſtrew'd i'th' Floor. Here's Mony for my Meat,
I would have left it on the Board ſo ſoon
As I had made my Meal: and parted
With Prayers for the Provider.

Guid. Mony, Youth?

Arv.

Arv. All Gold and Silver rather turn to Dirt,
As 'tis no better reckon'd, but of thoſe
Who worſhip dirty Gods.
Imo. I ſee you're angry:
Know, if you kill me for my Fault, I ſhould
Have dy'd, had I not made it.
Bel. Whither bound?
Imo. To *Milford-Haven.*
Bel. What's your Name?
Imo. Fidele, Sir; I have a Kinſman, who
Is bound for *Italy*: He embark'd at *Milford,*
To whom being going, almoſt ſpent with Hunger,
I am faln in this offence.
Bel. Prithee, fair Youth,
Think us no Churls; nor meaſure our good Minds
By this rude Place we live in. Well-encounter'd,
'Tis almoſt Night, you ſhall have better Cheer
E'er you depart, and thanks to ſtay and eat it:
Boys, bid him welcome.
Guid. Were you a Woman, Youth,
I ſhould woe hard, but be your Groom in honeſty;
I bid for you, as I do buy.
Arv. I'll make't my Comfort
He is a Man, I'll love him as my Brother:
And ſuch a welcome as I'd give to him,
After long abſence, ſuch is yours. Moſt welcome:
Be ſprightly, for you fall 'mongſt Friends.
Imo. 'Mongſt Friends, [*Aſide.*
If Brothers: would it had been ſo, that they
Had been my Father's Sons, then had my Prize
Been leſs, and ſo more equal ballaſting
To thee, *Poſthumus.*
Bel. He wrings at ſome Diſtreſs.
Guid. Would I could free't.
Arv. Or I, what e'er it be,
What Pain it coſt, what Danger; Gods!
Bel. Hark, Boys. [*Whiſpering.*
Imo. Great Men
That had a Court no bigger than this Cave,
That did attend themſelves, and had the Virtue
Which their own Conſcience ſeal'd them; laying by
That Nothing-gift of differing Multitudes

Could

Could not out-piece theſe twain. Pardon me Gods,
I'd change my Sex to be Companion with them,
Since *Leonatus*'s falſe.
Bel. It ſhall be ſo:
Boys, we'll go dreſs our Hunt. Fair, you come in;
Diſcourſe is heavy, faſting; when we have ſupp'd
We'll mannerly demand thee of thy Story.
So far as thou wilt ſpeak it.
Guid. Pray draw near.
Arv. The Night to th' Owl,
And Morn to th' Lark leſs welcome.
Imo. Thanks, Sir.
Arv. I pray draw near. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE V. Rome.

Enter two Roman *Senators, and Tribunes.*

1 *Sen.* This is the Tenor of the Emperor's Writ;
That ſince the common Men are now in Action
'Gainſt the *Pannonians*, and *Dalmatians*,
And that the Legions now in *Gallia*, are
Full weak to undertake our Wars againſt
The fall-off *Britains*, that we do incite
The Gentry to this Buſineſs. He creates
Lucius Pro-Conſul: and to you the Tribunes
For this immediate Levy, he commands
His abſolute Commiſſion. Long live *Cæſar*.
Tri. Is *Lucius* General of the Forces?
2 *Sen.* Ay.
Tri. Remaining now in *Gallia*?
1 *Sen.* With thoſe Legions
Which I have ſpoke of, whereunto your Levy
Muſt be ſuppliant: the words of your Commiſſion
Will tie you to the Numbers and the Time
Of their diſpatch.
Tri. We will diſcharge our Duty. [*Exeunt.*

ACT

ACT IV. SCENE I.

SCENE *The Foreſt.*

Enter Cloten *alone.*

Clot. I Am near to th' Place where they ſhould meet, if *Piſanio* have map'd it truly. How fit his Garments ſerve me! Why ſhould his Miſtreſs, who was made by him, that made the Tailor, not be fit too? The rather, ſaving reverence of the Word, for 'tis ſaid, a Woman's fitneſs comes by fits: Therein I muſt play the Workman, I dare ſpeak it to my ſelf, for it is not Vain-glory for a Man and his Glaſs, to confer in his own Chamber; I mean, the Lines of my Body are as well drawn as his; no leſs young, more ſtrong, not beneath him in Fortunes, beyond him in the advantage of the time, above him in Birth, alike converſant in general Services, and more remarkable in ſingle Oppoſitions; yet this imperſeverant Thing loves him in my deſpight. What Mortality is! *Poſthumus*, thy Head, which now is growing upon thy Shoulders, ſhall within this Hour be off, thy Miſtreſs enforc'd, thy Garments cut to pieces before thy Face; and all this done, ſpurn her home to her Father, who may, happily, be a little angry for my ſo rough uſage; but my Mother having power of his Teſtineſs, ſhall turn all into my Commendations. My Horſe is ty'd up ſafe, out Sword, and to a ſore purpoſe; Fortune put them into my Hand; this is the very deſcription of their meeting place, and the Fellow dares not deceive me. [*Exit.*

Enter Bellarius, Guiderius, Arviragus, *and* Imogen *from the Cave.*

Bel. You are not well: Remain here in the Cave,
We'll come to you after Hunting.

Arv. Brother, ſtay here:
Are we not Brothers?

Imo. So Man and Man ſhould be,
But Clay and Clay differs in Dignity,
Whoſe Duſt is both alike. I am very ſick.

Guid.

Guid. Go you to Hunting, I'll abide with him.
Imo. So ſick I am not, yet I am not well,
But not ſo Citizen a wanton, as
To ſeem to die, e'er ſick: So pleaſe you, leave me,
Stick to your Journal courſe; the breach of Cuſtom,
Is breach of all. I am ill, but your being by me
Cannot amend me. Society is no Comfort
To one not ſociable: I am not very ſick,
Since I can reaſon of it. Pray you truſt me here,
I'll rob none but my ſelf, and let me die
Stealing ſo poorly.
Guid. I love thee: I have ſpoke it,
How much the quantity, the weight as much,
As I do love my Father.
Bel. What? how? how?
Arv. If it be ſin to ſay ſo, Sir, I yoak me
In my Brother's Fault: I know not why
I love this Youth, and I have heard you ſay,
Love's reaſon's without reaſon. The Bier at Door,
And a demand who is't ſhall die, I'd ſay
My Father, not this Youth.
Bel. Oh noble Strain!
O worthineſs of Nature, breed of Greatneſs!
"Cowards, Father Cowards, and baſe things, Sire baſe:
"Nature hath Meal and Bran; Contempt and Grace.
I'm not their Father, yet who this ſhould be,
Doth miracle it ſelf; lov'd before me!
'Tis the ninth hour o'th' Morn.
Arv. Brother, farewel.
Imo. I wiſh ye ſport.
Arv. You health——So pleaſe you, Sir.
Imo. Theſe are kind Creatures. Gods, what lies I have heard!
Our Courtiers ſay, all's ſavage, but at Court:
Experience, oh how thou diſprov'ſt Report.
Th' imperious Seas breed Monſters; for the Diſh,
Poor Tributary Rivers, as ſweet Fiſh;
I am ſick ſtill, heart-ſick——*Piſanio*,
I'll now taſt of thy Drug. [*Drinks out of the Viol.*
Guid. I could not ſtir him;
He ſaid he was gentle, but unfortunate;

Diſho-

Dishonestly afflicted, but yet honest.
Arv. Thus did he answer me; yet said, hereafter
I might know more.
Bel. To th' Field, to th' Field:
We'll leave you for this time, go in, and rest.
Arv. We'll not be long away.
Bel. Pray be not sick,
For you must be our Housewife.
Imo. Well or ill,
I am bound to you. [*Exit.*
Bel. And shalt be ever.
This Youth, how e'er distress'd, appears he hath had
Good Ancestors.
Arv. How Angel-like he sings?
Guid. But his neat Cookery?
Arv. He cut our Roots in Characters,
And sauc'd our Broths, as *Juno* had been sick,
And he her Dieter.
Arv. Nobly he yoaks
A smiling with a sigh: as if the sigh
Was that it was, for not being such a smile:
The smile mocking the sigh, that it would fly
From so divine a Temple, to commix
With Winds that Sailors rail at.
Guid. I do note,
That Grief and Patience rooted in them both,
Mingle their spurs together,
Arv. Grow Patience,
And let the stinking Elder, Grief, untwine
His perishing Root, with the encreasing Vine.
Bel. It is great Morning. Come away: who's there?
Enter Cloten.
Clot. I cannot find those Runagates, that Villain
Hath mock'd me. I am faint.
Bel. Those Runagates!
Means he not us? I partly know him, 'tis
Cloten, the Son o' th' Queen; I fear some Ambush---
I saw him not these many Years, and yet
I know 'tis he: we are held as Out-laws; hence.
Guid. He is but one; you, and my Brother search
What Companies are near: pray you away,

Let

Let me alone with him. [*Exeunt* Bellarius *and* Arviragus.
Clot. Soft, what are you
That fly me thus? Some Villain-Mountainers——
I have heard of ſuch. What Slave art thou?
Guid. A thing
More ſlaviſh did I ne'er, than anſwering
A Slave without a knock.
Clot. Thou art a Robber,
A Law-Breaker, a Villain; yield thee, Thief.
Guid. To whom? to thee? what art thou? Have not I
An Arm as big as thine? a Heart as big?
Thy Words I grant are bigger: for I wear not
My Dagger in my Mouth. Say what thou art,
Why I ſhould yield to thee?
Clot. Thou Villain baſe,
Know'ſt me not by my Cloaths?
Guid. No, nor thy Tailor, Raſcal,
Who is thy Grandfather, he made thoſe Cloaths,
Which, as it ſeems, make thee.
Clot. Thou precious Varlet!
My Tailor made them not.
Guid. Hence then, and thank
The Man that gave them thee. Thou art ſome Fool,
I am loth to beat thee.
Clot. Thou injurious Thief,
Hear but my Name, and tremble.
Guid. What's thy Name?
Clot. Cloten, thou Villain.
Guid. Cloten, thou double Villain be thy Name,
I cannot tremble at it; were it Toad, or Adder, Spider,
'Twould move ſooner.
Clot. To thy further fear,
Nay, to thy meer Confuſion, thou ſhalt know
I am Son to th' Queen.
Guid. I am ſorry for't; not ſeeming
So worthy as thy Birth.
Clot. Art not afraid?
Guid. Thoſe that I reverence, thoſe I fear, the Wiſe:
At Fools I laugh, not fear them.
Clot. Die the Death:
When I have ſlain thee with my proper Hand,

I'll follow those that ev'n now fled hence,
And on the Gates of *Lud*'s Town set your Heads:
Yield Rustick Mountaineer. [*Fight and Exeunt.*

Enter Bellarius *and* Arviragus.

Bel. No Company's abroad.

Arv. None in the World; you did mistake him sure.

Bel. I cannot tell; long is it since I saw him,
But Time hath nothing blurr'd those Lines of Favour
Which then he wore; the snatches in his Voice,
And burst of speaking were as his: I am absolute
'Twas very *Cloten*.

Arv. In this place we left them;
I wish my Brother make good time with him,
You say he is so fell.

Bel. Being scarce made up,
I mean to Man; he had not apprehension
Of roaring Terrors: For defect of Judgment
Is oft the cause of Fear. But see thy Brother.

Enter Guiderius.

Guid. This *Cloten* was a Fool, an empty Purse,
There was no Mony in't; Not *Hercules*
Could have knock'd out his Brains, for he had none:
Yet I not doing this, the Fool had born
My Head, as I do his.

Bel. What hast thou done?

Guid. I am perfect what; cut off one *Cloten*'s Head,
Son to the Queen, after his own report,
Who call'd me Traitor, Mountaineer, and swore
With his own Hand he'd take us in,
Displace our Heads, where, thanks to th' Gods, they grow,
And set them on *Lud*'s Town.

Bel. We are all undone.

Guid. Why, worthy Father, what have we to lose,
But that he swore to take, our Lives? the Law
Protects not us, then why should we be tender,
To let an arrogant piece of Flesh threat us?
Play Judge, and Executioner, all himself?
For we do fear no Law. What Company
Discover you abroad?

Bel. No single Soul

Can

Can we ſet Eye on; but in all ſafe reaſon
He muſt have ſome Attendants. Though his Honour
Was nothing but mutation, ay and that
From one bad thing to worſe; Not Frenzy,
Not abſolute Madneſs could ſo far have rav'd
To bring him here alone, although perhaps
It may be heard at Court, that ſuch as we
Cave here, haunt here, are Out-laws, and in time
May make ſome ſtronger head, the which he hearing,
As it is like him, might break out, and ſwear
He'd fetch us in; yet is't not probable
To come alone, either ſo undertaking,
Or they ſo ſuffering; then on good ground we fear,
If we do fear this Body hath a Tail
More perilous than the Head.

Arv. Let Ord'nance
Come, as the Gods foreſay it, howſoe'er
My Brother hath done well.

Bel. I had no mind
To hunt this day: The Boy *Fidele*'s ſickneſs
Did make my way long forth.

Guid. With his own Sword,
Which he did wave againſt my Throat, I have ta'en
His Head from him: I'll throw't into the Creek
Behind our Rock, and let it to the Sea,
And tell the Fiſhes, he's the Queen's Son, *Cloten*,
That's all I reak. [*Exit.*

Bel. I fear 'twill be reveng'd:
Would, *Polidore*, thou hadſt not done't: though Valour
Becomes thee well enough.

Arv. Would I had done't,
So the Revenge alone purſu'd me: *Polidore*,
I love thee Brotherly, but envy much
Thou haſt robb'd me of this deed; I would Revenges
That poſſible Strength might meet, would ſeek us through,
And put us to our anſwer.

Bel. Well, 'tis done:
We'll hunt no more to day, nor ſeek for danger
Where there's no profit. I prithee to our Rock,
You and *Fidele* play the Cooks: I'll ſtay
Till haſty *Polidore* return, and bring him

To Dinner presently.

Arv. Poor sick *Fidele!*
I'll willingly to him; to gain his colour,
I'd let a Parish of such *Clotens* blood,
And praise my self for Charity. [*Exit.*

Bel. O thou Goddess,
Thou divine Nature! thy self thou blazon'st
In these two Princely Boys: they are as gentle
As Zephyrs blowing below the Violet,
Not wagging his sweet Head; and yet, as rough,
Their Royal Blood enchaf'd, as the rud'st Wind,
That by the top doth take the Mountain Pine,
And make him stoop to th' Vail. 'Tis wonder
That an invisible instinct should frame them
To Royalty unlearn'd, Honour untaught,
Civility not seen from other; Valour,
That wildly grows in them, but yields a crop
As if it had been sow'd: yet still it's strange
What *Cloten*'s being here to us portends,
Or what his death will bring us.

Enter Guiderius.

Guid. Where's my Brother?
I have sent *Cloten*'s Clot-pole down the stream,
In Embassie to his Mother; his Body's hostage
For his Return. [*Solemn Musick.*

Bel. My ingenious Instrument,
Hark *Polidore*, it sounds: But what occasion
Hath *Cadwall* now to give it motion? Hark.

Guid. Is he at Home?

Bel. He went hence even now.

Guid. What does he mean?
Since death of my dear'st Mother
It did not speak before. All solemn things
Should answer solemn Accidents. The matter?
Triumphs for nothing, and lamenting Toys,
Is Jollity for Apes, and Grief for Boys.
Is *Cadwall* mad?

Enter Arviragus, *with* Imogen *dead, bearing her in his Arms.*

Bel. Look, here he comes,
And brings the dire occasion in his Arms,

Of

Of what we blame him for.

Arv. The Bird is dead
That we have made so much on. I had rather
Have skipt from sixteen Years of Age, to sixty:
To have turn'd my leaping time into a Crutch,
Than have seen this.

Guid. Oh sweetest, fairest Lilly!
My Brother wears thee not the one half so well,
As when thou grew'st thy self.

Bel. Oh Melancholly,
Who ever yet could sound thy bottom? Find
The Ooze, to shew what Coast thy sluggish care
Might easiliest harbour in? Thou blessed thing.
Jove knows what Man thou might'st have made: but I,
Thou dy'dst, a more rare Boy, of Melancholly.
How found you him?

Arv. Stark, as you see:
Thus smiling as some Fly had tickled Slumber,
Not as Death's Dart being laugh'd at: his right Cheek
Reposing on a Cushion.

Guid. Where?

Arv. O'th' Floor:
His Arms thus leagu'd, I thought he slept, and put
My clouted Brogues from off my Feet, whose rudeness
Answer'd my Steps too loud.

Guid. Why, he but sleeps;
If he be gone he'll make his Grave a Bed;
With Female Fairies will his Tomb be haunted,
And Worms will not come to thee.

Arv. With fairest Flow'rs
Whilst Summer lasts, and I live here, *Fidele*,
I'll sweeten thy sad Grave: thou shalt not lack
The Flow'r that's like thy Face, pale *Primrose*; nor
The azur'd *Hare-Bell*, like thy Veins; no nor
The Leaf of *Eglantine*, whom not to slander,
Out-sweetn'd not thy Breath: the Raddock would
With charitable Bill (Oh Bill sore shaming
Those rich-left Heirs, that let their Fathers lye
Without a Monument) bring thee all this,
Yea, and furr'd Moss besides. When Flow'rs are none
To Winter-ground thy coarse———

Guid. Prithee have done,
And do not play in Wench-like words with that
Which is ſo ſerious. Let us bury him,
And not protract with admiration, what
Is now due Debt. To th' Grave.
Arv. Say, where ſhall's lay him?
Guid. By good *Euriphile,* our Mother.
Arv. Be't ſo:
And let us, *Polidore,* though now our Voices
Have got the manniſh crack, ſing him to th' Ground
As once to our Mother: uſe like note, and words,
Save that *Euriphile* muſt be *Fidele.*
Guid. Cadwall,
I cannot ſing: I'll weep, and word it with thee,
For Notes of Sorrow, out of tune, are worſe
Than Prieſts, and Vanes than lie.
Arv. We'll ſpeak it then.
Bel. Great Griefs I ſee Med'cine the leſs. For *Cloten*
Is quite forgot. He was a Queen's Son, Boys,
And though he came our Enemy, remember
He was paid for that: The Mean, and Mighty, rotting
Together, have one Duſt, yet Reverence,
That Angel of the World, doth make diſtinction
Of place 'twixt high and low. Our Foe was Princely,
And though you took his Life, as being our Foe,
Yet bury him, as a Prince.
Guid. Pray thee fetch him hither,
Therſites Body is as good as *Ajax,*
When neither are alive.
Arv. If you'll go fetch him,
We'll ſay our Song the whilſt: Brother begin.
Guid. Nay *Cadwall,* we muſt lay his Head to th' Eaſt,
My Father hath a reaſon for't.
Arv. 'Tis true.
Guid. Come on then, and remove him.
Arv. So, begin.

SONG.

Guid. *Fear no more the Heat o' th' Sun,*
Nor the furious Winters rages,
Thou thy worldly task haſt done,
Home art gone, and take thy Wages.

Golden

Golden Lads and Girls all must,
As Chimney-Sweepers come to Dust.
Arv. *Fear no more the Frown o' th' Great,*
Thou art past the Tyrant's stroke,
Care no more to Cloath and Eat,
To thee the Reed is as the Oak:
The Scepter, Learning, Physick must,
All follow this, and come to Dust.
Guid. *Fear no more the Lightning flash.*
Arv. *Nor th' all-dreaded Thunder-stone.*
Guid. *Fear no Slander, Censure, rash.*
Arv. *Thou hast finish'd Joy and Moan.*
Both. *All Lovers young, all Lovers must,*
Consign to thee, and come to Dust.
Guid. *No Exorciser harm thee.*
Arv. *Nor no Witchcraft charm thee.*
Guid. *Ghost unlaid forbear thee.*
Arv. *Nothing ill come near thee.*
Both. *Quiet consummation have,*
And renowned be thy Grave.
Enter Bellarius *with the Body of* Cloten.
Guid. We have done our Obsequies:
Come lay him down.
Bel. Here's a few Flow'rs, but about Midnight more;
The Herbs that have on them cold Dew o'th' Night
Are strewings fitt'st for Graves: upon their Faces---
You were as Flow'rs, now wither'd; even so
These Herbelets shall, which we upon you strew.
Come on, away, apart upon our Knees———
The Ground that gave them first, has them again:
Their Pleasures here are past, so are their Pain. [*Exeunt.*
[Imogen *awakes.*
Yes, Sir, to *Milford-Haven,* which is the way?———
I think you---by yond Bush?---pray how far thither?———
'Ods pittikins---can it be six Mile yet?———
I have gone all Night---'faith, I'll lye down and sleep.
But soft! no Bedfellow!---Oh Gods, and Goddesses!
[*Seeing the Body.*
These Flow'rs are like the Pleasures of the World;
This bloody Man the care on't. I hope I dream;
For so I thought I was a Cave-keeper,
And Cook to honest Creatures. But 'tis not so:

'Twas but a bolt of nothing, ſhot at nothing,
Which the Brain makes of Fumes. Our very Eyes,
Are ſometimes like our Judgments, blind. Good Faith
I tremble ſtill with fear; but if there be
Yet left in Heav'n, as ſmall a drop of pity
As a Wren's Eye: fear'd Gods, a part of it.
The Dream's here ſtill; even when I wake, it is
Without me, as within me; not imagin'd, felt.
A headleſs Man! —— The Garments of *Poſthumus?*
I know the ſhape of's Leg, this is his Hand,
His Foot Mercurial, his Martial Thigh,
The Brawns of *Hercules:* but his Jovial Face——
Murther in Heav'n! ——How! ——'tis gone----*Piſanio!*----
All curſes madded *Hecuba* gave the *Greeks*,
And mine to boot, be darted on thee! thou
Conſpir'd with that irregulous Devil, *Cloten*,
Have here cut off my Lord. To write, and read,
Be henceforth treacherous. Damn'd *Piſanio*
Hath with his forg'd Letters----damn'd *Piſanio!*----
From this moſt braveſt Veſſel of the World
Struck the main top! Oh *Poſthumus*, alas,
Where is thy Head? where's that? Ay me, ay, where's that?
Piſanio might have kill'd thee at the Heart,
And left his Head on. How ſhould this be, *Piſanio!*——
'Tis he and *Cloten*. Malice and Lucre in them
Have laid this woe here. Oh 'tis pregnant, pregnant!
The Drug he gave me, which he ſaid was precious
And Cordial to me, have I not found it
Murd'rous to th' Senſes? that confirms it home:
This is *Piſanio*'s deed, and *Cloten:* Oh!
Give colour to my pale Cheek with thy Blood,
That we the horrider may ſeem to thoſe
Which chace to find us. Oh, my Lord! my Lord!

Enter Lucius, *Captains, and a Soothſayer.*

Cap. To them, the Legions garriſon'd in *Gallia*
After your will, have croſs'd the Sea, attending
You here at *Milford-Haven*, with your Ships:
They are in readineſs.

Luc. But what from *Rome?*

Cap. The Senate hath ſtirr'd up the Confiners,
And Gentlemen of *Italy*, moſt willing Spirits,

That

That promiſe Noble Service: and they come
Under the Conduct of bold *Iachimo*,
Syenna's Brother.

Luc. When expect you them?

Cap. With the next benefit o'th' Wind.

Luc. This forwardneſs
Make our hopes fair. Command our preſent numbers,
Be muſtered, bid the Captains look to't. Now, Sir,
What have you dream'd of late of this War's purpoſe?

Sooth. Laſt Night the very gods ſhew'd me a Viſion
(I feaſt, and pray'd for their Intelligence) thus:
I ſaw *Jove*'s Bird, the *Roman* Eagle wing'd
From the Spungy South, to this part of the Weſt,
There vaniſh'd in the Sun-beams, which portends,
Unleſs my Sins abuſe my Divination,
Succeſs to th' *Roman* Hoſt.

Luc. Dream often ſo,
And never falſe. Soft ho, what Trunk is here?
Without his top? the ruin ſpeaks, that ſometime
It was a worthy building. How! a Page! ——
Or dead, or ſleeping on him? but dead rather:
For Nature doth abhor to make his bed
With the defunct, or ſleep upon the dead,
Let's ſee the Boy's Face.

Cap. He's alive, my Lord.

Luc. He'll then inſtruct us of his Body. Young one,
Inform us of the Fortunes, for it ſeems
They crave to be demanded: who is this
Thou mak'ſt thy bloody Pillow? Or who was he
That, otherwiſe than noble Nature did,
Hath alter'd that good Picture? What's thy Intereſt
In this ſad wrack? How came't? Who is't?
What art thou?

Imo. I am nothing; or if not,
Nothing to be, were better: This was my Maſter,
A very valiant *Britain*, and a good,
That here by Mountainers lyes ſlain: Alas!
There are no more ſuch Maſters: I may wander
From Eaſt to Occident, cry out for Service
Try many, all good, ſerve truly, never
Find ſuch another Maſter.

Luc. 'Lack, good Youth!
Thou mov'ſt no leſs with thy complaining, than
Thy Maſter in bleeding: Say his name, good Friend.
Imo. Richard du Camp: If I do lye, and do
No harm by it, though the Gods hear, I hope [*Aſide.*
They'll pardon it. Say you, Sir?
Luc. Thy name?
Imo. Fidele, Sir.
Luc. Thou doſt approve thy ſelf the very ſame;
Thy Name well fits thy Faith, thy Faith, thy Name.
Wilt take thy change with me? I will not ſay
Thou ſhalt be ſo well maſter'd, but be ſure
No leſs belov'd. The *Roman* Emperor's Letters
Sent by a Conſul to me, ſhould no ſooner
Than thine own worth prefer thee: Go with me.
Imo. I'll follow, Sir. But firſt an't pleaſe the Gods,
I'll hide my Maſter from the Flies as deep
As theſe poor Pickaxes can dig: and when
With wild Wood-leaves and Weeds I ha' ſtrew'd his Grave,
And on it ſaid a Century of Pray'rs,
Such as I can, twice o'er, I'll weep, and ſigh,
And leaving ſo his ſervice, follow you,
So pleaſe you entertain me.
Luc. Ay, good Youth,
And rather Father thee, than Maſter thee. My Friends,
The Boy hath taught us manly Duties: Let us
Find out the prettieſt Dazied-plot we can,
And make him with our Pikes and Partizans
A Grave; come, Arm him: Boy, he is preferr'd
By thee, to us, and he ſhall be interr'd
As Soldiers can. Be chearful, wipe thine Eyes,
Some falls are means the happier to ariſe. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE II. *The Palace.*

Enter Cymbeline, *Lords, and* Piſanio.

Cym. Again; and bring me word how 'tis with her;
A Fever with the abſence of her Son;
A Madneſs, of which her Life's in danger; Heav'ns!
How deeply you at once do touch me. *Imogen,*
The great part of my Comfort, gone! My Queen

Upon

Upon a desperate Bed, and in a time
When fearful Wars point at me! Her Son gone,
So needful for this present! It strikes me, past
The hope of Comfort. But for thee, Fellow,
Who needs must know of her Departure, and
Dost seem so ignorant, we'll inforce it from thee
By a sharp torture.

Pis. Sir, my Life is yours,
I humbly set it at your Will: But for my Mistress,
I nothing know where she remains; why gone,
Nor when she purposes return. Beseech your Highness,
Hold me your Loyal Servant.

Lord. Good my Liege,
The Day that she was missing, he was here;
I dare be bound he's true, and shall perform
All parts of his Subjection loyally. For *Cloten*,
There wants no diligence in seeking him,
And will no doubt be found.

Cym. The time is troublesome;
We'll slip you for a Season, but with Jealousie
Do's yet depend.

Lord. So please your Majesty,
The *Roman* Legions all from *Gallia* drawn,
Are landed on your Coast, with large supply
Of *Roman* Gentleman, by the Senate sent.

Cym. Now for the Counsel of my Son and Queen,
I am amaz'd with matter.

Lord. Good my Liege,
Your Preparation can affront no less
Than what you hear of.
Come more, for more you're ready;
The want is, but to put these Powers in Motion,
That long to move.

Cym. I thank you; let's withdraw
And meet the time, as it seeks us. We fear not
What can from *Italy* annoy us, but
We grieve at Chances here. Away. [*Exeunt.*

Pis. I heard no Letter from my Master, since
I wrote him *Imogen* was slain. 'Tis strange;
Nor hear I from my Mistress, who did promise
To yield me often tidings. Neither know I

What

What is betide to *Cloten*, but remain
Perplext in all. The Heav'ns ſtill muſt work;
Wherein I am falſe, I am honeſt; not true, to be true.
Theſe preſent Wars ſhall find I love my Country,
Even to the Note o'th' King, or I'll fall in them;
All other Doubts, by time let them be clear'd,
Fortune brings in ſome Boats, that are not ſteer'd. [*Exit.*

SCENE III. *The Street.*

Enter Bellarius, Guiderius, *and* Arviragus.

Gui. The Noiſe is round about us.

Bel. Let us from it.

Arv. What Pleaſure, Sir, find we in Life, to lock it
From Action, and Adventure?

Guid. Nay, what hope
Have we in hiding us? this way the *Romans*
Muſt, or for *Britains* ſlay us, or receive us
For barbarous and unnatural Revolts
During their uſe, and ſlay us after.

Bel. Sons,
We'll higher to the Mountains, there ſecure us.
To the King's Party there's no going; newneſs
Of *Cloten*'s Death, we being not known, not muſter'd
Among the Bands, may drive us to a render
Where we have liv'd; and ſo extort from's that
Which we have done, whoſe anſwer would be Death
Drawn on with Torture.

Guid. This is, Sir, a doubt
In ſuch a time, nothing becoming you,
Nor ſatisfying us.

Arv. It is not likely,
That when they hear the *Roman* Horſes neigh,
Behold their quarter'd Fires, have both their Eyes
And Ears ſo cloy'd importantly as now,
That they will waſte their time upon our Note,
To know from whence we are.

Bel. Oh, I am known
Of many in the Army; many Years,
Though *Cloten* then but young, you ſee, not wore him
From my remembrance. And beſides, the King
Hath not deſerv'd my Service, nor your Loves

Who find in my Exile, the want of Breeding;
The certainty of this hard Life, ay hopeleſs
To have the Courteſie your Cradle promis'd,
But to be ſtill hot Summer's tanlings, and
The ſhrinking Slaves of Winter.

Guid. Than be ſo,
Better to ceaſe to be; pray, Sir, to th' Army;
I, and my Brother are not known; your ſelf
So out of Thought, and thereto ſo o'er-grown,
Cannot be queſtion'd.

Arv. By this Sun that ſhines
I'll thither; what thing is it, that I never
Did ſee Man die, ſcarce ever look'd on Blood,
But that of coward Hares, hot Goats, and Veniſon?
Never beſtrid a Horſe ſave one, that had
A Rider like my ſelf, who ne'er wore Rowel,
Nor Iron on his heel? I am aſham'd
To look upon the holy Sun, to have
The Benefit of his bleſt Beams, remaining
So long a poor unknown.

Guid. By Heav'ns I'll go,
If you will bleſs me, Sir, and give me leave,
I'll take the better care; but if you will not,
The hazard therefore due fall on me, by
The Hands of *Romans.*

Arv. So ſay I, *Amen.*

Bel. No reaſon I, ſince of your Lives you ſet
So ſlight a valuation, ſhould reſerve
My crack'd one to more care. Have with you, Boys.
If in your Country Wars you chance to die,
That is my Bed too, Lads, and there I'll lye.
Lead, lead; the time ſeems long, their Blood thinks Scorn
'Till it flie out, and ſhew them Princes born. [*Exeunt.*

ACT V. SCENE I.

SCENE *A Field between the* Britiſh *and* Roman *Camps.*

Enter Poſthumus *with a bloody Handkerchief.*

Poſt. YEA bloody Cloth, I'll keep thee; for I am wiſht
Thou ſhould'ſt be colour'd thus. You married ones,

If

If each of you would take this Courſe, how many
Muſt murther Wives much better than themſelves
For wrying but a little? Oh *Piſanio*!
Every good Servant does not all Commands ——
No Bond, but to do juſt ones. Gods! if you
Should have ta'en Vengeance on my Faults, I never
Had liv'd to put on this; ſo had you ſaved
The noble *Imogen* to repent, and ſtrook
Me, wretch, more worth your Vengeance. But alack
You ſnatch from hence for little Faults; that's love
To have them fall no more; you ſome permit
To ſecond ills with ills, each worſe than other,
And make them dread it, to the doers thrift;
But *Imogen* is your own, do your beſt Wills,
And make me bleſt to obey. I am brought hither
Among th' *Italian* Gentry, and to fight
Againſt my Lady's Kingdom; 'tis enough
That, *Britain*, I have kill'd thy Miſtreſs: Peace,
I'll give no wound to thee; therefore, good Heav'ns,
Hear patiently my purpoſe. I'll diſrobe me
Of theſe *Italian* Weeds, and ſuit my ſelf
As do's a *Britain* Peazant? ſo I'll fight
Againſt the part I come with; ſo I'll die
For thee, O *Imogen*, even for whom my Life
Is every Breath, a Death; and thus unknown,
Pitied, nor hated, to the Face of Peril
My ſelf I'll dedicate. Let me make Men know
More Valour in me, than my Habit's ſhow;
Gods, put the Strength o'th' *Leonati* in me;
To ſhame the guiſe o'th' World, I will begin,
The Faſhion leſs without, and more within. [*Exit.*

Enter Lucius, Iachimo, *and the* Roman *Army at one Door*; *and the* Britain *Army at another*: Leonatus Poſthumus *following like a poor Soldier. They march over, and go out. Then enter again in Skirmiſh* Iachimo, *and* Poſthumus; *he vanquiſheth and diſarmeth* Iachimo, *and then leaves him.*

Iach. The heavineſs and guilt within my Boſom,
Takes off my Manhood; I have bely'd a Lady,
The Princeſs of this Country; and the Air on't
Revengingly enfeebles me: Or could this Carle,

A very drudge of Nature's, have ſubdu'd me
In my profeſſion? Knighthoods, and Honours born,
As I wear mine, are Titles but of Scorn;
If that thy Gentry, *Britain*, go before
This Lowt, as he exceeds our Lords, the odds
Is, that we ſcarce are Men, and you are Gods. [*Exit.*

The Battel continues, the Britains *fly*, Cymbeline *is taken; then enter to his Reſcue*, Bellarius, Guiderius, *and* Arviragus.

Bel. Stand, ſtand, we have the Advantage of the Ground,
The Lane is Guarded: Nothing routs us, but
The Villany of our Fears.

Guid. Arv. Stand, ſtand and fight.

Enter Poſthumus, *and Seconds the* Britains. *They Reſcue* Cymbeline, *and Exeunt.*

Then enter Lucius, Iachimo, *and* Imogen.

Luc. Away, Boy, from the Troops, and ſave thy ſelf;
For Friends kill Friends, and the Diſorder's ſuch
As War were hood-wink'd.

Iach. 'Tis their freſh Supplies.

Luc. It is a Day turn'd ſtrangely; or betimes
Let's re-inforce, or fly. [*Exeunt.*

Enter Poſthumus, *and a* Britain *Lord.*

Lord. Cam'ſt thou from where they made the ſtand?

Poſt. I did.
Though you it ſeems came from the Fliers.

Lord. I did.

Poſt. No blame to you, Sir, for all was loſt,
But that the Heav'ns fought; the King himſelf
Of his Wings deſtitute, the Army broken,
And but the backs of *Britains* ſeen; all flying
Through a ſtraight Lane, the Enemy full-hearted,
Lolling the Tongue with ſlaught'ring, having work
More plentiful, than Tools to do't, ſtrook down
Some mortally, ſome ſlightly touch'd, ſome falling
Meerly through Fear, that the ſtraight paſs was damm'd
With dead Men, hurt behind, and Cowards living
To die with length'ned ſhame.

Lord. Where was this Lane?

Poſt. Cloſe by the Battel, ditch'd, and wall'd with Turf,
Which gave Advantage to an ancient Soldier,

An

An honeſt one I warrant, who deſerv'd
So long a breeding, as his white Beard came to;
In doing this for's Country. Athwart the Lane,
He, with two Striplings, Lads more like to run
The Country baſe, than to commit ſuch Slaughter,
With Faces fit for Masks, or rather fairer
Than thoſe for Preſervation cas'd, or ſhame,
Made good the Paſſage, cry'd to thoſe that fled,
Our *Britain*'s Hearts die flying, not our Men,
To darkneſs fleet Souls that fly backward; ſtand,
Or we are *Romans*, and will give you that
Like Beaſts, which you ſhun beaſtly, and may ſave
But to look back in front: Stand, ſtand. Theſe three,
Three thouſand confident, in act as many;
For three Performers are the File, when all
The reſt do nothing. With this word ſtand, ſtand,
Accommodated by the place; more Charming
With their own Nobleneſs, which could have turn'd
A Diſtaff to a Lance, gilded pale Looks;
Part ſhame, part Spirit renew'd, that ſome turn'd Coward
But by Example (Oh a Sin in War,
Damn'd in the firſt Beginners) 'gan to look
The way that they did, and to grin like Lions
Upon the Pikes o'th' Hunters. Then began
A ſtop i'th' Chaſer, a Retire; anon
A Rout, confuſion thick. Forthwith they flie
Chickens, the way which they ſtoopt Eagles; Slaves
The ſtrides the Victors made; and now our Cowards
Like Fragments in hard Voyages became
The Life o'th' need; having found the back door open
Of the unguarded Hearts, Heav'ns, how they wound,
Some ſlain before, ſome dying; ſome their Friends
O'er-born i'th' former wave, ten chac'd by one,
Are now each one the Slaughter-man of twenty;
Thoſe that would die, or e'er reſiſt, are grown
The mortal Bugs o'th' Field.

Lord. This was a ſtrange chance;
A narrow Lane, an old Man, and two Boys.

Poſt. Nay, do not wonder at it; you are made
Rather to wonder at the things you hear,
Than to work any. Will you Rhime upon't,

And vent it for a Mock'ry? Here is one:
" *Two Boys, an old Man twice a Boy, a Lane,*
" *Preserv'd the* Britains, *was the* Romans *bane.*
Lord. Nay, be not angry, Sir.
Post. Lack, to what end?
Who dares not ſtand his Foe, I'll be his Friend;
For if he'll do, as he is made to do,
I know he'll quickly fly my Friendſhip too.
You have put me into Rhyme.
Lord. Farewel, you're angry. [*Exit.*
Post. Still going? this is a Lord; oh noble Miſery
To be i'th' Field, and ask what News of me;
To day, how many would have given their Honours
To have ſav'd their Carkaſſes? took heel to do't,
And yet died to. I, in mine own woe charm'd,
Could not find Death, where I did hear him groan,
Nor feel him where he ſtrook. Being an ugly Monſter,
'Tis ſtrange he hides him in freſh Cups, ſoft Beds,
Sweet Words; or hath more Miniſters than we
That draw his Knives i'th' War. Well I will find him;
For being now a Favourer to the *Britain*,
No more a *Britain*, I have reſum'd again
The part I came in. Fight I will no more,
But yield me to the veriеſt Hind, that ſhall
Once touch my Shoulder. Great the Slaughter is
Here made by th' *Roman*; great the anſwer be,
Britains muſt take. For me, my Ranſom's Death,
On either ſide I come to ſpend my Breath;
Which neither here I'll keep, nor bear agen,
But end it by ſome means for *Imogen.*

Enter two Captains, and Soldiers.

1 *Cap.* Great *Jupiter* be prais'd, *Lucius* is taken,
'Tis thought the old Man, and his Sons, were Angels,
2 *Cap.* There was a fourth Man, in a ſilly Habit,
That gave th' Affront with them.
1 *Cap.* So 'tis reported;
But none of 'em can be found. Stand, who's there?
Poſt. A *Roman*,
Who had not now been drooping here, if Seconds
Had anſwer'd him.
2 *Cap.* Lay Hands on him; a Dog,

A Leg of *Rome* ſhall not return to tell
What Crows have peckt them here; he brags his Service
As if he were of Note; bring him to th' King.

Enter Cymbeline, Bellarius, Guiderius, Arviragus, Piſanio, *and* Roman *Captives. The Captains preſent* Poſthumus *to* Cymbeline, *who delivers him over to a Gaoler.*

SCENE II. *A Priſon.*

Enter Poſthumus, *and two Gaolers.*

1 *Gaol.* You ſhall not now be ſtoln, you have locks upon you;
So graze, as you find Paſture.
2 *Gaol.* Ay, or a Stomach. [*Exeunt Gaolers.*
Poſt. Moſt welcome Bondage; for thou art a way,
I think, to Liberty; yet am I better
Than one that's ſick o'th' Gout, ſince he had rather
Groan ſo in perpetuity, than be cur'd
By th' ſure Phyſician, Death; who is the Key
T' unbar theſe Locks. My Conſcience, thou art fetter'd
More than my Shanks, and Wriſts; you good Gods give me
The penitent Inſtrument to pick that Bolt,
Then free for ever. Is't enough I am ſorry?
So Children temporal Fathers do appeaſe;
Gods are more full of Mercy. Muſt I repent,
I cannot do it better than in Gyves,
Deſir'd, more than conſtrain'd; to ſatisfie
If of my Freedom 'tis the main part, take
No ſtricter render of me, than my All.
I know you are more clement than vile Men,
Who of their broken Debtors take a third,
A ſixth, a tenth, letting them thrive again
On their abatement; that's not my Deſire.
For *Imogen*'s dear Life, take mine, and though
'Tis not ſo dear, yet 'tis a Life; you coin'd it;
'Tween Man, and Man, they weigh not every ſtamp;
Though light, take Pieces for the Figure's ſake,
You rather, mine being yours; and ſo great Powers,
If you will take this Audit, take this Life,
And cancel thoſe old Bonds. Oh *Imogen*!
I'll ſpeak to thee in Silence. [*He ſleeps.*

Solemn

Solemn Muſick. Enter, as in an Apparition, Sicilius Leonatus, *Father to* Poſthumus, *an old Man, attired like a Warrior, leading in his Hand an ancient Matron, his Wife, and Mother to* Poſthumus, *with Muſick before them. Then after other Muſick, follows the two young* Leonati, *Brothers to* Poſthumus, *with wounds as they died in the Wars, They circle* Poſthumus *round as he lyes ſleeping.*

Sici. No more thou Thunder-Maſter
Shew thy ſpite, on mortal Flies:
With *Mars* fall out, with *Juno* chide, that thy Adulteries
Rates, and Revenges.
Hath my poor Boy done ought but well,
Whoſe Face I never ſaw?
I dy'd whilſt in the Womb he ſtay'd,
Attending Nature's Law.
Whoſe Father then, (as Men report,
Thou Orphans Father art)
Thou ſhouldſt have been, and ſhielded him
From his Earth-vexing Smart.
Moth. Lucina lent not me her aid,
But took me in my throes,
That from me was *Poſthumus* ript,
Came crying 'mongſt his Foes.
A thing of pity.
Sici. Great Nature like his Anceſtry,
Moulded the ſtuff ſo fair;
That he deſerv'd the praiſe o'th' World,
As great *Sicilius* Heir.
1 *Bro.* When once he was mature for Man,
In *Britain* where was he
That could ſtand up his Parallel,
Or Rival object be,
In Eye of *Imogen*, that beſt
Could deem his Dignity?
Moth. With Marriage therefore was he mockt
To be exil'd, and thrown
From *Leonati* Seat, and caſt
From her his deareſt one:
Sweet *Imogen!*
Sici. Why did you ſuffer *Iachimo*,
Slight thing of *Italy*,

To taint his nobler Heart and Brain,
With needleſs jealouſie,
And to become the geek and ſcorn
O'th' others villany ?
2 *Bro.* For this, from ſtiller ſeats we came,
Our Parents, and us twain,
That ſtriking in our Country's cauſe,
Fell bravely, and were ſlain,
Our Fealty, and *Tenantius* right,
With Honour to maintain.
1 *Bro.* Like hardiment *Poſthumus* hath
To *Cymbeline* perform'd;
Then *Jupiter*, thou King of gods,
Why haſt thou thus adjourn'd,
The Graces for his Merits due,
Being all to dolours turn'd?
Sici. Thy Cryſtal Window ope; look out;
No longer exerciſe
Upon a valiant Race, thy harſh,
And potent injuries.
Moth. Since, *Jupiter*, our Son is good,
Take off his miſeries.
Sici. Peep through thy Marble Manſion, help,
Or we poor Ghoſts will cry
To th' ſhining Synod of the reſt,
Againſt thy Deity.
2 *Breth.* Help, *Jupiter*, or we appeal,
And from thy juſtice flie.

Jupiter *deſcends in Thunder and Lightning, ſitting upon an Eagle: he throws a Thunder-bolt. The Ghoſts fall on their knees.*

Jupit. No more you petty Spirits of Region low
Offend our hearing; huſh! How dare you Ghoſts
Accuſe the Thunderer, whoſe Bolt, you know,
Sky-planted, batters all rebelling Coaſts.
Poor ſhadows of *Elizium*, hence, and reſt
Upon your never-withering Banks of Flowers.
Be not with mortal accidents oppreſt,
No care of yours it is, you know 'tis ours.
Whom beſt I love, I croſs; to make my gift,
The more delay'd, delighted. Be content,
Your low-laid Son, our Godhead will uplift:

His

His Comforts thrive, his Trials well are ſpent;
Our *Jovial* Star reign'd at his Birth, and in
Our Temple was he married: Riſe, and fade,
He ſhall be Lord of Lady *Imogen*,
And happier much by his Affliction made,
This Tablet lay upon his Breaſt, wherein [Jupit. *drops a Tablet.*
Our pleaſure, his full Fortune, doth confine,
And ſo away: no farther with your din
Expreſs Impatience, leſt you ſtir up mine;
Mount Eagle, to my Palace Cryſtalline. [*Aſcends.*

Sici. He came in thunder, his Cœleſtial breath
Was ſulphurous to ſmell; the holy Eagle
Stoop'd, as to foot us: his Aſcenſion is
More ſweet than our bleſt Fields; his Royal Bird
Prunes the immortal wing, and cloyes his Beak,
As when his God is pleas'd.

All. Thanks, *Jupiter.*

Sici. The Marble Pavement cloſes, he is enter'd
His radiant Roof: Away, and to be bleſt
Let us with care perform his great beheſt. [*Vaniſh.*

Poſt. Sleep, thou haſt been a Grandſire, and begot
A Father to me: and thou haſt created
A Mother, and two Brothers. But, oh ſcorn!
Gone——they went from hence ſo ſoon as they were born;
And ſo I am awake. Poor wretches that depend
On Greatneſs Favour, Dream as I have done,
Wake, and find nothing. But, alas, I ſwerve:
Many Dream not to find, neither deſerve,
And yet are ſteep'd in Favours; ſo am I
That have this Golden chance, and know not why.
What Fairies haunt this ground? a Book! Oh rare one!
Be not, as is our fangled World, a Garment
Nobler than that it covers. Let thy effects
So follow, to be moſt unlike our Courtiers,
As good, as promiſe.

Reads.

WHen as the Lion's Whelp ſhall, to himſelf unknown, without ſeeking find, and be embrac'd by a piece of tender Air; And when from a ſtately Cedar ſhall be lopt branches, which being dead many years, ſhall after revive, be jointed to the old Stock, and freſhly grow, then ſhall Poſthumus

end his miseries, Britain be Fortunate, and flourish in Peace and Plenty.

'Tis still a Dream; or else such stuff as Mad-men
Tongue, and Brain not: 'Tis either both, or nothing;
Or senseless speaking, or a speaking such
As Sense cannot untie. But what it is,
The Action of my Life is like it, which I'll keep
If but for Sympathy.

Enter Gaoler.

Gaol. Come, Sir, are you ready for Death?

Post. Over-roasted rather: ready long ago.

Gao. Hanging is the word, Sir, if you be ready for that, you are well Cookt.

Post. So if I prove a good repast to the Spectators, the dish pays the shot.

Gao. A heavy reckoning for you, Sir: but the comfort is, you shall be called to no more payments, fear no more Tavern Bills, which are often the sadness of parting, as the procuring of mirth; you came in faint for want of meat, depart reeling with too much drink; sorry that you have paid too much, and sorry that you are paid too much: Purse and Brain, both empty; the Brain the heavier, for being too light; the Purse too light, being drawn of heaviness. Oh, of *this* contradiction you shall now be quit: Oh the charity of a penny Cord, it sums up thousands in a trice; you have no true Debtor, and Creditor, but it; of what's past, is, and to come, the discharge; your Neck, Sir, is Pen, Book, and Counters; so the Acquittance follows.

Post. I am merrier to die, than thou art to live.

Gao. Indeed, Sir, he that sleeps, feels not the Tooth-Ache: but a Man that were to sleep your Sleep, and a Hangman to help him to Bed, I think he would change places with his Officer: for look you, Sir, you know not which way you shall go.

Post. Yes indeed do I, Fellow.

Gao. Your Death has Eyes in's Head then; I have not seen him so pictur'd: you must either be directed by some that take upon them to know, or to take upon your self that which I am sure you do not know: or jump the after-enquiry on your own peril; and how you shall speed in your journies end, I think you'll return never to tell one.

Post.

Poſt. I tell thee, Fellow, there are none want Eyes, to direct them the way I am going, but ſuch as wink, and will not uſe them.

Gao. What an infinite mock is this, that a Man ſhould have the beſt uſe of Eyes, to ſee the way of blindneſs: I am ſure ſuch hanging's the way of winking.

Enter a Meſſenger.

Meſ. Knock off his Manacles, bring your Priſoner to the King.

Poſt. Thou bring'ſt good News, I am call'd to be made free.

Gao. I'll be hang'd then.

Poſt. Thou ſhalt be then freer than a Gaoler; no bolts for the Dead. [*Exeunt.*

Gao. Unleſs a Man would marry a Gallows, and beget young Gibbets, I never ſaw one ſo prone. Yet on my Conſcience, there are verier Knaves deſire to live, for all he be a *Roman*: and there be ſome of them too that die againſt their wills; ſo ſhould I, if I were one, I would we were all of one mind, and one mind good; O there were deſolation of Gaolers and Gallowſes: I ſpeak againſt my preſent Profit, but my wiſh hath a preferment in't. [*Exit.*

SCENE III. Cymbeline's *Tent.*

Enter Cymbeline, Bellarius, Guiderius, Arviragus, Piſanio, *and Lords.*

Cym. Stand by my ſide, you, whom the gods have made
Preſervers of my Throne: Wo is my Heart,
That the poor Soldier that ſo richly fought,
Whoſe rags ſham'd gilded Arms, whoſe naked breaſt
Stept before Targets of proof, cannot be found:
He ſhall be happy that can find him, if
Our Grace can make him ſo.

Bel. I never ſaw
Such Noble Fury in ſo poor a Thing;
Such precious deeds, in one that promis'd nought
But beggary and poor looks.

Cym. No tidings of him?

Piſ. He hath been ſearch'd among the dead, and living,
But no trace of him.

Cym. To my grief, I am
The heir of his reward, which I will add
To you, the Liver, Heart, and Brain of *Britain*,
[*To* Bell. Guid. *and* Arvirag.
By whom, I grant, she lives. 'Tis now the time
To ask of whence you are. Report it.
Bell. Sir,
In *Cambria* are we born, and Gentlemen:
Further to boast, were neither true, nor modest,
Unless I add, we are honest.
Cym. Bow your knees,
Arise my Knights o'th' Battel, I create you
Companions to our Person, and will fit you
With Dignities becoming your Estates.
Enter Cornelius *and Ladies.*
There's business in these Faces: why so sadly
Greet you our Victory? you look like the *Romans*,
And not o'th' Court of *Britain*.
Cor. Hail, great King,
To sour your happiness, I must report
The Queen is dead.
Cym. Whom worse than a Physician
Would this report become; but I consider,
My Med'cine Life may be prolong'd, yet Death
Will seize the Doctor too. How ended she?
Cor. With horror, madly dying, like her self,
Which, being cruel to the World, concluded
Most cruel to her self. What she confest,
I will report so please you. These her Women
Can trip me, if I err; who with wet Cheeks
Were present when she finish'd.
Cym. Prithee say.
Cor. First, she confess'd she never lov'd you; only
Affected Greatness got by you, not you:
Married your Royalty, was Wife to your place,
Abhorr'd your Person.
Cym. She alone knew this:
And but she spoke it dying, I would not
Believe her Lips in opening it. Proceed.
Cor. Your Daughter, whom she bore in hand, to love
With such integrity, she did confess
Was a Scorpion to her sight, whose life,

But

But that her flight prevented it, she had
Ta'en off by Poison.
Cym. O most delicate Fiend!
Who is't can read a Woman? is there more?
Cor. More, Sir, and worse. She did confess she had
For you a mortal Mineral, which being took,
Should by the minute feed on life, and lingring,
By inches waste you. In which time, she purpos'd
By watching, weeping, tendance, kissing, to
O'ercome you with her shew: yes, and in time,
When she had fitted you with her craft, to work
Her Son into th' adoption of the Crown:
But failing of her end by his strange absence,
Grew shameless desperate, open'd, in despight
Of Heav'n, and Men, her purposes: repented
The evils she hatch'd, were not effected: so
Despairing, died.
Cym. Heard you all this, her Women?
Lady. We did, so please your Highness.
Cym. Mine Eyes
Were not in fault, for she was beautiful:
Mine Ears that heard her flattery, nor my Heart,
That thought her like her seeming. It had been vicious
To have mistrusted her: yet, O my Daughter!
That it was folly in me, thou may'st say,
And prove it in thy feeling. Heav'n mend all.
Enter Lucius, Iachimo, *and other* Roman *Prisoners*, Leonatus *behind*, *and* Imogen.
Thou com'st not, *Caius*, now for Tribute, that
The *Britains* have rac'd out, though with the loss
Of many a bold one; whose Kinsmen have made suit
That their good Souls may be appeas'd, with slaughter
Of you their Captives, which our self have granted,
So think of your Estate.
Luc. Consider, Sir, the chance of War; the day
Was yours by accident: had it gone with us,
We should not when the Blood was cool, have threatned
Our Prisoners with the Sword. But since the gods
Will have it thus, that nothing but our lives
May be call'd ransome, let it come: sufficeth,
A *Roman*, with a *Roman*'s Heart can suffer:

Auguſtus lives to think on't; and ſo much
For my peculiar care. This one thing only
I will entreat, my Boy, a *Britain* born,
Let him be ranſom'd: never Maſter had
A Page ſo kind, ſo duteous, diligent,
So tender over his Occaſions, true,
So feat, ſo Nurſe-like; let his Virtue join
With my requeſt, which I'll make bold, your Highneſs
Cannot deny: he hath done no *Britain* harm,
Though he hath ſerv'd a *Roman*. Save him, Sir,
And ſpare no Blood beſide.

Cym. I have ſurely ſeen him;
His favour is familiar to me: Boy,
Thou haſt look'd thy ſelf into my grace,
And art mine own. I know not why, nor wherefore,
To ſay, live Boy: ne'er thank thy Maſter, live;
And ask of *Cymbeline* what Boon thou wilt,
Fitting my bounty, and thy ſtate, I'll give it:
Yea, though thou do demand a Priſoner,
The Nobleſt ta'en.

Imo. I humbly thank your Highneſs.

Luc. I do not bid thee beg my Life, good Lad,
And yet I know thou wilt.

Imo. No, no, alack,
There's other work in hand; I ſee a thing
Bitter to me as Death; your Life, good Maſter,
Muſt ſhuffle for it ſelf.

Luc. The Boy diſdains me,
He leaves me, ſcorns me: briefly die their joys,
That place them on the truth of Girls, and Boys.
Why ſtands he ſo perplext?

Cym. What wouldſt thou Boy?
I love thee more and more: think more and more,
What's beſt to ask. Know'ſt him thou look'ſt on? ſpeak,
Wilt have him live? Is he thy Kin? thy Friend?

Imo. He is a *Roman*, no more Kin to me,
Than I to your Highneſs, who being born your Vaſſal
Am ſomething nearer.

Cym. Wherefore ey'ſt thou him ſo?

Imo. I'll tell you, Sir, in private, if you pleaſe
To give me hearing.

Cym.

Cym. Ay, with all my Heart.
And lend my beſt attention. What's thy Name?
Imo. Fidele, Sir.
Cym. Thou'rt my good Youth, my Page,
I'll be thy Maſter: walk with me, ſpeak freely.
Bel. Is not this Boy reviv'd from Death?
Arv. One Sand another
Not more reſembles that ſweet Roſie Lad,
Who dy'd, and was *Fidele:* what think you?
Gui. The ſame dead thing alive.
Bel. Peace, peace, ſee further; he Eyes us not, forbear,
Creatures may be alike: were't he, I am ſure
He would have ſpoke to us.
Gui. But we ſee him dead.
Bel. Be ſilent: let's ſee further.
Piſ. It is my Miſtreſs: [*Aſide.*
Since ſhe is living, let the time run on,
To good, or bad.
Cym. Come, ſtand thou by our ſide.
Make thy demand aloud. Sir, ſtep you forth, [*To* Iachimo.
Give anſwer to this Boy, and do it freely,
Or by our Greatneſs, and the grace of it
Which is our Honour, bitter Torture ſhall
Winnow the truth from falſhood. On, ſpeak to him.
Imo. My Boon is, that this Gentleman may tender
Of whom he had this Ring.
Poſt. What's that to him?
Cym. That Diamond upon your Finger, ſay
How came it yours?
Iach. Thou'lt torture me to leave unſpoken, that
Which to be ſpoke would torture thee.
Cym. How? me?
Iach. I am glad to be conſtrain'd to utter that
Which torments me to conceal. By Villany
I got this Ring; 'twas *Leonatus* Jewel,
Whom thou didſt baniſh: and, which more may grieve thee,
As it doth me, a Nobler Sir ne'er liv'd
'Twixt Sky and Ground. Wilt thou hear more, my Lord?
Cym. All that belongs to this.
Iach. That Paragon, thy Daughter,
For whom my Heart drops Blood, and my falſe Spirits

Quail

Quail to remember. Give me leave, I faint—— [*Swoonds*,
Cym. My Daughter, what of her? Renew thy ſtrength
I had rather thou ſhouldſt live, while Nature will,
Than die e'er I hear more: ſtrive Man, and ſpeak.
Iach. Upon a time, unhappy was the Clock
That ſtruck the Hour, it was in *Rome*, accurs'd
The Manſion where, 'twas at a Feaſt, oh would
Our Viands had been poiſon'd! or at leaſt
Thoſe which I heav'd to head: the good *Poſthumus*——
What ſhould I ſay? he was too good to be
Where ill Men were, and was the beſt of all
Amongſt the rar'ſt of good ones——ſitting ſadly,
Hearing us praiſe our Loves of *Italy*
For Beauty, that made barren the ſwell'd boaſt
Of him that beſt could ſpeak; for Feature, laming
The Shrine of *Venus*, or ſtraight-pight *Minerva*,
Poſtures, beyond brief Nature; for Condition,
A Shop of all the qualities, that Man
Loves Woman for, beſides that hook of Wiving,
Fairneſs, which ſtrikes the Eye——
Cym. I ſtand on Fire. Come to the matter.
Iach. All too ſoon I ſhall,
Unleſs thou wouldſt grieve quickly. This *Poſthumus*,
Moſt like a noble Lord, in love, and one
That had a Royal Lover, took his hint,
And, not diſpraiſing whom we prais'd, therein
He was as calm as Virtue, he began
His Miſtreſs Picture, which by his Tongue, being made,
And then a mind put in't, either our brags
Were crack'd in Kitching-Trulls, or his Deſcription
Prov'd us unſpeaking Sots.
Cym. Nay, nay, to th' purpoſe.
Iach. Your Daughter's Chaſtity; there it begins:
He ſpake of her, as *Dian* had hot Dreams,
And ſhe alone were cold; whereat, I wretch
Made ſcruple of his praiſe, and wag'd with him
Pieces of Gold, 'gainſt this, which then he wore
Upon his Honour'd Finger; to attain
In ſuit the place of's Bed, and win this Ring,
By hers, and mine Adultery; he, true Knight,
No leſſer of her Honour confident

Than

Than I did truly find her, ſtakes this Ring,
And would ſo, had it been a Carbuncle
Of *Phœbus* Wheel; and might ſo ſafely, had it
Been all the worth of's Car. Away to *Britain*
Poſt I in this deſign: well may you, Sir,
Remember me at Court, where I was taught
Of your chaſte Daughter, the wide difference
'Twixt Amorous, and Villainous. Being thus quench'd
Of hope, not longing; mine *Italian* Brain,
'Gan in your duller *Britain* operate
Moſt vilely: for my Vantage excellent.
And to be brief, my practice ſo prevail'd
That I return'd with ſimular proof enough,
To make the Noble *Leonatus* mad,
By wounding his belief in her Renown,
With Tokens thus, and thus; averring notes
Of Chamber-Hanging, Pictures, this her Bracelet
(Oh cunning how I got it) nay ſome marks
Of ſecret on her Perſon, that he could not
But think her bond of Chaſtity quite crack'd,
I having ta'en the forfeit; whereupon,
Methinks I ſee him now——

Poſt. Ay, ſo thou do'ſt, [*Coming forward.*
Italian Fiend! Ay me, moſt credulous Fool,
Egregious Murtherer, Thief, any thing
That's due to all the Villains paſt, in being,
To come——Oh give me Cord, Knife, or Poiſon,
Some upright Juſticer. Thou King, ſend out
For Torturers ingenious: it is I
That all th' abhorred things o'th' Earth amend
By being worſe than they. I am *Poſthumus*,
That kill'd thy Daughter: Villain-like, I lie,
That caus'd a leſſer Villain than my ſelf,
A ſacrilegious Thief to do't. The Temple
Of Virtue was ſhe; yea, and ſhe her ſelf.
Spit, and throw Stones, caſt myre upon me, ſet
The Dogs o'th' Street to bait me: every Villain
Be call'd *Poſthumus Leonatus*, and
Be Villainy leſs than 'twas. Oh *Imogen!*
My Queen, my Life, my Wife: oh *Imogen*,
Imogen, *Imogen*.

Imo;

Imo. Peace, my Lord, hear, hear——
Poſt. Shall's have a Play of this?
Thou ſcornful Page, there lie thy part. [*Striking her, ſhe falls.*
Piſ. Oh Gentlemen, help,
Mine and your Miſtreſs——Oh, my Lord *Poſthumus!*
You ne'er kill'd *Imogen* 'till now——help, help!
Mine Honour'd Lady——
Cym. Does the World go round?
Poſt. How come theſe Staggers on me?
Piſ. Wake my Miſtreſs.
Cym. If this be ſo, the gods do mean to ſtrike me
To death with mortal joy.
Piſ. How fares my Miſtreſs.
Imo. Oh get thee from my ſight,
Thou gav'ſt me Poiſon: dangerous Fellow hence,
Breath not where Princes are.
Cym. The tune of *Imogen.*
Piſ. Lady, the gods throw Stones of Sulphur on me, if
That Box I gave you, was not thought by me
A precious thing, I had it from the Queen.
Cym. New matter ſtill.
Imo. It poiſon'd me.
Corn. Oh gods!
I left out one thing which the Queen confeſs'd,
Which muſt approve thee honeſt. If *Piſanio*
Have, ſaid ſhe, given his Miſtreſs that Confection
Which I gave him for Cordial, ſhe is ſerv'd,
As I would ſerve a Rat.
Cym. What's this, *Cornelius?*
Corn. The Queen, Sir, very oft importun'd me
To temper Poiſons for her; ſtill pretending
The ſatisfaction of her Knowledge, only
In killing Creatures vile, as Cats and Dogs
Of no eſteem; I dreading, that her purpoſe
Was of more danger, did compound for her
A certain ſtuff, which being ta'en, would ſeize
The preſent power of Life, but in ſhort time,
All Offices of Nature ſhould again
Do their due Functions. Have you ta'en of it?
Imo. Moſt like I did, for I was dead.
Bel. My Boys, there was our Error.

Guid.

Guid. This is ſure *Fidele.*

Imo. Why did you throw your wedded Lady from you?
Think that you are upon a Rock, and now
Throw me again.

Poſt. Hang there like Fruit, my Soul,
'Till the Tree die.

Cym. How now, my Fleſh? my Child?
What, mak'ſt thou me a dullard in this Act?
Wilt thou not ſpeak to me?

Imo. Your Bleſſing, Sir. [*Kneeling.*

Bel. Though you did love this Youth, I blame you not,
You had a Motive for't.

Cym. My tears that fall
Prove Holy-water on thee; *Imogen,*
Thy Mother's dead.

Imo. I am ſorry for't, my Lord.

Cym. Oh, ſhe was naught; and long of her it was
That we meet here ſo ſtrangely; but her Son
Is gone, we know not how, nor where.

Piſ. My Lord,
Now fear is from me, I'll ſpeak truth. Lord *Cloten,*
Upon my Lady's miſſing, came to me
With his Sword drawn, foam'd at the Mouth, and ſwore
If I diſcover'd not which way ſhe was gone,
It was my inſtant death. By accident
I had a feigned Letter of my Maſter's
Then in my Pocket, which directed her
To ſeek him on the Mountains near to *Milford,*
Where in a frenzy, in my Maſter's Garments,
Which he inforc'd from me, away he poſts
With unchaſt purpoſe, and with Oath to violate
My Lady's honour; what became of him,
I further know not.

Gui. Let me end the Story; I ſlew him there.

Cym. Marry, the gods forefend.
I would not thy good deeds ſhould from my Lips
Pluck a hard Sentence: Prithee valiant youth
Deny't again.

Gui. I have ſpoke it, and I did it.

Cym. He was a Prince.

Gui.

Gui. A moſt incivil one. The wrongs he did me
Were nothing Prince-like; for he did provoke me
With Language that would make me ſpurn the Sea,
If it could ſo roar to me. I cut off's Head,
And am right glad he is not ſtanding here
To tell this tale of mine.
Cym. I am ſorry for thee;
By thine own Tongue thou art condemn'd, and muſt
Endure our Law; thou'rt dead.
Imo. That headleſs Man I thought had been my Lord.
Cym. Bind the Offender,
And take him from our preſence.
Bel. Stay, Sir King.
This Man is better than the Man he ſlew,
As well deſcended as thy ſelf, and hath
More of thee merited, than a Band of *Clotens*
Had ever ſcar for. Let his Arms alone,
They were not born for bondage.
Cym. Why old Soldier,
Wilt thou undo the worth thou art unpaid for
By taſting of our wrath? how of deſcent
As good as we?
Arv. In that he ſpake too far.
Cym. And thou ſhalt die for't.
Bel. We will die all three,
But I will prove that two on's are as good
As I have given out of him. My Sons, I muſt
For mine own part, unfold a dangerous Speech,
Though haply well for you.
Arv. Your danger's ours.
Gui. And our good his.
Bel. Have at it then, by leave
Thou hadſt, great King, a Subject, who
Was call'd *Bellarius.*
Cym. What of him? he is a baniſh'd Traitor.
Bel. He it is that hath
Aſſum'd this Age; indeed a baniſh'd Man,
I know not how a Traitor.
Cym. Take him hence,
The whole World ſhall not ſave him.

Bel.

Bel. Not too hot;
First pay me for the Nurſing of thy Sons,
And let it be confiſcate all, ſo ſoon
As I have receiv'd it.
Cym. Nurſing of my Sons?
Bel. I am too blunt, and ſawcy; here's my Knee:
E'er I ariſe, I will prefer my Sons,
Then ſpare not the old Father. Mighty Sir,
Theſe two young Gentlemen that call me Father,
And think they are my Sons, are none of mine,
They are the Iſſue of your Loins, my Liege,
And blood of your begetting.
Cym. How? my Iſſue?
Bel. So ſure as you, your Father's; I, old *Morgan*,
Am that *Bellarius*, whom you ſometime baniſh'd;
Your pleaſure was my near Offence, my Puniſhment
It ſelf, and all my Treaſon that I ſuffer'd,
Was all the harm I did. Theſe gentle Princes,
For ſuch, and ſo they are, theſe twenty Years
Have I train'd up; thoſe Arts they have, as I
Could put into them. My breeding was, Sir,
As your Highneſs knows, their Nurſe *Euriphile*,
Whom for the Theft I wedded, ſtole theſe Children
Upon my Baniſhment: I mov'd her to't,
Having receiv'd the Puniſhment before
For that which I did then. Beaten for Loyalty,
Excited me to Treaſon. Their dear loſs,
The more of you 'twas felt, the more it ſhap'd
Unto my end of ſtealing them. But gracious Sir,
Here are your Sons again; and I muſt loſe
Two of the ſweet'ſt Companions in the World.
The benediction of theſe covering Heav'ns
Fall on their Heads like dew, for they are worthy
To in-lay Heav'ns with Stars.
Cym. Thou weep'ſt, and ſpeak'ſt:
The Service that you three have done, is more
Unlike, than this thou tell'ſt. I loſt my Children—
If theſe be they, I know not how to wiſh
A pair of worthier Sons.
Bel. Be pleas'd a while———
This Gentleman, whom I call *Polidore*,

Moſt

Moſt worthy Prince, as yours, is true *Guiderius*:
This Gentleman, my *Cadwall*, *Arviragus*,
Your younger Princely Son; he, Sir, was lapt
In a moſt curious Mantle, wrought by th'Hand
Of his Queen Mother, which for more probation
I can with eaſe produce.
Cym. *Guiderius* had
Upon his Neck a Mole, a ſanguine Star;
It was a Mark of wonder.
Bel. This is he;
Who hath upon him ſtill that natural ſtamp:
It was wiſe Nature's end, in the donation,
To be his Evidence now.
Cym. Oh, what am I
A Mother to the birth of three? Ne'er Mother
Rejoic'd deliverance more; bleſt, may you be,
That after this ſtrange ſtarting from your Orbs,
You may reign in them now: Oh *Imogen*,
Thou haſt loſt by this a Kingdom.
Imo. No, my Lord:
I have got two Worlds by't. Oh my gentle Brothers,
Have we thus met? Oh never ſay hereafter
But I am trueſt Speaker. You call'd me Brother
When I was but your Siſter: I you Brother,
When we were ſo indeed.
Cym. Did you e'er meet?
Arv. Ay, my good Lord.
Gui. And at firſt meeting lov'd,
Continu'd ſo, until we thought he died.
Corn. By the Queen's Dram ſhe ſwallow'd.
Cym. O rare inſtinct!
When ſhall I hear all through? this fierce abridgment
Hath to it circumſtantial Branches, which
Diſtinction ſhould be rich in. Where? how liv'd you?
And when came you to ſerve our *Roman* Captive?
How parted with your Brother? How firſt met them?
Why fled you from the Court? And whether theſe?
And your three Motives to the Battel; with
I know not how much more ſhould be demanded,
And all the other by dependances
From chance to chance? But not the time, nor place

Will

Will ſerve our long Interrogatories. See,
Poſthumus Anchors upon *Imogen*;
And ſhe, like harmleſs Lightning, throws her Eye
On him, her Brothers, Me, her Maſter, hitting
Each object with a Joy: the Counter-change
Is ſeverally in all. Let's quit this ground,
And ſmoak the Temple with our Sacrifices.
Thou art my Brother, ſo we'll hold thee ever. [*To* Bellarius.
Imo. You are my Mother too, and did relieve me:
To ſee this gracious ſeaſon!
Cym. All o'er-joy'd
Save theſe in Bonds, let them be joyful too,
For they ſhall taſte our Comfort.
Imo. My good Maſter, I will yet do you ſervice.
Luc. Happy be you.
Cym. The forlorn Soldier that ſo nobly fought
He would have well becom'd this place, and grac'd
The thankings of a King,
Poſt. I am, Sir,
The Soldier that did Company theſe three
In poor beſeeming: 'twas a fitment for
The purpoſe I then follow'd. That I was he,
Speak, *Iachimo*, I had you down, and might
Have made your finiſh.
Iach. I am down again:
But now my heavy Conſcience ſinks my Knee,
As then your Force did. Take that Life, beſeech you,
Which I ſo often owe: but your Ring firſt,
And here your Bracelet of the trueſt Princeſs
That ever ſwore her Faith.
Poſt. Kneel not to me:
The power that I have on you, is to ſpare you:
The malice towards you, to forgive you. Live,
And deal with others better.
Cym. Nobly doom'd:
We'll learn our freeneſs of a Son-in-Law;
Pardon's the word to all.
Arv. You holp us, Sir,
As you did mean indeed to be our Brother,
Joy'd are we, that you are.
Poſt. Your Servant, Princes. Good my Lord of *Rome*

Call forth your *Soothsayer*: As I slept, methought
Great *Jupiter* upon his Eagle back'd
Appear'd to me, with other sprightly shews
Of mine own Kindred. When I wak'd, I found
This Label on my bosom; whose containing
Is so from Sense in hardness, that I can
Make no Collection of it. Let him shew
His skill in the construction.

Luc. Philarmonus.

Sooth. Here, my good Lord.

Luc. Read, and declare the meaning.

Reads.

When as a Lion's Whelp shall, to himself unknown, without seeking find, and be embrac'd by a piece of tender Air; And when from a stately Cedar shall be lopt branches, which being dead many years, shall after revive, be jointed to the old Stock, and freshly grow, then shall Posthumus *end his Miseries,* Britain *be Fortunate, and flourish in Peace and Plenty.*

Thou, *Leonatus*, art the Lion's Whelp,
The fit and apt Construction of thy Name
Being *Leonatus*, doth import so much:
The piece of tender Air, thy Virtuous Daughter,
Which we call *Mollis Aer*, and *Mollis Aer*
We term it *Mulier*: which *Mulier* I divine
Is this most constant Wife, who even now
Answering the Letter of the Oracle,
Unknown to you, unsought, were clipt about
With this most tender Air.

Cym. This hath some seeming.

Sooth. The lofty Cedar, Royal *Cymbeline*,
Personates thee; And thy lopt Branches, point
Thy two Sons forth: who by *Bellarius* stoll'n
For many years thought dead, are now reviv'd,
To the Majestick Cedar join'd; whose Issue
Promises *Britain*, Peace and Plenty.

Cym. Well,
My Peace we will begin: And *Caius Lucius*,
Although the Victor, we submit to *Cæsar*,
And to the *Roman* Empire; promising

To

To pay our wonted Tribute, from the which
We were diſſuaded by our wicked Queen,
Whom Heav'ns in juſtice both on her, and hers,
Have laid moſt heavy hand.

Sooth. The Fingers of the Powers above, do tune
The Harmony of this Peace: the Viſion
Which I made known to *Lucius* e'er the ſtroke
Of this yet ſcarce-cold Battel, at this inſtant
Is full accompliſh'd. For the *Roman* Eagle
From South to Weſt, on Wing ſoaring aloft
Leſſen'd her ſelf, and in the Beams o'th' Sun
So vaniſh'd; which fore-ſhew'd our Princely Eagle
Th' Imperial *Ceſar*, ſhould again unite
His favour, with the Radiant *Cymbeline*,
Which ſhines here in the Weſt.

Cym. Laud we the gods;
And let our crooked Smoaks climb to their Noſtrils
From our bleſt Altars. Publiſh we this Peace
To all our Subjects. Set we forward: let
A *Roman*, and a *Britiſh* Enſign wave
Friendly together; ſo through *Lud*'s Town march,
And in the Temple of great *Jupiter*
Our Peace we'll ratifie. Seal it with Feaſts.
Set on there: Never was a War did ceaſe
E'er bloody hands were waſh'd, with ſuch a Peace.

[*Exeunt omnes.*

PERICLES,

PRINCE

TYRE.

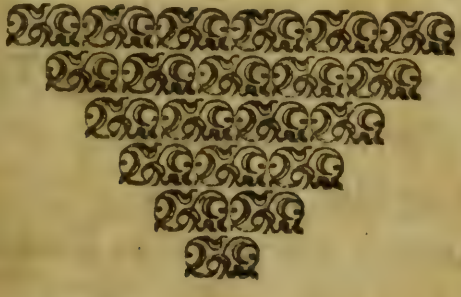
P. 2845

PERICLES,

PRINCE

OF

TYRE.



Printed in the YEAR 1709.

Dramatis Perſonæ.

ANtiochus, *a Tyrant of* Greece.
Pericles, *Prince of* Tyre.
Hellicanus, } *two Lords of* Tyre.
Eſcanes, }
Symonides, *King of* Pentapolis.
Cleon, *Governor of* Tharſus.
Lyſimachus, *Governor of* Metaline.
Cerimon, *a Lord of* Epheſus.
Thaliard, *Servant to* Antiochus.
Leonine, *a Murtherer*, *Servant to* Dionyſia.
Gower.
Lords, &c.
Knights tilting in Honour of Thaiſa.

Heſperides, *Daughter to* Antiochus.
Dionyſia, *Wife to* Cleon.
Thaiſa, *Daughter to* Symonides.
Marina, *Daughter to* Pericles *and* Thaiſa.
Lychorida, *Nurſe to* Marina.
Philoten, *Daughter to* Cleon.
Diana, *a Goddeſs appearing to* Pericles.

Sailors, *Pirates*, *Fiſhermen*, *and Meſſengers*.

PERI-

PERICLES, *Prince of* Tyre.

ACT I. SCENE I.

Enter Gower.

O sing a Song that old was sung,
From Ashes ancient Gower *is come,*
Assuming Man's Infirmities,
To glad your Ear, and please your Eyes;
It hath been sung at Festivals,
On Ember Eves, and Holy-Days,
And Lords and Ladies in their lives,
Have read it for restoratives.
The purchase is to make Men glorious.
Et bonum quo Antiquius, eo melius.
If you, born in these latter times,
When Wit's more ripe, accept my Rhimes;
And that to hear an old Man sing,
May to your wishes pleasure bring:
I Life would wish, and that I might
Waste it for you like Taper-light.
This Antioch, *then,* Antiochus *the great,*
Built up this City for his chiefest Seat;
The fairest in all Syria.
I tell you what mine Authors say:

This King unto him took a Peer,
Who died, and left a Female Heir,
So buckſome, blithe, and full of face,
As Heav'n had lent her all his grace:
With whom the Father liking took,
And her to Inceſt did provoke.
Bad Child, worſe Father, to entice his own
To evil ſhould be done by none:
But cuſtom, what they did begin,
Was with long uſe, counted no Sin.
The beauty of this ſinful Dame,
Made many Princes thither frame,
To ſeek her as a Bed-fellow,
In Marriage pleaſures, Play-fellow:
Which to prevent, he made a Law,
To keep her ſtill, and Men in awe,
That who ſo askt her for his Wife,
His Riddle told not, loſt his Life:
So for her many a Wight did die,
As yon grim looks do teſtifie.
What enſues to the judgment of your Eye,
I give my cauſe, who beſt can teſtifie. [Exit.

Enter Antiochus, *Prince* Pericles, *and Followers.*

Ant. Young Prince of *Tyre*, you have at large receiv'd
The danger of the task you undertake.

Per. I have, *Antiochus*, and with a Soul emboldned
With the glory of her praiſe, think death no hazard,
In this enterprize.

Ant. Muſick, bring in our Daughter, clothed like a Bride
For embracements, even of *Jove* himſelf;
At whoſe conception, 'till *Lucina* reign'd,
Nature this dowry gave, to glad her preſence,
The Senate Houſe of Planets all did ſit,
To knit in her their beſt Perfections.

Enter Heſperides.

Per. See where ſhe comes, apparell'd like the Spring,
Graces her Subjects, and her Thoughts the King,
Of every Virtue gives Renown to Men:
Her Face the Book of praiſes, where is read
Nothing but curious Pleaſures, as from thence

Sorrow

Sorrow were ever rackt, and testy wrath
Could never be her mild Companion.
You gods that made me Man, and sway in love,
That have inflam'd desire within my Breast,
To taste the Fruit of yon celestial Tree,
Or die in the adventure, be my helps,
As I am Son and Servant to your will,
To compass such a boundless happiness.

Ant. Prince *Pericles.*

Per. That would be Son to great *Antiochus.*

Ant. Before thee stands this fair *Hesperides,*
With golden Fruit, but dangerous to be touch'd:
For Death like Dragons here affright thee hard:
Her Face, like Heav'n, enticeth thee to view
Her countless Glory, which desert must gain:
And which without desert, because thine Eye
Presumes to reach, all the whole heap must die.
Yon sometimes famous Princes like thy self
Drawn by report, adventrous by desire,
Tell thee with speechless Tongues, and semblance pale,
That without covering save yon field of Stars,
Here they stand Martyrs slain in *Cupid*'s Wars:
And with dead Cheeks advise thee to desist,
For going on Death's Net, whom none resist.

Per. *Antiochus* I thank thee, who hath taught
My frail mortality to know it self,
And by those fearful objects to prepare
This Body, like to them, to what I must:
For Death remembred, should be like a Mirrour,
Who tells us, Life's but breath, to trust in error:
I'll make my Will then, and as sick Men do,
Who know the World, see Heav'n, but feeling woe,
Gripe not at earthly Joys, as erst they did.
So I bequeath a happy Peace to you
And all good Men, as every Prince should do,
My riches to the Earth from whence they came:
But my unspotted fire of Love to you. [*To* Hesperides.
Thus ready for the way of Life or Death,
I wait the sharpest blow, *Antiochus,*
Scorning advice. Read the conclusion then.

Ant.

Ant. Which read and not expounded, 'tis decreed
As these before so thou thy self shalt bleed.
Hesp. Of all said yet, may thou prove prosperous,
Of all said yet, I wish thee happiness. [*Ex.* Hesperides.
Per. Like a bold Champion I assume the Lists,
Nor ask advice of any other thought,
But faithfulness, and courage.

The Riddle.

I am no Viper, yet I feed
On Mother's flesh which did me breed:
I sought a Husband, in which labour,
I found that kindness in a Father.
He's Father, Son, and Husband mild,
I Mother, Wife, and yet his Child.
How they may be, and yet in two,
As you will live, resolve it you.

Sharp Physick is the last? but O you Powers!
That gives Heav'n countless Eyes to view Mens acts,
Why could they not their sights perpetually?
If this be true, which makes me pale to read it,
Fair Glass of light, I lov'd you, and could still,
Were not this glorious Casket stor'd with ill:
But I must tell you, now my thoughts revolt;
For he's no Man on whom perfections wait,
That knowing Sin within, will touch the Gate:
You're a fair Viol, and your sense the strings,
Who finger'd to make Man his lawful Musick,
Wou'd draw Heav'n down, and all the gods to hearken,
But being plaid upon before your time,
Hell only danceth at so harsh a chime:
Good sooth I care not for you.
Ant. Prince *Pericles*, touch not upon thy Life,
For that's an Article within our Law,
As dangerous as the rest: Your time's expir'd,
Either expound now, or receive your Sentence.
Per. Great King,
Few love to hear the Sins they love to act,
'Twould braid your self too near for me to tell it:
Who hath a Book of all that Monarchs do,
He's more secure to keep it shut, than shewn:

For

For Vice repeated, is like the wandring Wind,
Blows duſt in others Eyes, to ſpread it ſelf;
And yet the end of all is bought thus dear,
The breath is gone, and the ſore Eyes ſee clear.
To ſtop the air would hurt them, the blind Mole caſt
Copt Hills toward Heav'n, to tell the Earth is throng'd
By Man's oppreſſion, and the poor Worm doth die for't.
Kings are Earth's Gods: In Vice their Law's their will,
And if *Jove* ſtray, who dares ſay, *Jove* doth ill.
It is enough you know it, and 'tis fit;
What being more known, grows worſe to ſmother it.
All love the Womb that there being bred,
Then give my Tongue like leave to love my Head.

Ant. Heav'n that I had it; he has found the meaning,
But I will gloze with him. Young Prince of *Tyre*,
Though by the tenour of our ſtrict Edict,
Your Expoſition miſ-interpreting,
We might proceed to cancel off your days;
Yet hope, ſucceeding from ſo fair a Tree,
As your fair ſelf, doth tune us otherwiſe:
Forty Days longer we do reſpite you,
If by which time our ſecret be undone,
This mercy ſhews, we'll joy in ſuch a Son:
And until then, your entertain ſhall be
As doth befit our honour, and your worth. [*Exit.*

Manet Pericles *ſolus.*

Per. How Courteſie would ſeem to cover Sin,
When what is done is like an Hypocrite,
The which is good in nothing but in ſight;
If it be true that I interpret falſe,
Then were it certain you were not ſo bad,
As with foul Inceſt to abuſe your Soul:
Where now you're both a Father and a Son,
By your untimely claſpings with your Child,
(Which pleaſures fits an Husband, not a Father,)
And ſhe an eater of her Mother's fleſh,
By the defiling of her Parents Bed,
And both like Serpents are, who though they feed
On ſweeteſt Flowers, yet they Poiſon breed.
Antioch farewel, for wiſdom ſees, thoſe Men
Bluſh not in actions blacker than the night,

Will

Will ſhew no courſe to keep them from the light:
One Sin, I know, another doth provoke;
Murder's as near to Luſt, as flame to ſmoak.
Poiſon and Treaſon are the Hands of Sin,
Ay, and the Targets to put off the ſhame:
Then leſt my Life be cropt to keep you clear,
By flight I'll ſhun the danger which I fear. [*Exit.*

Enter Antiochus.

Ant. He hath found the meaning,
For which we mean to have his Head:
He muſt not live to trumpet forth my infamy,
Nor tell the World *Antiochus* doth ſin
In ſuch a loathed manner.
And therefore inſtantly this Prince muſt die,
For by his fall my honour muſt keep high.
Who attends us here?

Enter Thaliard.

Thal. Doth your Highneſs call?

Ant. Thaliard, you are of our Chamber,
And our mind partakes her private Actions
To your ſecreſie; and for your faithfulneſs
We will advance you, *Thaliard.*
Behold, here's Poiſon and here's Gold,
We hate the Prince of *Tyre*, and thou muſt kill him.
It fits thee not to ask the reaſon why:
Becauſe we bid it: Say, is it done?

Thal. My Lord, 'tis done.

Enter a Meſſenger.

Ant. Enough. Let your breath cool your ſelf, telling your haſte.

Meſ. My Lord, Prince *Pericles* is fled.

Ant. As thou wilt live, fly after; and as an Arrow, ſhot from a well experient Archer, hits the mark his Eye doth level at: So do thou never return, unleſs thou ſay, Prince *Pericles* is dead.

Thal. My Lord, if I can get him within my Piſtol's length, I'll make him ſure enough: So farewel to your Highneſs. [*Exit.*

Ant. Thaliard adieu, 'till *Pericles* be dead,
My Heart can lend no ſuccour to my Head. [*Exit.*

Enter

Enter Pericles, Hellicanus, *with other Lords.*

Per. Let none disturb us:
Why should this change of thoughts,
The sad Companion dull-ey'd melancholy,
By me so us'd, a Guest as not an hour,
In the days glorious walk or peaceful Night,
The Tomb where grief should sleep, can breed me quiet,
Here pleasures court mine Eyes, and mine Eyes shun them,
And danger which I feared, is at *Antioch*,
Whose arm seems far too short to hit me here,
Yet neither pleasures art can joy my Spirits,
Nor yet the others distance comfort me:
Then it is thus, that passions of the Mind,
That have their first conception by mis-dread,
Have after nourishment and Life by care;
And what was first by fear, what might be done,
Grows elder now, and cares it be not done.
And so 'tis with me, the great *Antiochus*,
'Gainst whom I am too little to contend,
Since he's so great, can make his will his act,
Will think me speaking, though I swear to silence,
Nor boots it me to say I honour him,
If he suspect I may dishonour him.
And what may make him blush in being known,
He'll stop the course by which it might be known,
With hostile Forces he'll o'er-spread the Land,
And with the stint of War will look so huge,
Amazement shall drive Courage from the State:
Our Men be vanquish'd, e'er they do resist,
And Subjects punish'd, that ne'er thought offence,
Which care of them, not pity of my self,
Who once no more but as the tops of Trees,
Which fence the Roots they grow by, and defend them,
Make both my Body pine, and Soul to languish,
And punish that before that he would punish.

1 *Lord.* Joy and all comfort in your sacred Breast.

2 *Lord.* And keep your mind 'till ye return to us
Peaceful and comfortable.

Hell. Peace, peace, and give experience Tongue:
They do abuse the King that flatter him,
For flattery is the Bellows blows up sin,

The thing the which is flatter'd, but a ſpark,
To which that ſpark gives heart and ſtronger glowing;
Whereas reproof obedient and in order,
Fits Kings as they are Men, for they may err,
When Signior *Sooth* here doth proclaim Peace,
He flatters you, makes War upon your Life.
Prince, pardon me, or ſtrike me if you pleaſe,
I cannot be much lower than my Knees.

Per. All leave us elſe: but let your cares o'er-look
What Shipping, and what Lading's in our Haven,
And then return to us: *Hellicanus*, thou haſt
Mov'd us: what ſeeſt thou in our Looks?

Hell. An angry brow, dread Lord.

Per. If there be ſuch a Dart in Princes frowns,
How durſt thy Tongue move anger to our Face?

Hell. How dares the Planets look up unto Heav'n,
From whence they have their nouriſhment?

Per. Thou know'ſt I have power to take thy Life from thee.

Hell. I have ground the Ax my ſelf,
Do you but ſtrike the blow.

Per. Riſe, prithee riſe, ſit down, thou art no Flatterer,
I thank thee for it, and Heav'n forbid,
That Kings ſhould let their Ears hear their faults hid.
Fit Counſellor, and Servant for a Prince,
Who by thy wiſdom makes a Prince thy Servant,
What would'ſt thou have me do?

Hell. To bear with patience ſuch griefs,
As you your ſelf do lay upon your ſelf.

Per. Thou ſpeak'ſt like a Phyſician, *Hellicanus*,
That miniſters a potion unto me,
That thou wouldſt tremble to receive thy ſelf.
Attend me then; I went to *Antioch*,
Where as thou know'ſt, (againſt the Face of Death)
I ſought the purchace of a glorious Beauty,
From whence an Iſſue I might propagate,
Are Arms to Princes, and bring Joys to Subjects.
Her Face was to mine Eye beyond all wonder,
The reſt (hark in thine Ear) as black as Inceſt,
Which by my knowledge found, the ſinful Father,
Seem'd not to ſtrike, but ſmooth: But thou know'ſt this,
'Tis time to fear, when Tyrants ſeem to kiſs.

Which

Which fear so grew in me, I hither fled,
Under the covering of a careful Night,
Who seem'd my good Protector: and being here,
Bethought me what was past, what might succeed;
I knew him tyrannous, and Tyrants fears
Decrease not, but grow faster than the years:
And should he think, as no doubt he doth,
That I should open to the listening Air,
How many worthy Princes Blood were shed,
To keep his Bed of blackness unlaid ope,
To lop that doubt, he'll fill this Land with arms,
And make pretence of wrong that I have done him,
When all for mine, if I may call offence,
Must feel Wars blow, who fears not innocence:
Which love to all, of which thy self art one,
Who now reproved'st me for it.

Hell. Alas, Sir.

Per. Drew Sleep out of my Eyes, Blood from my Cheeks,
Musings into my Mind, with a thousand doubts
How I might stop their tempest e'er it came,
And finding little comfort to relieve them,
I thought it Princely Charity to grieve for them.

Hell. Well, my Lord, since you have given me leave to speak,
Freely will I speak. *Antiochus* you fear,
And justly too, I think, you fear the Tyrant.
Who either by publick War or private Treason,
Will take away your Life.
Therefore, my Lord, go travel for a while,
'Till that his rage and anger be forgot;
Or 'till the Destinies do cut the thread of his Life:
Your Rule direct to any, if to me,
Day serves not Light more faithful than I'll be.

Per. I do not doubt thy Faith,
But should he wrong my Liberties in my absence?

Hell. We'll mingle our bloods together in the Earth,
From whence we had our being and our birth.

Per. Tyre, I now look from thee then, and to *Tharsus*
Intend my travel, where I'll hear from thee;
And by whose Letters I'll dispose my self:
The care I had and have of Subjects good,
On thee I lay, whose wisdom's strength can bear it.

I'll

I'll take thy Word for Faith, not ask thine Oath,
Who ſhuns not to break one, will ſure crack both:
But in our Orbs we live ſo round and ſafe,
That time of both this truth ſhall ne'er convince,
Thou ſheweſt a Subject's ſhine, I a true Prince. [*Exeunt.*

Enter Thaliard *ſolus.*

Thal. So, this is *Tyre*, and this is the Court, here muſt I kill King *Pericles*, and if I do it not, I am ſure to be hang'd at home: it is dangerous.

Well, I perceive he was a wiſe Fellow, and had good diſcretion, that being bid to ask what he would of the King, deſired he might know none of his Secrets. Now do I ſee he had ſome reaſon for it: For if a King bid a Man be a Villain, he is bound by the Indenture of his Oath to be one.

Huſht, here come the Lords of *Tyre*.

Enter Hellicanus, Eſcanes, *with other Lords of* Tyre.

Hell. You ſhall not need, my Fellow-Peers of *Tyre*,
Further to queſtion me of your King's departure.
His ſeal'd Commiſſion left in truſt with me,
Doth ſpeak ſufficiently, he's gone to travel.

Thal. How, the King gone?

Hell. If further yet you will be ſatisfied,
Why (as it were unlicens'd of your loves)
He would depart? I'll give ſome light unto you,
Being at *Antioch* ——

Thal. What from *Antioch?*

Hell. Royal *Antiochus* (on what cauſe I know not)
Took ſome diſpleaſure at him, at leaſt he judg'd ſo:
And doubting that he had erred or ſinned,
To ſhew his ſorrow, he would correct himſelf;
So puts himſelf unto the Shipman's toyl,
With whom each minute threatens Life or Death.

Thal. Well, I perceive I ſhall not be hang'd now, although I would; but ſince he's gone, the King's Seas muſt pleaſe: he 'ſcap'd the Land, to periſh at the Sea: I'll preſent my ſelf. Peace to the Lords of *Tyre*.

Hell. Lord *Thaliard* from *Antiochus* is welcome.

Thal. From him I come
With Meſſage unto Princely *Pericles*;
But ſince my Landing I have underſtood,

Your

Your Lord hath betook himself to unknown Travels,
My Message must return from whence it came.
Hell. We have no reason to desire it,
Commended to our Master, not to us;
Yet e'er you shall depart, this we desire,
As Friends to *Antioch*, we may Feast in *Tyre*. [*Exeunt.*

Enter Cleon *the Governor of* Tharsus, *with* Dionysia *and others.*

Cle. My *Dionysia*, shall we rest us here,
And by relating Tales of others Griefs,
See if 'twill teach us to forget our own?
Dio. That were to blow at Fire in hope to quench it,
For who digs Hills because they do aspire,
Throws down one Mountain to cast up a higher:
O my distressed Lord, even such our Griefs are,
Here they're but felt, and seen with Mischiefs Eyes,
But like to Groves, being topt, they higher rise.
Cle. O *Dionysia*,
Who wanteth Food, and will not say he wants it,
Or can conceal his Hunger 'till he famish?
Our Tongues and Sorrows do sound deep:
Our Woes into the Air, our Eyes to weep,
'Till Tongues fetch Breath that may proclaim
Them louder, that if Heav'n slumber, while
Their Creatures want, they may awake
Their helpers to comfort them.
I'll then discourse our Woes felt several Years,
And wanting Breath to speak, help me with Tears.
Dio. I'll do my best, Sir.
Cle. This *Tharsus*, o'er which I've the Government,
A City, on whom Plenty held full Hand,
For Riches strew'd her self even in the Streets,
Whose Towers bore heads so high, they kist the Clouds,
And Strangers ne'er beheld, but wonder'd at;
Whose Men and Dames so jetted and adorn'd,
Like one anothers Glass to trim them by;
Their Tables were stor'd full, to glad the sight,
And not so much to feed on, as delight,
All Poverty was scorn'd, and Pride so great,
The Name of Help grew odious to repeat.
Dio. Oh 'tis true.

Cle. But see what Heav'n can do by this our Change:
These Mouths, who but of late, Earth, Sea, and Air,
Were all too little to content and please,
Although they gave their Creatures in abundance;
As Houses are defil'd for want of use,
They are now starv'd for want of Exercise;
Those Pallats, who, not yet to savers younger,
Must have Inventions to delight the Taste,
Would now be glad of Bread, and beg for it;
These Mothers who to nouzle up their Babes,
Thought nought too curious, are ready now,
To eat those little Darlings whom they lov'd,
So sharp are hungers Teeth, that Man and Wife,
Draw Lots who first shall dye to lengthen Life.
Here stands a Lord, and there a Lady weeping,
Here many sink, yet those which see them fall,
Have scarce Strength left to give them Burial.
Is not this true?

Dio. Our Cheeks and hollow Eyes do witness it.

Cle. O let those Cities that of Plenty's Cup,
And her Prosperities so largely tast,
With their superfluous Riots hear these Tears;
The Misery of *Tharsus* may be theirs.

Enter a Lord.

Lord. Where's the Lord Governor?

Cle. Here, speak out thy Sorrows, which thou bring'st in haste, for Comfort is too far for us to expect.

Lord. We have descried, upon our neighbouring Shore,
A portly sail of Ships make hitherward.

Cle. I thought as much.
One Sorrow never comes but brings an Heir,
That may succeed as his Inheritor:
And so in ours: Some neighbouring Nation,
Taking Advantage of our Misery,
That stuft the hollow Vessels with their Pow'r,
To beat us down, the which are down already,
And make a Conquest of unhappy me,
Whereas no Glory is got to overcome.

Lord. That's the least Fear.
For by the semblance of their Flags displaid,

They bring us Peace, and come to us as Favourers,
Not as Foes.
Cle. Thou ſpeak'ſt like Hymns untutor'd to repeat,
Who makes the faireſt Shew, means moſt Deceit.
But bring they what they will, and what they can,
What need we fear, the Ground's the loweſt,
And we are half way there: Go tell their General we attend him here,
To know for what he comes, and whence he comes,
And what he craves.
Lord. I go, my Lord.
Cle. Welcome is Peace, if he on Peace conſiſt;
If Wars, we are unable to reſiſt.

Enter Pericles *with Attendants.*

Per. Lord Governor, for ſo we hear you are,
Let not our Ships and number of our Men,
Be like a Beacon fir'd, to amaze your Eyes,
We've heard your Miſeries as far as *Tyre*,
And ſeen the Deſolation of your Streets:
Nor come we to add Sorrow to your Tears,
But to releaſe them of their heavy load,
And theſe our Ships, you happily may think
Are like the *Trojan* Horſe, was ſtuft within,
With bloody Veins expecting overthrow,
Are ſtor'd with Corn to make your needy Bread,
And give them Life, whom hunger ſtarv'd half dead.
Omnes. The Gods of *Greece* protect you,
And we'll pray for you.
Per. Ariſe, I pray you, ariſe;
We do not look for Reverence, but for Love,
And harbourage for our ſelf, our Ships, and Men.
Cle. The which when any ſhall not gratifie,
Or pay you with Unthankfulneſs in Thought,
Be it our Wives, our Children, or our ſelves,
The Curſe of Heav'n and Men ſucceed their Evils:
'Till when, the which, I hope, ſhall ne'er be ſeen,
Your Grace is welcome to our Town and us.
Per. Which welcome we'll accept, Feaſt here a while,
Until our Stars that frown, lend us a Smile. [*Exeunt.*

ACT II. SCENE I.

Enter Gower.

Gow. *HEre have you ſeen a mighty King,*
His Child, I wis, to Inceſt bring:
A better Prince and benign Lord,
That will prove awful both in Deed and Word.
Be quiet then, as Men ſhould be,
'Till he hath paſt Neceſſity:
I'll ſhew you thoſe in Troubles Reign,
Loſing a Mite, a Mountain gain:
The Good in Converſation,
To whom I give my Benizon,
Is ſtill at Tharſus, *where each Man*
Thinks all is writ he ſpoken can:
And to remember what he does,
Build his Statue to make him glorious:
But Tydings to the contrary,
Are brought t' your Eyes, what need ſpeak I.

Dumb Show.

Enter at one Door *Pericles* talking with *Cleon*, all the Train with them. Enter at another Door, a Gentleman with a Letter to *Pericles*; *Pericles* ſhews the Letter to *Cleon*, *Pericles* gives the Meſſenger a Reward, and Knights him.

[*Exit* Pericles *at one Door, and* Cleon *at another.*

Good Hellican *that ſtaid at home,*
Not to eat Honey like a Drone,
From others Labours; for though he ſtrive
To killen bad, keep good alive:
And to fulfil his Prince's Deſire,
Sav'd one of all that haps in Tyre:
How Thaliard *came full bent with Sin,*
And had intent to murther him;
And that in Tharſus *was not beſt,*
Longer for him to make his reſt:
He doing ſo, put forth to Seas,
Where when Men bin, there's ſeldom Eaſe,

For

For now the Wind begins to blow,
Thunder above, and Deeps below,
Makes ſuch unquiet, that the Ship
Should Houſe him ſafe, is wrackt and ſplit,
And he, good Prince, having all loſt,
By Waves, from Coaſt to Coaſt is toſt:
All Periſhen of Man, of Pelf,
Ne ought eſcapen'd but himſelf;
'Till Fortune tir'd with doing bad,
Threw him aſhore to give him glad:
And here he comes; what ſhall be next,
Pardon old Gower, *thus long's the Text.*

Enter Pericles *wet.*

Per. Yet ceaſe your Ire, you angry Stars of Heav'n,
Wind, Rain, and Thunder; remember earthly Man
Is but a Subſtance that muſt yield to you:
And I, as fits my Nature, do obey you.
Alas, the Seas hath caſt me on the Rocks,
Waſht me from Shore to Shore, and left my Breath
Nothing to think on, but enſuing Death;
Let it ſuffice the greatneſs of your Powers,
To have bereft a Prince of all his Fortunes,
And having thrown him from your watry Grave,
Here to have Death in Peace, is all he'll crave.

Enter three Fiſhermen.

1 *Fiſh.* What, to pelch?
2 *Fiſh.* Ha, come and bring away the Nets.
1 *Fiſh.* What patch Breech, I ſay.
3 *Fiſh.* What ſay you, Maſter?
1 *Fiſh.* Look how thou ſtirreſt now.
Come away, or I'll fetch thee with a Wannion.
3 *Fiſh.* Faith, Maſter, I am thinking of the poor Men
That were caſt away before us, even now.
1 *Fiſh.* Alas, poor Souls, it griev'd my Heart to hear
What pitiful Cries they made to us, to help them,
When, well-a-day, we could ſcarcely help our ſelves.
3 *Fiſh.* Nay, Maſter, ſaid not I as much,
When I ſaw the *Porpus* how he bounc'd and tumbled?
They ſay, they are half Fiſh, half Fleſh;
A Plague on them, they ne'er come but I look to be waſht.

Master, I marvel how the Fishes live in the Sea?
1. *Fish.* Why, as Men do a Land,
The great ones eat up the little ones:
I can compare our rich Misers, to nothing so fitly
As to a Whale; he plays and tumbles,
Driving the poor Fry before him,
And at last devours them all at a Mouthful.
Such Whales have I heard on a'th Land,
Who never leave gaping, 'till they swallow'd
The whole Parish, Church, Steeple, Bells and all.
Per. A pretty Moral.
3 *Fish.* But, Master, if I had been the Sexton;
I would have been that Day in the Belfrey.
2 *Fish.* Why, Man?
3 *Fish.* Because he should have swallow'd me too:
And when I had been in his Belly,
I would have kept such a jangling of the Bells,
That he should never have left,
'Till he cast Bells, Steeple, Church and Parish up again.
But if the good King *Symonides* were of my mind,
Per. Symonides?
3 *Fish.* We would purge the Land of these Drones,
That rob the Bee of her Honey.
Per. How from the fenny subject of the Sea
These Fishers tell the Infirmities of Men,
And from their watry Empire recollect,
All that may Men approve, or Men detect.
Peace be at your Labour, honest Fishermen.
2 *Fish.* Honest, good Fellow, what's that, if it be a Day fits you,
Search out of the Kalender, and no body look after it?
Per. Y'may see the Sea hath cast me upon your Coast.
2 *Fish.* What a drunken Knave was the Sea,
To cast thee in our way.
Per. A Man whom both the Waters and the Wind,
In that vast Tennis-Court, hath made the Ball
For them to play upon, intreats you pity him:
He asks of you, that never us'd to beg.
1 *Fish.* No, Friend, cannot you beg?
Here's them in our Country of *Greece*,
Get more with Begging, than we can do with Working.

2 *Fish.*

2 *Fiſh.* Canſt thou catch any Fiſhes then?

Per. I never practis'd it.

2 *Fiſh.* Nay, then thou wilt ſtarve ſure; for here's nothing to be got now-a-days, unleſs thou canſt fiſh for't.

Per. What I have been, I have forgot to know;
But what I am, Want teaches me to think on;
A Man throng'd up with Cold, my Veins are chill,
And have no more of Life, than may ſuffice
To give my Tongue that heat to ask your help:
Which if you ſhall refuſe, when I am dead,
For that I am a Man, pray ſee me buried.

1 *Fiſh.* Die ko-tha, now Gods forbid, I have a Gown here, come put it on, keep thee warm; now afore me a handſome Fellow: Come, thou ſhalt go home, and we'll have Fleſh for all Day, Fiſh for faſting Days and more; or Puddings and Flap-jacks, and thou ſhalt be welcome.

Per. I thank you, Sir.

2 *Fiſh.* Hark you, my Friend, you ſaid you could not beg.

Per. I did but crave.

2 *Fiſh.* But crave? then I'll turn Craver too,
And ſo I ſhall ſcape whipping.

Per. Why, are all your Beggars whipt then?

2 *Fiſh.* Oh not all, my Friend, not all; for if all your Beggars were whipt, I would wiſh no better Office, than to be Beadle. But, Maſter, I'll go draw the Net.

Per. How well this honeſt Mirth becomes their Labour?

1 *Fiſh.* Hark you, Sir, do you know where ye are?

Per. Not well.

1 *Fiſh.* I tell you, this is called *Pantapolis*,
And our King, the good *Symonides*.

Per. The good King *Symonides*, do you call him?

1 *Fiſh.* Ay, Sir, and he deſerves ſo to be call'd,
For his peaceable Reign, and good Government.

Per. He is a happy King, ſince he gains from
His Subjects, the name of good, by his Government.
How far is his Court diſtant from this Shore?

1 *Fiſh.* Marry, Sir, half a Day's Journey; and I'll tell you, he hath a fair Daughter, and to morrow is her Birth-day, and there are Princes and Knights come from all parts of the World, to Juſt and Turney for her Love.

Per. Were my Fortunes equal to my Deſires,

I could wiſh to make one there.

2 *Fiſh.* Oh Sir, things muſt be as they may; and what a Man cannot get, he may lawfully deal for his Wife's Soul.

Enter the two Fiſher-men drawing up a Net.

2 *Fiſh.* Help, Maſter, help, here's a Fiſh hangs in the Net, like a poor Man's Right in the Law, 'twill hardly come out. Ha bots on't, 'tis come at laſt, and 'tis turned to a ruſty Armor.

Per. An Armor, Friends! I pray you let me ſee it.
Thanks, Fortune, yet that after all Croſſes,
Thou giv'ſt me ſomewhat to repair my ſelf;
And though it was mine own, part of mine Heritage,
Which my dead Father did bequeath to me,
With this ſtrict Charge, even as he left his Life:
Keep it, my *Pericles*, it hath been a Shield
'Twixt me and Death; and pointed to this Brayſe;
For that it ſav'd me; keep it in like neceſſity;
The which the Gods protect thee, Fame may defend thee.
It kept where I kept, I ſo dearly lov'd it,
'Till the rough Seas, that ſpares not any Man,
Took it in rage, though calm'd hath given't again:
I thank thee for't, my Shipwrack now's no ill,
Since I have here my Father's Gift in's Will.

1 *Fiſh.* What mean you, Sir?

Per. To beg of you, kind Friends, this Coat of Worth,
For it was ſometime Target to a King,
I know it by this Mark; he lov'd me dearly,
And for his ſake, I wiſh the having of it;
And that you'd guide me to your Soveraign's Court,
Where with it I may appear a Gentleman;
And if that ever my low Fortune's better,
I'll pay your Bounties; 'till then reſt your Debtor.

1 *Fiſh.* Why, wilt thou turney for the Lady?

Per. I'll ſhew the vertue I have born in Arms.

1 *Fiſh.* Why, take it, and the Gods give thee good on't.

2 *Fiſh.* But hark you, my Friend, 'twas we that made up this Garment through the rough Seams of the Waters; there are certain Condolements, certain Vails; I hope, Sir, if you Thrive, you'll remember from whence you had them.

Per. Believe it I will;
By your furtherance I am cloath'd in Steel,
And ſpight of all the rupture of the Sea,

This

This Jewel holds his building on my Arm;
Unto thy value I will mount my ſelf
Upon a Courſer, whoſe delightful ſteps,
Shall make the Gazer joy to ſee him tread:
Only, my Friend, I yet am unprovided of a pair of Baſes.

2 Fiſh. We'll ſure provide, thou ſhalt have
My beſt Gown to make thee a pair;
And I'll bring thee to the Court my ſelf.

Per. Then Honour be but a Goal to my Will,
This Day I'll riſe, or elſe add ill to ill. [*Exeunt.*

Enter Symonides *with Attendants, and* Thaiſa.

King. Are the Knights ready to begin the Triumph?

1 Lord. They are, my Liege, and ſtay your coming,
To preſent themſelves.

King. Return them; we are ready, and our Daughter
In Honour of whoſe Birth, theſe Triumphs are, [here,
Sits here like Beauty's Child, whom Nature gat,
For Men to ſee, and ſeeing wonder at.

Thai. It pleaſeth you, my royal Father, to expreſs
My Commendations great, whoſe Merit's leſs.

King. It's fit it ſhould be ſo; for Princes are
A Model which Heav'n makes like it ſelf:
As Jewels loſe their Glory, if neglected,
So Princes their Renowns, if not reſpected.
'Tis now your Honour, Daughter, to entertain
The Labour of each Knight, in his Device.

Thai. Which to preſerve mine Honour, I'll perform.
[*The firſt Knight paſſes by.*

King. Who is the firſt that doth prefer himſelf?

Thai. A Knight of *Sparta*, my renowned Father,
And the Device he bears upon his Shield,
Is a black Æthiop reaching at the Sun;
The word, *Lux tua vita mihi.*

King. He loves you well, that holds his Life of you.
[*The ſecond Knight.*
Who is the ſecond, that preſents himſelf?

Thai. A Prince of *Macedon*, my royal Father,
And the Device he bears upon his Shield,
Is an arm'd Knight, that's conquer'd by a Lady.
The Motto thus in *Spaniſh*, *Pue Per doleera kee per forſa.*
[*The third Knight.*

King. And what's the third? *Thai.*

Thai. The third of *Antioch*; and his Device
A wreath of Chivalry; the word, *Me Pompey provexit apex.*
[*The fourth Knight.*

King. What is the Fourth?

Thai. A burning Torch that's turned upside down;
The word, *Qui me alit, me extinguit.*

King. Which shews that Beauty hath his Power and Will,
Which can as well enflame, as it can kill.
[*The fifth Knight.*

Thai. The fifth, an Hand environed with Clouds,
Holding out Gold, that's by the Touch-stone try'd:
The Motto thus, *Sic spectanda fides.*
[*The sixth Knight,*

King. And what's the sixth and last, the which the Knight himself with such a graceful Courtesie deliver'd?

Thai. He seems to be a Stranger; but his Present is
A wither'd Branch, that's only green at top;
The Motto, *In hac spe vivo.*

King. A pretty Moral;
From the dejected State wherein he is,
He hopes by you his Fortunes yet may flourish.

1 *Lord.* He had need mean better than his outward Shew
Can any way speak in his just commend:
For, by his rusty outside, he appears
To'ave practis'd more the Whipstock than the Lance.

2 *Lord.* He well may be a Stranger, for he comes
To an honour'd Triumph strangely furnish'd.

3 *Lord.* And on set purpose let his Armour rust
Until this Day, to scowre it in the Dust.

King. Opinion's but a Fool, that makes us scan
The outward Habit by the inward Man.
But stay, the Knights are coming,
We will withdraw into the Gallery. [*Exeunt.*

[*Great Shouts, and all cry, The mean Knight.*

Enter the King and Knights from Tilting.

King. Knights, to say you're welcome, were superfluous.
To place upon the Volumn of your Deeds,
As in a Title Page, your worth in Arms,
Were more than you expect, or more than's fit,
Since every worth in shew commends it self;

Prepare

Prepare for Mirth, for Mirth comes at a Feaſt.
You are Princes, and my Gueſts.
Thai. But you, my Knight and Gueſt,
To whom this wreath of Victory I give,
And Crown you King of this Day's happineſs.
Per. 'Tis more by Fortune, Lady, than by Merit.
King. Call it by what you will, the Day is yours,
And here, I hope, is none that envies it.
In framing an Artiſt, Art hath thus decreed,
To make ſome good, but others to exceed,
And you her labour'd Scholar: Come, Queen o'th' Feaſt,
For, Daughter, ſo you are, here take your Place:
Martial the reſt, as thy deſerve their grace.
Knights. We are honour'd much by good *Symonides.*
King. Your Preſence glads our Days, Honour we love,
For who hates Honour, hates the Gods above.
Marſh. Sir, yonder is your Place.
Per. Some other is more fit.
1 *Knight.* Contend not, Sir, for we are Gentlemen,
That neither in our Hearts, nor outward Eyes,
Envy the Great, nor do the Low deſpiſe.
Per. You are right courteous Knights.
King. Sit, ſit, ſit.
By *Jove*, I wonder, that is King of Thoughts,
Theſe Cates reſiſt me, he not thought upon.
Thai. By *Juno*, that is Queen of Marriage,
All Viands that I eat do ſeem unſavoury,
Wiſhing him my Meat; ſure he's a gallant Gentleman.
King. He's but a Country Gentleman; has done no more
Than other Knights have done, has broken a Staff,
Or ſo; let it paſs.
Thai. To me he ſeems a Diamond to Glaſs.
Per. Yon King's to me, like to my Father's Picture,
Which tells me in that Glory once he was,
And Princes ſat like Stars about his Throne,
And he the Sun, for them to reverence;
None that beheld him, but like leſſer Lights,
Did vail their Crowns to his Supremacy;
Where now his Son, like a Glo-worm in the Night,
The which hath Fire in Darkneſs, none in Light;
Whereby I ſee that Time's the King of Men,

For

For he's their Parents, and he is their Grave,
And gives them what he will, not what they crave.
King. What, are you merry, Knights?
Knights. Who can be other in this Royal Presence?
King. Here, with a Cup that's stirr'd unto the brim,
As you do love, fill to your Mistress Lips,
We drink this Health to you.
Knights. We thank your Grace.
King. Yet pause a while,
Yon Knight doth sit too melancholy,
As if the Entertainment in our Court,
Had not a shew might countervail his worth.
Note it not you, *Thaisa*?
Thai. What is't to me, my Father?
King. O, attend, my Daughter,
Princes, in this, should live like Gods above,
Who freely give to every one that come to honour them:
And Princes not doing so, are like to Gnats,
Which make a sound, but kill'd are wondred at:
Therefore to make his entrance now more sweet,
Here say we drink this standing Bowl of Wine to him.
Thai. Alas, my Father, it befits not me,
Unto a stranger Knight to be so bold,
He may my Proffer take for an Offence,
Since Men take Womens Gifts for Impudence.
King. How! do as I bid you, or you'll move me else.
Thai. Now, by the Gods, he could not please me better.
King. And furthermore tell him,
We desire to know of him,
Of whence he is, his Name and Parentage.
Thai. The King my Father, Sir, hath drunk to you.
Per. I thank him.
Thai. Wishing it so much Blood unto your Life.
Per. I thank both him and you, and pledge him freely.
Thai. And further he desires to know of you,
Of whence you are, your Name and Parentage.
Per. A Gentleman of *Tyre*, my Name *Pericles*,
My Education been in Arts and Arms,
Who looking for Adventures in the World,
Was by the rough Seas reft of Ships and Men,
And after Shipwrack, driv'n upon this Shore.

Thai.

Thai. He thanks your Grace; names himself *Pericles*,
A Gentleman of *Tyre*, who only by Misfortune of the Seas,
Bereft of Ships and Men, cast on the Shore.
King. Now, by the Gods, I pity his Misfortune,
And will awake him from his Melancholy.
Come, Gentlemen, we sit too long on Trifles,
And waste the time, which looks for other Revels.
Ev'n in your Armors, as you are addrest,
Will very well become a Soldier's Dance:
I will not have excuse, with saying that
Loud Musick is too harsh for Ladies Heads,
Since they love Men in Arms, as well as Beds.
[*They dance.*
So, this was well ask'd, 'twas well perform'd,
Come, Sir, here's a Lady that wants breathing too:
And I have heard, you Knights of *Tyre*,
Are excellent in making Ladies trip,
And that their Measures are as excellent.
Per. In those that practise them, they are, my Lord.
King. Oh that's as much, as you would be deny'd
Of your fair Courtesie, unclasp, unclasp. [*They dance.*
Thanks, Gentlemen, to all; all have done well,
But you the best. Pages and Lights, to conduct
These Knights unto their several Lodgings:
Yours, Sir, we have giv'n order to be next our own.
Per. I am at your Grace's pleasure.
King. Princes, it is too late to talk of Love,
And that's the mark I know you level at:
Therefore each one betake him to his Rest,
To Morrow, all for speeding do their best.
Enter Hellicanus, *and* Escanes.
Hell. No, *Escanes*, know this of me,
Antiochus from Incest liv'd not free:
For which, the most high Gods not minding
Longer to with-hold the Vengeance that
They had in store, due to his heinous
Capital Offence; even in the height and pride
Of all his Glory, when he was seated in
A Chariot of an inestimable Value, and his Daughter
With him; a Fire from Heav'n came and shrivel'd
Up those Bodies, even to loathing, for they so stunk

That

That all those Eyes ador'd them, e'er their fall,
Scorn now their Hand should give them Burial.
Esca. It was very strange.
Hell. And yet but Justice;
For though this King were great,
His Greatness was no guard to bare Heav'ns shaft,
By Sin had his reward.
Esca. 'Tis very true.

Enter two or three Lords.

1 *Lord.* See, not a Man in private Conference,
Or Counsel, hath respect with him but he.
2 *Lord.* It shall no longer grieve without reproof.
3 *Lord.* And curst be he that will not second it.
1 *Lord.* Follow me then: Lord *Hellican*, a word.
Hell. With me? and welcome, happy Day, my Lords.
1 *Lord.* Know that our Griefs are risen to the top,
And now at length they over-flow their Banks.
Hell. Your Griefs, for what? wrong not your Prince you love.
1 *Lord.* Wrong not your self then, noble *Hellican*,
But if the Prince do live, let us salute him,
Or know what Ground's made happy by his Breath:
If in the World he live, we'll seek him out:
If in his Grave he rest, we'll find him there,
And be resolv'd, he lives to govern us:
Or dead, give's Cause to mourn his Funeral,
And leave us to our free Election.
2 *Lord.* Whose death indeed, the strongest in our censure:
And knowing this Kingdom is without a Head,
Like goodly Buildings left without a Roof,
Soon fall to ruin: Your noble self,
That best knows how to rule, and how to reign,
We thus submit unto our Soveraign.
Omn. Live, noble *Hellican.*
Hell. Try Honours Cause; forbear your Suffrages:
If that you love Prince *Pericles*, forbear:
(Take I your wish, I leap into the Seas,
Where's hourly trouble, for a Minutes ease,)
A twelve Month longer, let me entreat you
To forbear the absence of your King;

If

If in which time expir'd, he not return,
I ſhall with aged Patience bear your Yoke.
But if I cannot win you to this Love,
Go ſearch like Nobles, like noble Subjects,
And in your ſearch, ſpend your adventurous worth,
Whom if you find, and win unto return,
You ſhall like Diamonds ſit about his Crown.

1 *Lord.* To Wiſdom, he's a Fool that will not yield,
And ſince Lord *Hellican* enjoineth us,
We with our Travels will endeavour.

Hell. Then you love us, we you, and we'll claſp Hands,
When Peers thus knit, a Kingdom ever ſtands. [*Exeunt.*

Enter the King reading of a Letter at one Door, and the Knights meet him.

1 *Knight.* Good morrow to the good *Symonides.*

King. Knights, from my Daughter this I let you know,
That for this twelve Month, ſhe'll not undertake
A married Life: Her Reaſon to her ſelf is only known,
Which yet from her by no means can I get.

2 *Knight.* May we not get acceſs to her, my Lord?

King. Faith, by no means, ſhe hath ſo ſtrictly
Ty'd her to her Chamber, that 'tis impoſſible:
One twelve Moons more ſhe'll wear *Diana*'s Livery:
This by the Eye of *Cynthia* hath ſhe vow'd,
And on her Virgin honour will not break.

3 *Knight.* Loth to bid farewel, we take our leaves. [*Exe.*

King. So, they are well diſpatch'd,
Now to my Daughter's Letter; ſhe tells me here,
She'll wed the ſtranger Knight,
Or never more to view nor Day nor Light.
'Tis well, Miſtreſs, your choice agrees with mine,
I like that well; nay, how abſolute ſhe's in't,
Not minding whether I diſlike or no.
Well, I do commend her choice, and will no longer
Have it be delay'd: Soft, here he comes,
I muſt diſſemble it.

Enter Pericles.

Per. All Fortune to the good *Symonides.*

King. To you as much: Sir, I am beholding to you,
For your ſweet Muſick this laſt Night:

I do proteſt, my Ears were never fed
With ſuch delightful pleaſing Harmony.
Per. It is your Grace's Pleaſure to commend,
Not my Deſert.
King. Sir, you are Muſick's Maſter.
Per. The worſt of all her Scholars, my good Lord.
King. Let me ask you one thing.
What do you think of my Daughter, Sir?
Per. A moſt virtuous Princeſs.
King. And ſhe's fair too, is ſhe not?
Per. As a fair Day in Summer: Wondrous Fair.
King. Sir, my Daughter thinks very well of you,
I ſo well, that you muſt be her Maſter,
And ſhe will be your Scholar; therefore look to it.
Per. I am unworthy to be her School-maſter.
King. She thinks not ſo, peruſe this writing elſe.
Per. What's here, a Letter,
That ſhe loves the Knight of *Tyre?*
'Tis the King's Subtilty to have my Life:
Oh ſeek not to intrap me, gracious Lord,
A Stranger and diſtreſſed Gentleman,
That never aim'd ſo high to love your Daughter,
But bent all Offices to honour her.
King. Thou haſt bewitch'd my Daughter,
And thou art a Villain.
Per. By the Gods I have not;
Never did thought of mine levy Offence;
Nor never did my Actions yet commence
A Deed might gain her Love, or your Diſpleaſure.
King. Traitor, thou lieſt.
Per. Traitor!
King. Ay, Traitor.
Per. Even in his Throat, unleſs it be a King,
That calls me Traitor, I return the Lie.
King. Now by the Gods I do applaud his Courage.
Per. My Actions are as noble as my Thoughts,
That never reliſh'd of a baſe Deſcent:
I came unto the Court for Honour's Cauſe,
And not to be a Rebel to her State:
And he that otherwiſe accounts of me,
This Sword ſhall prove, he's Honour's Enemy.

King.

King. No? here comes my Daughter, she can witness it.

Enter Thaisa.

Per. Then as you are as Virtuous, as Fair,
Resolve your angry Father, if my Tongue
Did e'er solicit, or my Hand subscribe
To any Syllable that made love to you?

Thai. Why, Sir, if you had, who takes offence,
At that would make me glad?

King. Yea, Mistress, are you so peremptory?
I am glad of it with all my Heart. [*Aside.*
I'll tame you, I'll bring you in subjection.
Will you, not having my Consent,
Bestow your Love and your Affections
Upon a Stranger? who, for ought I know, [*Aside.*
May be, nor can I think the contrary,
As great in Blood as I my self.
Therefore hear you, Mistress, either frame
Your Will to mine; and you, Sir, hear you,
Either be rul'd by me, or I'll make you——
Man and Wife; nay, come, your Hands
And Lips must seal it too: And being join'd,
I'll thus your hopes destroy, and for further Grief,
God give you Joy; what, are you both pleas'd?

Thai. Yes, if you love me, Sir.

Per. Ev'n as my Life, or Blood that fosters it.

King. What, are you both agreed?

Amb. Yes, if it please your Majesty.

King. It pleaseth me so well, that I will see you wed,
And then with what haste you can, get you to Bed.

Enter *Gower.*

Now ysleep slaked hath the rout,
No din but snores about the House,
Made louder by the o'er-fee Beast,
Of this most pompous Marriage Feast:
The Cat with eyne of burning Coal,
Now couches from the Mouses hole;
And Cricket Sing at the Ovens Mouth,
Are the blither for their Drouth:
Hymen *hath brought the Bride to Bed,*
Where, by the loss of Maidenhead,

A Babe is moulded, by attent,
And time that is ſo briefly ſpent,
With your fine fancies quaintly each,
What's dumb in ſhew, I'll plain with Speech.

Enter *Pericles* and *Symonides* at one Door with Attendants, a Meſſenger meets them, kneels, and gives *Pericles* a Letter, *Pericles* ſhews it *Symonides*, the Lords kneel to him; then enter *Thaiſa* with Child, with *Lychorida* a Nurſe, the King ſhews her the Letter, ſhe rejoices: She and *Pericles* take leave of her Father, and depart.

By many a dearn and painful pearch
Of Pericles, *the careful ſearch,*
By the four oppoſing Crignes,
Which the World together joynes,
Is made with all due diligence,
That Horſe and Sail, and high Expence,
Can ſteed the queſt at laſt from Tyre,
Fame anſwering the moſt ſtrange Enquire,
To th' Court of King Symonides,
Are Letters brought, the tenour theſe.
Antiochus *and his Daughter's dead,*
The Men of Tyrus, *on the Head*
Of Hellicanus *would ſet on*
The Crown of Tyre, *but he will none:*
The mutiny he there haſtes t'oppreſs,
Sayes to them, if King Pericles
Come not home in twice ſix Moons,
He, obedient to their dooms,
Will take the Crown: The ſum of this
Brought hither to Pentapolis,
Irony ſhed the Regions round,
And every one with claps can ſound,
Our Heir apparent is a King:
Who dream't? who thought of ſuch a thing?
Brief, he muſt hence depart to Tyre,
His Queen with Child, makes her deſire,
Which who ſhall croſs, along to go,
Omit we all their dole and woe:
Lychorida *her Nurſe ſhe takes,*
And ſo to Sea; then veſſel ſhakes

On

On Neptune's *billow, half the Flood*
Hath their Keel cut; but Fortune mov'd,
Varies again, the grisly North
Disgorges such a Tempest forth,
That as a Duck for life that dives,
So up and down the poor Ship drives:
The Lady shreeks, and well-a-near,
Doth fall in travel with her fear:
And what ensues in this self storm,
Shall for it self, it self perform:
I nill relate, Action may
Conveniently the rest convey;
Which might not? what by me is told,
In your imagination hold:
This Stage, the Ship, upon whose Deck
The Seas tost Pericles *appears to speak.*

Enter Pericles *on Shipboard.*

Per. Thou God of this great vast, rebuke these Surges
Which wash both Heav'n and Hell; and thou that hast
Upon the Winds command, bind them in Brass,
Having call'd them from the Deep; O still
Thy deafning dreadful Thunders; daily quench
Thy nimble sulphurous Flashes: O how, *Lychorida*?
How does my Queen? then storm venomously,
Wilt thou spit all thy self? the Seamans whistle
Is a whisper in the Ears of Death,
Unheard *Lychorida*? *Lucina*, oh——
Divinest Patroness, and my Wife, gentle
To those that cry by Night, convey thy Deity
Aboard our dancing Boat, make swift the pangs
Of my Queen's Travels. Now, *Lychorida.*

Enter Lychorida.

Lyc. Here is a thing too young for such a place,
Who if it had conceit, would die, as I am like to do:
Take in your Arms this piece of your dead Queen.

Per. How? how, *Lychorida*?

Lyc. Patience, good Sir, do not assist the Storm,
Here's all that is left living of our Queen;
A little Daughter, for the sake of it
Be manly, and take comfort.

Per. Oh you Gods!
Why do you make us love your goodly Gifts,
And ſnatch them ſtraight away?
We here below, recal not what we give,
And we therein may uſe honour with you.
Lyc. Patience, good Sir, even for this charge.
Per. Now mild may be thy Life,
For a more bluſtrous Birth had never Babe:
Quiet and gentle thy Conditions;
For thou art the rudelieſt welcome to this World,
That ever was Prince's Child; happy that follows,
Thou haſt as chiding a Nativity,
As Fire, Air, Water, Earth, and Heav'n can make,
To harold thee from the Womb:
Ev'n at the firſt, thy loſs is more than can
Thy Portage quit, with all thou canſt find here:
Now the good Gods throw their beſt Eyes upon it.

Enter two Sailors.

1 *Sail.* What courage, Sir? God ſave you.
Per. Courage enough, I do not fear the Flaw,
It hath done to me the worſt: Yet for the love
Of this poor Infant, this freſh new Sea-farer,
I would it would be quiet.
1 *Sail.* Slack the Bolins there; thou wilt not, wilt thou blow and ſplit thy ſelf?
2 *Sail.* But Sea-room, and the brine and cloudy Billow kiſs the Moon, I care not.
1 *Sail.* Sir, your Queen muſt over-board,
The Sea works high, the Wind is loud,
And will not lye 'till the Ship be clear'd of the dead.
Per. That's your Superſtition.
1 *Sail.* Pardon us, Sir, with us at Sea it ſtill hath been obſerv'd,
And we are ſtrong in Eaſtern, therefore briefly yield her.
Per. As you think meet, for ſhe muſt o'er-board ſtraight,
Moſt wretched Queen.
Lyc. Here ſhe lyes, Sir.
Per. A terrible Child-bed haſt thou had, my Dear;
No Light, no Fire, the unfriendly Elements
Forgot thee utterly, nor have I time
To bring thee hallow'd to thy Grave, but ſtraight

Muſt

Muſt caſt thee ſcarcely Coffin'd, in oar,
Where for a Monument upon thy Bones.
The Air remaining Lamps, the belching Whale,
And humming Water muſt o'erwhelm thy Corps,
Lying with ſimple Shells: Oh, *Lychorida*,
Bid *Neſtor* bring me Spices, Ink and Paper,
My Casket and my Jewels, and bid *Nicander*
Bring me the Sattin Coffin: Lay the Babe
Upon the Pillow; hie thee, whiles I ſay
A Prieſtly farewel to her: Suddenly, Woman.

2 *Sail.* Sir, we have a Cheſt beneath the Hatches,
Caulk'd and bitumed ready.

Per. I thank thee: Mariner, ſay, what Coaſt is this?

2 *Sail.* We are near *Tharſus*.

Per. Thither, gentle Mariner,
Alter thy courſe for *Tyre*: When canſt thou reach it?

2 *Sail.* By break of day, if the wind ceaſe.

Per. O make for *Tharſus*,
There will I viſit *Cleon*, for the Babe
Cannot hold out to *Tyrus*; there I'll leave it
At careful Nurſing: Go thy ways, good Mariner,
I'll bring the Body preſently. [*Exeunt.*

Enter Lord Cerymon *with a Servant.*

Cer. Philemon, ho!

Enter Philemon.

Phil. Doth my Lord call?

Cer. Get Fire and Meat for theſe poor Men,
It hath been a turbulent and ſtormy Night.

Ser. I have been in many; but ſuch a Night as this,
'Till now, I ne'er endur'd.

Cer. Your Maſter will be dead e'er you return,
There's nothing can be miniſtred to Nature,
That can recover him: Give this to the Pothecary,
And tell me how it works.

Enter two Gentlemen.

1 *Gent.* Good morrow.

2 *Gent.* Good morrow to your Lordſhip.

Cer. Gentlemen, why do you ſtir ſo early?

1 *Gent.* Sir, our Lodging ſtanding bleak upon the Sea,
Shook as if the Earth did quake:

The very Principles did ſeem to rend and all to topple,
Pure ſurpriſe and fear made me to leave the Houſe.

2 *Gent.* That is the Cauſe we trouble you ſo early,
'Tis not our Husbandry.

Cer. O you ſay well.

1 *Gent.* But I much marvel that your Lordſhip
Having rich Attire about you, ſhould at theſe early Hours
Shake off the golden Slumber of repoſe; 'tis moſt ſtrange,
Nature ſhould be ſo converſant with pain,
Being thereto not compelled.

Cer. I hold it ever Virtue and Cunning.
Were Endowments greater, than Nobleneſs and Riches;
Careleſs Heirs may the two latter darken and expend;
But Immortality attends the former,
Making a Man a God:
'Tis known, I ever have ſtudied Phyſick,
Through which ſecret Art, by turning o'er Authority,
I have together with my Practice, made familiar
To me and to my aid, the beſt Infuſions that dwell
In Vegetives, in Metals, Stones; and can ſpeak of the
Diſturbances that Nature works, and of her Cures;
Which doth give me a more content
In courſe of true Delight
Than to be thirſty after tottering Honour,
Or tie my Pleaſure up in ſilken Bags,
To pleaſe the Fool and Death.

2 *Gent.* Your Honour hath through *Epheſus*,
Pour'd forth your Charity, and hundreds call themſelves
Your Creatures; who by you have been reſtor'd,
And not your Knowledge, your perſonal Pain,
But even your Purſe ſtill open, hath built Lord *Cerymon*
Such ſtrong Renown, as never ſhall decay:

Enter two or three with a Cheſt.

Ser. So, lift there.

Cer. What's that?

Ser. Sir, even now did the Sea toſs up upon our Shore
This Cheſt; 'tis of ſome wrack.

Cer. Set it down, let us look upon it.

2 *Gent.* 'Tis like a Coffin, Sir.

Cer. What e'er it be, 'tis wondrous heavy;
Wrench it open ſtraight;

If

If the Seas Stomach be o'er charg'd with Gold,
'Tis a good conſtraint of Fortune it belches upon us.
2 *Gent.* 'Tis ſo, my Lord.
Cer. How cloſe 'tis caulk'd and bottom'd, did the Sea caſt it up?
Ser. I never ſaw ſo huge a Billow, Sir, as toſt it upon Shore.
Cer. Wrench it open; it ſmells moſt ſweetly in my Sence.
2 *Gent.* A delicate Odour.
Cer. As ever hit my Noſtril; ſo, up with it.
Oh you moſt potent Gods! what's here, a Coarſe?
1 *Gent.* Moſt ſtrange.
Cer. Shrowded in Cloth of State, balm'd and entreaſured
With full Bags of Spices, a Paſſport to *Apollo*,
Perfect me in the Characters.

Here I give to underſtand,
If e'er this Coffin drive a-land;
I King Pericles *have loſt*
This Queen, worth all our mundane coſt:
Who finds her, give her Burying,
She was the Daughter of a King.
Beſides this Treaſure for a Fee,
The Gods requite his Charity.

If thou liveſt *Pericles*, thou haſt a Heart
That even cracks for wo; this chanc'd to Night.
2 *Gent.* Moſt likely, Sir.
Cer. Nay, certainly to Night.
For look how freſh ſhe looks!
They were too rough, that threw her in the Sea.
Make a Fire within, fetch hither all my Boxes in my Cloſet,
Death may uſurp on Nature many Hours,
And yet the Fire of Life kindle again the o'er-preſt Spirits.
I heard of an *Ægyptian* that had nine Hours been dead,
Who was by good appliance recovered.
Enter one with Napkins and Fire.
Well ſaid, well ſaid, the Fire and Cloaths,
The rough and woful Muſick that we have,
Cauſe it to ſound I beſeech you:
The Vial once more; how thou ſtirreſt, thou Block?
The Muſick there; I pray you give her Air;

Gentlemen, this Queen will live,
Nature awakes a warm Breath out of her;
She hath not been entranc'd above five Hours.
See how ſhe gins to blow into Life's Flower again.

1 *Gent.* The Heav'ns, through you, encreaſe our Wonder,
And ſets up your Fame for ever.

Cer. She is alive, behold her Eye-lids,
Caſes to thoſe heav'nly Jewels which *Pericles* hath loſt,
Begin to part their Fringes of bright Gold,
The Diamonds of a moſt praiſed Water doth appear,
To make the World twice rich, live, and make us weep
To hear your Fate, fair Creature, rare as you ſeem to be.

[*She moves.*

Thai. O dear *Diana*, where am I? where's my Lord?
What World is this?

2 *Gent.* Is not this ſtrange?

1 *Gent.* Moſt rare.

Cer. Huſh, my gentle Neighbours, lend me your Hands,
To the next Chamber bear her, get Linnen;
Now this matter muſt be look'd to, for the Relapſe
Is mortal: Come, come, and, *Eſculapius*, guide us.

[*Exeunt, carrying her away.*

ACT III. SCENE I.

Enter Pericles *at* Tharſus, *with* Cleon *and* Dionyſia.

Per. MOST honour'd *Cleon*, I muſt needs be gone,
My twelve Months are expir'd, and *Tyre* ſtands
In a peace; you and your Lady take from my Heart
All Thankfulneſs. The Gods make up the reſt upon you.

Cle. Your ſhakes of Fortune, though they hate you
Mortally, yet glance full wondringly on us.

Dion. O your ſweet Queen!
That the ſtrict Fates had pleas'd you'd brought her hither,
To have bleſt mine Eyes with her.

Per. We cannot but obey the Pow'rs above us;
Could I rage and roar as doth the Sea ſhe lyes in,
Yet the end muſt be as 'tis: My gentle Babe, *Marina*,
Whom, for ſhe was born at Sea, I have nam'd ſo,

Here,

Here, I charge your Charity withal; leaving her
The Infant of your Care, beſeeching you to give her
Princely training, that ſhe may be manner'd as ſhe is born.

Cle. Fear not, my Lady, but think your Grace,
That fed my Country with your Corn; for which,
The Peoples Prayers daily fall upon you, muſt in your Child
Be thought on, if neglect ſhould therein make me vile,
The common Body that's by you reliev'd,
Would force me to my Duty; but if to that,
My Nature need a Spur, the Gods revenge it
Upon me and mine, to the end of Generation.

Per. I believe you, your Honour and your Goodneſs,
Teach me to't without your Vows, 'till ſhe be married,
Madam, by bright *Diana*, whom we honour,
All unſiſter'd ſhall this Heir of mine remain,
Though I ſhew will in't: So I take my leave:
Good Madam, make me bleſſed, in your care
In bringing up my Child.

Dion. I've one my ſelf, who ſhall not be more dear
To my reſpect than yours, my Lord.

Per. Madam, my Thanks and Prayers.

Cle. We'll bring your Grace to the Edge of the Shore, then give you up to the masked *Neptune*, and the gentleſt Winds of Heav'n.

Per. I will embrace your Offer. Come, deareſt Madam: O, no Tears, *Lychorida*, no Tears; look to your little Miſtreſs, on whoſe Grace you may depend hereafter: Come, my Lord. [*Exeunt.*

Enter Cerymon *and* Thaiſa.

Cer. Madam, this Letter, and ſome certain Jewels,
Lay with you in your Coffer,
Which are at your Command: Know you the Character?

Thai. It is my Lord's; that I was ſhip'd at Sea,
I well remember, ev'n on my eaning time;
But whether there delivered, by the holy Gods,
I cannot rightly ſay; but ſince King *Pericles*,
My wedded Lord, I ne'er ſhall ſee again,
A veſtal Livery will I take me to,
And never more have Joy.

Cer. Madam, if this you purpoſe as ye ſpeak,
Diana's Temple is not diſtant far,

Where

Where you may abide 'till your date expire;
Moreover if you pleaſe, a Niece of mine,
Shall there attend you.

Thai. My recompence is thanks, that's all,
Yet my good will is great, though the Gift ſmall. [*Exeunt.*

Enter *Gower.*

Gow. *Imagine* Pericles *arriv'd at* Tyre,
Welcom'd and ſetled to his own deſire;
His woful Queen we leave at Epheſus,
Unto Diana, *there's a Votareſs.*
Now to Marina *bend your mind,*
Whom our faſt growing Scene muſt find
At Tharſus, *and by* Cleon *train'd*
In Muſicks Letters, who hath gain'd
Of Education all the Grace,
Which makes high both the Art and Place
Of general Wonder: But alack,
That Monſter Envy, oft the Wrack
Of earned praiſe, Marina's *Life*
Seeks to take off by Treaſon's Knife,
And in this kind, our Cleon *hath*
One Daughter and a full grown Wench,
Even ripe for Marriage ſight: This Maid
Hight Philoten: *And it is ſaid*
For certain in our Story, ſhe
Would ever with Marina *be,*
Be't when they weav'd the ſledded Silk,
With Fingers long, ſmall, white as Milk,
Or when ſhe would with ſharp Needle wound
The Cambrick, which ſhe made more ſound
By hurting it, or when to th' Lute
She ſung, and made the Night Bed mute,
That ſtill records within one, or when
She would with rich and conſtant Pen,
Vail to her Miſtreſs Dion *ſtill,*
This Philoten *contends in skill*
With abſolute Marina: *So*
The Dove of Paphos *might with the Crow*
Vy Feathers white. Marina *gets*
All Praiſes, which are paid as Debts,

And

And not as given, this ſo darks
In Philoten *all graceful Marks,*
That Cleon's *Wife with Envy rare,*
A preſent Murderer do's prepare
For good Marina, *that her Daughter*
Might ſtand Peerleſs by this ſlaughter.
The ſooner her vile Thoughts to ſtead,
Lychorida *our Nurſe is dead,*
And curſed Dionyſia *hath*
The pregnant Inſtrument of wrath
Preſt for this blow, the unborn Event,
I do commend to your Content,
Only I carried winged Time,
Poſt on the lame Feet of my Rhime,
Which never could I ſo convey,
Unleſs your Thoughts went on my way.
Dionyſia *doth appear,*
With Leonine *a Murderer.* [Exit.

Enter Dionyſia, *and* Leonine.

Dion. Thy Oath remember, thou haſt ſworn to do it,
'Tis but a blow, which never ſhall be known,
Thou canſt not do a thing in the World ſo ſoon,
To yield thee ſo much profit, let not Conſcience
Which is but cold, inflaming thy love Boſom,
Enflame too nicely; nor let Pity, which
Even Women have caſt off, melt thee,
But be a Soldier to thy purpoſe.

Leon. I will do't, but yet ſhe is a goodly Creature.

Dion. The fitter then the Gods ſhould have her.
Here ſhe comes weeping for her only Miſtreſs Death:
Thou art reſolv'd?

Leon. I am reſolv'd.

Enter Marina *with a Basket of Flowers.*

Mar. No: I will rob gay *Tellus* of her Weed,
To ſtrew thy Grave with Flowers: The yellows, blews,
The purple Violets and Marigolds,
Shall as a Carpet hang upon thy Grave,
While Summer Days doth laſt. Ay me, poor Maid,
Born in a Tempeſt, when my Mother dy'd:
This World to me is like a laſting Storm,
Hurrying me from my Friends. *Dion.*

Dion. How now, *Marina?* why de'ye weep alone?
How chance my Daughter is not with you?
Do not consume your Blood with sorrowing,
You have a Nurse of me. Lord! how your favour's
Chang'd, with this unprofitable woe:
Come give me your Flowers, e'er the Sea mar it,
Walk with *Leonine,* the Air is quick there,
And it pierces and sharpens the Stomach:
Come, *Leonine,* take her by the Arm, walk with her.

Mar. No I pray you,
I'll not bereave you of your Servant.

Dion. Come, come;
I love the King your Father, and your self,
With more than foreign Heart; we every day
Expect him here, when he shall come and find
Our Paragon, to all Reports thus blasted,
He will repent the breadth of his great Voyage,
Blame both my Lord and me, that we have taken
No care to your best Courses. Go I pray you,
Walk and be Chearful once again; reserve
That excellent Complexion, which did steal
The Eyes of Young and Old. Care not for me,
I can go home alone.

Mar. Well, I will go,
But yet I have no desire to it.

Dion. Come, come, I know 'tis good for you;
Walk half an Hour, *Leonine,* at the least.
Remember what I have said.

Leon. I warrant you, Madam.

Dion. I'll leave you, my sweet Lady, for a while;
Pray walk softly, do not heat your Blood:
What, I must have a care of you. *Exit.*

Mar. My thanks, sweet Madam. Is the Wind Westerly that blows?

Leon. South-West.

Mar. When I was born, the Wind was North.

Leon. Was't so?

Mar. My Father, as Nurse saith, did never fear,
But cryed, good Seamen to the Sailors, galling
His kingly Hands,
Hailing the Ropes, and clasping to the Mast,
Endur'd a Sea that almost burst the Deck. *Leon.*

Leon. When was this?
Mar. When I was born,
Never was Waves nor Wind more violent,
And from the Ladder-Tackle, waſhes off
A Canvas Climer: Ha, ſaith one, wilt out?
And with a dropping Induſtry they skip
From Stern to Stern:
The Boat-ſwain whiſtles, and the Maſter calls
And trebbles their Confuſion.
Leon. Come, ſay your Prayers.
Mar. What mean you?
Leon. If you require a little ſpace for Prayer,
I grant it; pray, but be not tedious,
For the Gods are quick of Ear,
And I am ſworn to do my Work with haſte.
Mar. Why will you kill me?
Leon. To ſatisfie my Lady.
Mar. Why would ſhe have me kill'd now? as I can
Remember by my Troth, I never did hurt her
In all my Life, I never ſpake bad word,
Nor did ill turn to any living Creature;
Believe me now, I never kill'd a Mouſe,
Nor hurt a Fly. I trode upon a Worm once
Againſt my will, but I wept for it. How have I offended,
Wherein my Death might yield her any profit,
Or my Life imply her any danger?
Leon. My Commiſſion
Is not to reaſon of the Deed, but do it.
Mar. You will not do't for all the World, I hope:
You are well-favour'd, and your Looks fore-ſhew
You have a very gentle Heart. I ſaw you lately,
When you caught Hurt in parting two that fought:
Good ſooth, it ſhewed well in you, do ſo now,
Your Lady ſeeks my Life, come you between,
And ſave poor Me the weaker.
Leon. I am ſworn, and will diſpatch.

Enter Pirates.

1 *Pirat.* Hold, Villain.
2 *Pirat.* A prize! a prize!
3 *Pirat.* Half part, Mates, half part. Come, let's have her aboard ſuddenly. [*Exeunt.*

Enter

Enter Leonine.

Leon. Theſe roguing Thieves ſerve the great Pirate *Valdes*,
And they have ſeized *Marina*, let her go,
There's no hope ſhe will return: I'll ſwear ſhe's dead,
And thrown into the Sea; but I'll ſee further,
Perhaps they will but pleaſe themſelves upon her,
Not carry her aboard, if ſhe remain,
Whom they have raviſh'd, muſt by me be ſlain. [*Exit.*

Enter Pander, Boult *and* Bawd.

Pand. Boult.

Boult. Sir.

Pand. Search the Market narrowly, *Metalline* is full of Gallants, we loſt too much Mony this Mart, by being too Wenchleſs.

Bawd. We were never ſo much out of Creatures, we have but poor three, and they can do no more than they can do, and they with continual Action, are even as good as rotten.

Pand. Therefore let's have freſh ones what e'er we pay for them, if there be not a Conſcience to be us'd in every Trade, we ſhall never proſper.

Bawd. Thou ſay'ſt true, 'tis not our bringing up of poor Baſtards, as I think, I brought ſome eleven.

Boult. I too eleven, and brought them down again,
But ſhall I ſearch the Market?

Bawd. What elſe, Man? The Stuff we have, a ſtrong Wind will blow it to pieces, they are ſo pitifully ſodden.

Pand. Thou ſay'ſt true, there's two unwholeſome in Conſcience, the poor *Tranſilvanian* is dead that lay with the little Baggage.

Boult. Ay, ſhe quickly poup'd him, ſhe made him Roaſt-Meat for Worms, but I'll go ſearch the Market. [*Exit.*

Pand. Three or four thouſand Chickens were as pretty a Proportion to live quietly, and ſo give over.

Bawd. Why, to give over, I pray you? Is it a ſhame to get when we are old?

Pand. Oh our Credit comes not in like the Commodity, nor the Commodity wages not with the Danger: Therefore, if in our Youths we could pick up ſome pretty Eſtate, 'twere not amiſs to keep our Door hatch'd; beſides the ſore terms we ſtand upon with the Gods, will be ſtrong with us for giving o'er.

Bawd.

Bawd. Come, other ſorts offend as well as we.

Pand. As well as we, ay, and better too, we offend worſe, neither is our Profeſſion any Trade, it's no Calling: But here comes *Boult*.

Enter Boult *with Pirates, and* Marina.

Boult. Come your ways, my Maſters, you ſay ſhe's a Virgin?

Pirat. O Sir, we doubt it not.

Boult. Maſter, I have gone through for this Piece you ſee, if you like her, ſo; if not, I have loſt my Earneſt.

Bawd. Boult, has ſhe any Qualities?

Boult. She has a good Face, ſpeaks well, and hath excellent good Cloaths: There's no farther neceſſity of Qualities can make her be refuſed.

Bawd. What's her Price, *Boult?*

Boult. I cannot be bated one doit of a thouſand Pieces.

Pand. Well, follow me, my Maſters, you ſhall have your Mony preſently: Wife, take her in, inſtruct her what ſhe has to do, that ſhe may not be raw in her Entertainment.

Bawd. Boult, take you the Marks of her, the Colour of her Hair, Complexion, Height, Age, with warrant of her Virginity, and Cry: He that will give moſt ſhall have her firſt. Such a Maiden-head were no cheap thing; if Men were as they have been: Get this done as I command you.

Boult. Performance ſhall follow. [*Exit.*

Mar. Alack, that *Leonine* was ſo ſlack, ſo ſlow:
He ſhould have ſtruck, not ſpoke;
Or that theſe Pirates, not enough barbarous,
Had not o'er-board thrown me, for to ſeek my Mother.

Bawd. Why weep you, pretty one?

Mar. That I am pretty.

Bawd. Come, the Gods have done their part in you.

Mar. I accuſe them not.

Bawd. You are light into my Hands, where you are like to live.

Mar. The more's my Fault to 'ſcape his Hands,
Where I was like to dye.

Bawd. Ay, and you ſhall live in Pleaſure.

Mar. No.

Bawd.

Bawd. Yes indeed ſhall you, and taſte Gentlemen of all Faſhions. You ſhall fare well; you ſhall have the difference of all Complexions: What, de'ye ſtop your Ears?

Mar. Are you a Woman?

Bawd. What would you have me to be, if I be not a Woman?

Mar. An honeſt Woman, or not a Woman.

Bawd. Marry whip thee, Goſling: I think I ſhall have ſomething to do with you. Come, y'are a young fooliſh Sapling, and muſt be bowed as I would have ye.

Mar. The Gods defend me.

Bawd. If it pleaſe the Gods to defend you by Men, then Men muſt comfort you, Men muſt feed you, Men muſt ſtir you up: *Boult*'s return'd.

Enter Boult.

Now, Sir, haſt thou cry'd her through the Market?

Boult. I have cry'd her almoſt to the number of her Hairs, I have drawn her Picture with my Voice.

Bawd. And prithee tell me, how doſt thou find the Inclination of the People, eſpecially of the younger ſort?

Boult. Faith they liſtned to me, as they would have hearkened to their Father's Teſtament. There was a *Spaniard*'s Mouth ſo watered, that he went to Bed to her very Deſcription.

Bawd. We ſhall have him here to Morrow with his beſt Ruff on.

Boult. To Night, to Night. But, Miſtreſs, do you know the *French* Knight that cowres i'th' Hams?

Bawd. Who, Monſieur *Verollus?*

Boult. Ay, he offered to cut a Caper at the Proclamation, but he made a Groan at it, and ſwore he would ſee her to Morrow.

Bawd. Well, well, as for him, he brought his Diſeaſe hither, here he doth but repair it, I know he will come in our Shadow, to ſcatter his Crowns in the Sun.

Boult. Well, if we had of every Nation a Traveller, we ſhould lodge them with this Sign.

Bawd. Pray you, come hither a while, you have Fortunes coming upon you, mark me, you muſt ſeem to do that fearfully, which you commit willingly; deſpiſe Profit, where you have moſt Gain; to weep that you live as you do,

do, makes pity in your Lovers ſeldom, but that pity begets you a good Opinion, and that Opinion a meer profit.

Mar. I underſtand you not.

Boult. O take her home, Miſtreſs, take her home, theſe Bluſhes of hers muſt be quencht with ſome preſent Practice.

Bawd. Thou ſayeſt true i'faith, ſo they muſt, for your Bride goes to that with ſhame, which is her way to go with warrant.

Boult. Faith ſome do, and ſome do not; but Miſtreſs, if I have bargain'd for the Joynt.

Bawd. Thou may'ſt cut a Morſel off the Spit.

Boult. I may ſo.

Bawd. Who ſhould deny it?
Come young one, I like the manner of your Garments well.

Boult. Ay, by my Faith, they ſhall not be changed yet.

Bawd. Boult, ſpend thou that in the Town, report what a Sojourner we have, you'll loſe nothing by Cuſtom. When Nature framed this Piece, ſhe meant thee a good Turn, therefore ſay what a Paragon ſhe is, and thou haſt the Harveſt out of thine own Report.

Boult. I warrant you Miſtreſs, Thunder ſhall not ſo awake the Beds of Eels, as my giving out of her Beauty ſtirs up the Lewdly enclined, I'll bring home ſome to Night.

Bawd. Come your ways, follow me.

Mar. If Fires be hot, Knives ſharp, or Waters deep,
Unty'd I ſtill my Virgin-knot will keep.
Diana, aid my purpoſe.

Bawd. What have we to do with *Diana?* pray you go with us. [*Exeunt.*

Enter Cleon *and* Dionyſia.

Dion. Why are you fooliſh, can it be undone?

Cle. O *Dionyſia,* ſuch a piece of Slaughter,
The Sun and Moon ne'er look'd upon.

Dion. I think you'll turn a Child again.

Cle. Were I chief Lord of all this ſpacious World,
I'd give it to undo the deed. O Lady, much leſs in Blood than Virtue, yet a Princeſs to equal any ſingle Crown of the Earth, in the juſtice of compare: O Villain, *Leonine,* whom thou haſt Poiſoned too, if thou had'ſt drunk to him, it had been a kindneſs becoming well thy Face; what can'ſt thou ſay, when Noble *Pericles* ſhall demand his Child?

Dion. That ſhe is dead. Nurſes are not the Fates to foſter it, nor ever to preſerve; ſhe dy'd at Night, I'll ſay ſo, who can croſs it, unleſs you play the Innocent? and for an honeſt Attribute, cry out, ſhe dy'd by foul Play.

Cle. O go to, well, well, of all the Faults beneath the Heav'ns, the Gods do like this worſt.

Dion. Be one of thoſe that thinks the pretty Wrens of *Tharſus* will fly hence, and open this to *Pericles*; I do ſhame to think of what a noble Strain you are, and of how coward a Spirit.

Cle. To ſuch proceeding, who ever but his Approbation added, though not his whole Conſent, he did not flow from honourable Courſes.

Dion. Be it ſo then, yet none doth know but you how ſhe came dead, nor none can know, *Leonine* being gone. She did diſdain my Child, and ſtood between her and her Fortunes: None would look on her, but caſt their Gazes on *Marina*'s Face, whilſt ours was blurred at, and held a Mawkin, not worth the time of day. It pierc'd me thorow, and though you call my Courſe unnatural, you not your Child well loving, yet I find it greets me as an enterprize of Kindneſs perform'd to your ſole Daughter.

Cle. Heav'ns forgive it.

Dion. And as for *Pericles*, what ſhould he ſay?
We wept after her Hearſe, and yet we mourn:
Her Monument almoſt finiſhed, and her Epitaph
In glittering golden Characters, expreſs
A general Praiſe to her, and Care in us,
At whoſe Expence 'tis done.

Cle. Thou art like the Harpie,
Which to betray, doſt with thy Angel's Face,
Seize with thine Eagle's Talons.

Dion. You are like one, that ſuperſtitiouſly
Doth ſwear to th' Gods, that Winter kills the Flies,
But yet I know, you'll do as I adviſe. [*Exeunt.*

ACT

ACT IV. SCENE I.

Enter *Gower.*

THUS Time we waſte, and longeſt Leagues make ſhort,
Sail Seas in Cockles, have and wiſh but for't,
Making to take our Imagination,
From bourn to bourn, Region to Region.
By you being Pard'ned, we commit no Crime
To uſe one Language, in each ſeveral Clime,
Where our Scenes ſeem to live. I do beſeech you
To learn of me, who ſtands in gaps to teach you
The Stages of our Story, Pericles
Is now again thwarting the wayward Seas;
(Attended on by many a Lord and Knight)
To ſee his Daughter, all his Life's Delight.
Old Hellicanus *goes along behind,*
Is left to govern it: You bear in Mind
Old Eſcanes, *whom* Hellicanus *late*
Advanc'd in time to great and high Eſtate.
Well ſailing Ships, and bounteous Winds have brought
This King to Tharſus, *think this Pilate thought,*
So with his Steerage, ſhall your Thoughts grone
To fetch his Daughter home, who firſt is gone;
Like Motes and Shadows ſee them move a while,
Your Ears unto your Eyes I'll reconcile.

Enter *Pericles* at one Door with all his Train, *Cleon* and *Dionyſia* at the other: *Cleon* ſhews *Pericles* the Tomb, whereat *Pericles* makes Lamentation, puts on Sackcloth, and in a mighty Paſſion departs.

Gower. *See how Belief may ſuffer by foul ſhow,*
This borrow'd Paſſion ſtands for true old Woe:
And Pericles *in ſorrow all devour'd,*
With Sighs ſhot through, and biggeſt Tears o'er-ſhowr'd,
Leaves Tharſus, *and again imbarks, he ſwears*
Never to waſh his Face, nor cut his Hairs,
He put on Sackcloth, and to Sea he bears,
A Tempeſt which his mortal Veſſel tears.
And yet he rides it out. Now take we our way
To the Epitaph for Marina, *writ by* Dionyſia.

The faireſt, ſweeteſt, and beſt lies here,
Who wither'd in her Spring of Year:
She was of *Tyrus* the King's Daughter,
On whom foul Death hath made this Slaughter:
Marina was ſhe call'd, and at her birth,
That is, being proud, ſwallow'd ſome part of th'earth:
Therefore the Earth fearing to be o'erflow'd,
Hath *Thetis* Birth-child on the Heav'ns beſtow'd.
Wherefore ſhe does and ſwears ſhe'll never ſtint,
Make raging Battry upon Shores of Flint.

No Vizor does become black Villany,
So well as ſoft and tender Flattery.
Let Pericles *believe his Daughter's dead,*
And bear his Courſes to be ordered
By Lady Fortune, *while our ſtear muſt Play*
His Daughter woe and heavy well-a-day,
In her unholy Service: Patience then,
And think you now are all in Metaline. [Exit.

Enter two Gentlemen.

1 *Gent.* Did you ever hear the like?

2 *Gent.* No, nor never ſhall do in ſuch a place as this, ſhe being once gone.

1 *Gent.* But to have Divinity preacht there, did you ever dream of ſuch a thing?

2 *Gent.* No, no, come, I am for no more Bawdy-houſes, ſhall we go hear the Veſtals ſing?

1 *Gent.* I'll do any thing now that is Virtuous, but I am out of the road of Rutting for ever. [*Exeunt.*

Enter the three Bawds.

Pand. Well, I had rather than twice the worth of her ſhe had ne'er come here.

Bawd. Fie, fie upon her, ſhe is able too freeze the God *Priapus*, and undo a whole Generation, we muſt either get her Raviſht, or be rid of her; when ſhe ſhould do for Clyents her fitment, and do me the kindneſs of our Profeſſion, ſhe has me her Quirks, her Reaſons, her Maſter-reaſons, her Prayers, her Knees, that ſhe would make a Puritan of the Devil, if he ſhould cheapen a Kiſs of her.

Boult. Faith I muſt raviſh her, or ſhe'll diſfurniſh us of all our Cavaliers, and make all our Swearers Prieſts.

Pand.

Pand. Now the Pox upon her Green-ſickneſs for me.

Bawd. Faith there's no way to be rid of it, but by the way to the Pox. Here comes the Lord *Lyſimachus* diſguis'd.

Boult. We ſhould have both Lord and Lown, if the peeviſh Baggage would but give way to Cuſtomers.

Enter Lyſimachus.

Lyſ. How now, how a dozen of Virginities?

Bawd. Now the Gods bleſs your Honour.

Boult. I am glad to ſee your Honour in good Health.

Lyſ. You may ſo, 'tis the better for you, that your Reſorters ſtand upon ſound Legs, how now? wholſome Impunity have you, that a Man may deal withal, and defie the Surgeon?

Bawd. We have one here, Sir, if ſhe would——
But there never came her like in *Metaline.*

Lyſ. If ſhe'd do the Deeds of Darkneſs, thou would'ſt ſay.

Bawd. Your Honour knows what 'tis to ſay well enough.

Lyſ. Well, call forth, call forth.

Boult. For Fleſh and Blood, Sir, white and red, you ſhall ſee a Roſe, and ſhe were a Roſe indeed, if ſhe had but——

Lyſ. What prethee?

Boult. O Sir, I can be Modeſt.

Lyſ. That dignifies the Renown of a Bawd, no leſs than it gives a good Report to a number to be Chaſt.

Enter Marina.

Bawd. Here comes that which grows to the ſtalk,
Never pluckt yet I can aſſure you.
Is ſhe not a fair Creature?

Lyſ. Faith ſhe would ſerve after a long Voyage at Sea,
Well, there's for you, leave us.

Bawd. I beſeech your Honour give me leave a word,
And I'll have done preſently.

Lyſ. I beſeech you do.

Bawd. Firſt, I would have you note, this is an honourable Man.

Mar. I deſire to find him ſo, that I may worthily note him.

Bawd. Next, he's the Governor of this Country, and a Man whom I am bound to.

Mar. If he govern the Country, you are bound to him indeed, but how honourable he is in that, I know not.

Bawd. Pray you without any more virginal fencing, will you uſe him kindly? He will line your Apron with Gold.

Mar. What he will do graciouſly, I will thankfully receive.

Lyſ. Have you done?

Bawd. My Lord, ſhe's not pac'd yet, you muſt take ſome Pains to work her to your manage; come, we will leave his Honour and her together. [*Exit* Bawd.

Lyſ. Now, pretty one, how long have you been at this Trade?

Mar. What Trade, Sir?

Lyſ. Why, I cannot name't but I ſhall offend.

Mar. I cannot be offended with my Trade.
Pleaſe you to name it.

Lyſ. How long have you been of this Profeſſion?

Mar. E'er ſince I can remember.

Lyſ. Did you go to't ſo young, were you a Gameſter at five, or at ſeven?

Mar. Earlier too, Sir, if now I be one.

Lyſ. Why the Houſe you dwell in, proclaims you to be a Creature of Sale.

Mar. Do you know this Houſe to be a Place of ſuch reſort, and will come into it? I hear ſay you are of honourable Parts, and the Governor of this place.

Lyſ. Why? hath your Principal made known unto you, who I am?

Mar. Who is my Principal?

Lyſ. Why your Herb-woman, ſhe that ſets Seeds and Roots of Shame and Iniquity. O you have heard ſomething of my Power, and ſo ſtand aloof for more ſerious Wooing; but I proteſt to thee, pretty one, my Authority ſhall not ſee thee, or elſe look friendly upon thee; come bring me to ſome private Place, come, come.

Mar. If you were born to Honour, ſhew it now;
If put upon you, make the Judgment good,
That thought you worthy of it.

Lyſ. How's this? how's this? ſome more, be ſage——

Mar. For me that am a Maid, though moſt ungentle Fortune have plac'd me in this Stie,
Where ſince I came, Diſeaſes have been ſold
Dearer than Phyſick: O that the Gods

Would

Would ſet me free from this unhallow'd Place,
Though they did change me to the meaneſt Bird
That flies i'th' purer Air.

Lyſ. I did not think
Thou could'ſt have ſpoke ſo well, I ne'er dream'd thou could'ſt;
Had I brought hither a corrupted Mind,
Thy Speech had alter'd it; hold, here's Gold for thee,
Perſevere in that clear way thou goeſt,
And the Gods ſtrengthen thee.

Mar. The good Gods preſerve you.

Lyſ. For my part, I came with no ill intent, for to me
The very Doors and Windows ſavour vilely.
Fare thee well,
Thou art a piece of Virtue, and I doubt not
But thy training hath been Noble;
Hold, here's more Gold for thee;
A Curſe upon him, die he like a Thief
That robs thee of thy Goodneſs; if thou doſt hear from me,
It ſhall be for thy good.

Boult. I beſeech your Honour, one Piece for me.

Lyſ. Avant thou damn'd Door-keeper,
Your Houſe, but for this Virgin that doth prop it,
Would ſink and overwhelm you. Away. [*Exit.*

Boult. How's this? We muſt take another courſe with you? If your peeviſh Chaſtity, which is not worth a Breakfaſt in the cheapeſt Country under the coap, ſhall undo a whole Houſhold, let me be gelded like a Spaniel; come your ways.

Mar. Whither would you have me?

Boult. I muſt have your Maidenhead taken off, or the common Hangman ſhall execute it; come your way, we'll have no more Gentlemen driv'n away; come your ways, I ſay.

Enter Bawd.

Bawd. How now, what's the matter?

Boult. Worſe and worſe, Miſtreſs, ſhe hath here ſpoken holy words to the Lord *Lyſimachus.*

Bawd. O abominable.

Boult. She makes our Profeſſion as it were to ſtink before the Face of the Gods.

Bawd. Marry hang her up for ever.

Boult. The Nobleman would have dealt with her like a Nobleman, and ſhe ſent him away as cold as a Snow-ball; ſaying his Prayers too.

Bawd. Boult, take her away, uſe her at thy Pleaſure, crack the Glaſs of her Virginity, and make the reſt malleable.

Boult. And if ſhe were a thornier Piece of Ground than ſhe is, ſhe ſhall be Ploughed.

Mar. Hark, hark, you Gods.

Bawd. She conjures, away with her, would ſhe had never come within my Doors, marry hang you, ſhe's born to undo us, will you not go the way of Women-kind? Marry come up my Diſh of Chaſtity, with Roſemary and Bays. [*Exit.*

Boult. Come, Miſtreſs, come your ways with me.

Mar. Whither would you have me?

Boult. To take from you the Jewel you hold ſo dear.

Mar. Prithee tell me one thing firſt.

Boult. Come now, your one thing?

Mar. What can'ſt thou wiſh thine Enemy to be?

Boult. Why I could wiſh him to be my Maſter, or rather my Miſtreſs.

Mar. Neither of theſe are yet ſo bad as thou art,
Since they do better thee in their Command;
Thou hold'ſt a place, for which the pained'ſt Fiend
In Hell would not in Reputation change:
Thou art the damn'd Door-keeper to every Cuſherel that comes
Enquiring for his Tib; To the cholerick Fiſting of every Rogue
Thy Ear is liable, thy Food is ſuch
As hath been belch'd on by infectious Lungs.

Boult. What would you have me do? go to the Wars, would you, where a Man may ſerve ſeven Years for the loſs of a Leg, and have not Mony enough in the end to buy him a wooden one?

Mar. Do any thing but this thou doſt,
Empty old Receptacles, or Common-ſhores of Filth;
Serve by Indenture to the common Hangman,
Any of theſe ways are yet better than this:
For what thou profeſſeſt, a Baboon, could he ſpeak,
Would own a Name too dear:
Oh, that the Gods would ſafely deliver me from this Place;
Here, here's Gold for thee, if that thy Maſter would gain by me,
Proclaim that I can Sing, Weave, Sow, and Dance,

With

With other Virtues, which I'll keep from boaſt,
And I will undertake all theſe to teach.
I doubt not but this populous City will yield many Scholars.

Boult. But can you teach all this you ſpeak of?

Mar. Prove that I cannot, take me home again,
And proſtitute me to the baſeſt Groom
That doth frequent your Houſe.

Boult. Well, I will ſee what I can do for thee: If I can place thee, I will.

Mar. But amongſt honeſt Women.

Boult. Faith my Acquaintance lies little among them; but ſince my Maſter and Miſtreſs have bought you, there's no going but by their conſent: Therefore I will make them acquainted with your Purpoſe, and I doubt not but I ſhall find them tractable enough. Come, I'll do for thee what I can, come your ways. [*Exeunt.*

Enter *Gower.*

Marina *thus the Brothel ſcapes, and chances*
Into an honeſt Houſe, our Story ſays:
She ſings like one immortal, and ſhe dances
As Goddeſs-like to her admired Laies:
Deep Clerks ſhe dumbs, and with her Needle compoſes
Natures own Shape, of Bud, Bird, Branch or Berry,
That even her Art ſiſters the natural Roſes,
Her Incle, Silk, Twine, with the rubied Cherry,
That Pupils lacks ſhe none of noble Race,
Who pour their Bounty on her, and her Gain
She gives the curſed Bawd. Leave we her place,
And to her Father turn our Thoughts again,
Where we left him at Sea, tumbled and toſt,
And driv'n before the Wind, he is arriv'd
Here where his Daughter dwells, and on this Coaſt,
Suppoſe him now at Anchor: The City ſtriv'd
God Neptune's *annual Feaſt to keep, from whence*
Lyſimachus *our* Tyrian *Ship eſpies,*
His Banners ſable, trim'd with rich Expence,
And to him in his Barge with fervour hyes,
In your ſuppoſing, once more put your ſight
Our heavy Pericles, *think this his Bark,*

Where

Where what is done in Action, more of might
Shall be discover'd, please you sit and hark. [Exit.

Enter Hellicanus, *to him two Sailors.*

1 *Sail.* Where is the Lord *Hellicanus?* he can resolve you. O here he is. Sir, there is a Barge put off from *Metaline*, and in it is *Lysimachus* the Governor, who craves to come aboard; what is your Will?

Hell. That he have his——call up some Gentlemen.

2 *Sail.* Ho, Gentlemen, my Lord calls.

Enter two or three Gentlemen.

Hell. Gentlemen, there is some of worth would come aboard, I pray ye greet them fairly.

Enter Lysimachus.

1 *Sail.* Sir, this is the Man that can, in ought you would, resolve you.

Lys. Hail, reverend Sir, the Gods preserve you.

Hell. And you to out-live the Age I am, and die as I would do.

Lys. You wish me well;
Being on Shore, honouring of *Neptune*'s Triumphs,
Seeing this goodly Vessel ride before us,
I made to it, to know of whence you are.

Hell. First, what is your Place?

Lys. I am the Governor of this Place you lye before.

Hell. Sir, our Vessel's of *Tyre*, in it the King,
A Man, who for this three Months hath not spoken
To any one, nor taken Sustenance,
But to prolong his Grief.

Lys. Upon what ground is his Distemperance?

Hell. It would be too tedious to repeat, but the main Grief springs from the loss of a beloved Daughter, and a Wife.

Lys. May we not see him?

Hell. You may, but bootless is your sight, he will not speak to any.

Lys. Let me obtain my Wish.

Hell. Behold him; this was a goodly Person, 'till the Distaster that one mortal wight drove him to this.

Lys. Sir King, all hail, the Gods preserve you, hail, Royal Sir.

Hell.

Hell. It is in vain, he will not ſpeak to you.

Lord. Sir, we have a Maid in *Metaline*, I durſt wager would win ſome words from him.

Lyſ. 'Tis well bethought, ſhe queſtionleſs with her ſweet Harmony, and other choſen Attractions, would allure and make a Battery through his defended Parts, which now are mid-way ſtopt, ſhe is all happy, as the faireſt of all, and her fellow Maids, now upon the levy ſhelter that abuts againſt the Iſland ſide.

Hell. Sure all effectleſs, yet nothing we'll omit that bears recoveries Name. But ſince your Kindneſs we have ſtrecht thus far, let us beſeech you, that for our Gold we may have Proviſion, wherein we are not deſtitute for want, but weary for the ſtaleneſs.

Lyſ. O, Sir, a Courteſie, which if we ſhould deny, the moſt juſt God for every Graff would ſend a Caterpillar, and ſo inflict our Province; yet once more let me entreat to know at large the Cauſe of your King's Sorrow.

Hell. Sir, Sir, I will recount it to you; but ſee, I am prevented.

Enter Marina.

Lyſ. O here's the Lady that I ſent for.
Welcome, Fair One: Is't not a goodly Preſent?

Hell. She's a gallant Lady.

Lyſ. She's ſuch a one, that were I well aſſur'd,
Came of a gentle Kind, and noble Stock,
I'd wiſh no better Choice, and think me rarely wed.
Fair, and all Goodneſs that conſiſts in Beauty,
Expect even here, where is a kingly Patient,
If that thy proſperous and artificial Fate
Can draw him but to anſwer thee in ought,
Thy ſacred Phyſick ſhall receive ſuch Pay,
As thy Deſires can wiſh.

Mar. Sir, I will uſe my uttermoſt Skill in his Recovery, provided that none but I and my Companion Maid be ſuffered to come near him.

Lyſ. Come, let us leave her, and the Gods make her proſperous. [*The Song.*

Lyſ. Mark'd he your Muſick?

Mar. No, nor look'd on us.

Lyſ.

Lyſ. See, ſhe will ſpeak to him.

Mar. Hail, Sir, my Lord, lend Ear.

Per. Hum, ha.

Mar. I am a Maid, my Lord, that ne'er before invited Eyes, but have been gazed on like a Comet: She ſpeaks, my Lord, that, may be, hath endured a Grief might equal yours, if both were juſtly weighed; though wayward Fortune did maligne my State, my Derivation was from Anceſtors who ſtood equivalent with mighty Kings, but time hath rooted out my Parentage, and to the World and aukward Caſualties bound me in ſervitude; I will deſiſt, but there is ſomething glows upon my Cheek, and whiſpers in mine Ear, *Go not 'till he ſpeak.*

Per. My Fortunes, Parentage, good Parentage to equal mine; was it not thus? what ſay you?

Mar. I ſaid, my Lord, if you did know my Parentage, you would not do me Violence.

Per. I do think ſo, pray you turn your Eyes upon me, y'are like ſome-thing that, what Country-women hear of theſe ſhews?

Mar. No, nor of any ſhews, yet I was mortally brought forth, and am no other than I appear.

Per. I am great with wo, and ſhall deliver weeping: My deareſt Wife was like this Maid, and ſuch a one my Daughter might have been: My Queen's ſquare Brows, her Stature to an Inch, as wand-like ſtraight, as Silver voic'd, her Eyes as Jewel-like, and caſt as richly, in pace another *Juno.* Who ſtarves the Ears ſhe feeds, and makes them hungry, the more ſhe gives them Speech; where do you live?

Mar. Where I am but a Stranger, from the Deck you may diſcern the Place.

Per. Where were you bred? And how atchiev'd you theſe Endowments which you make more rich to owe?

Mar. If I ſhould tell my Hiſtory, it would ſeem like Lies diſdain'd in the reporting.

Per. Prithee ſpeak, falſeneſs cannot come from thee, for thou lookeſt modeſt as Juſtice, and thou ſeem'ſt a *Pallas* for the crowned Truth to dwell in, I will believe thee, and

make

make my Senſes credit thy Relation, to points that ſeem impoſſible, for thou look'ſt like one I lov'd indeed; what were thy Friends? Didſt thou not ſtay when I did puſh thee back: Which was when I perceiv'd thee that thou cam'ſt from good Deſcent.

Mar. So indeed I did.

Per. Report thy Parentage, I think thou ſaidſt thou hadſt been toſt from Wrong to Injury, and that thou thought'ſt thy Griefs might equal mine, if both were opened.

Mar. Some ſuch thing I ſaid, and ſaid no more but what my Thoughts did warrant me was likely.

Per. Tell thy Story, if thine conſidered prove the thouſand Part of my Endurance, thou art a Man, and I have ſuffered like a Girl; yet thou doſt look like Patience, gazing on Kings Graves, and ſmiling Extremity out of act. What were thy Friends? how loſt thou thy Name, my moſt kind Virgin? recount I do beſeech thee, Come ſit by me.

Mar. My Name is *Marina.*

Per. Oh I am mock'd, and thou by ſome incenſed God ſent hither to make the World to laugh at me.

Mar. Patience, good Sir, or here I'll ceaſe.

Per. Nay, I'll be patient, thou little know'ſt how thou doeſt ſtartle me to call thy ſelf *Marina.*

Mar. The Name was given me by one that had ſome Power, my Father and a King.

Per. How, a King's Daughter, and call'd *Marina?*

Mar. You ſaid you would believe me, but not to be a trouble of your Peace, I will end here.

Per. But are you Fleſh and Blood?
Have you a working Pulſe, and are no Fairy?
Motion? well, ſpeak on, where were you born?
And wherefore call'd *Marina*?

Mar. Call'd *Marina*, for I was born at Sea.

Per. At Sea? who was thy Mother?

Mar. My Mother was the Daughter of a King, who died the Minute I was born, as my good Nurſe *Lychorida* hath oft delivered weeping.

Per.

Per. O ſtop there a little, this is the rareſt Dream
That e'er dull Sleep did mock ſad Fools withal:
This cannot be my Daughter; buried! well, where were you bred? I'll hear you more to the bottom of your Story, and never interrupt you.

Mar. You ſcorn, believe me 'twere beſt I did give o'er.

Per. I will believe you by the Syllable of what you ſhall deliver, yet give me leave, how came you in theſe Parts? where were you bred?

Mar. The King, my Father, did in *Tharſus* leave me.
'Till cruel *Cleon* with his wicked Wife,
Did ſeek to murther me: And having woed a Villain
To attempt it, who having drawn to do't,
A crew of Pyrats came and reſcued me,
Brought me to *Metaline*.
But, good Sir, whither will you have me? why do you weep? It may be you think me an Impoſtor, no, good faith. I am the Daughter to King *Pericles*, if good King *Pericles* be.

Per. Ho, *Hellicanus?*

Hell. Calls my Lord?

Per. Thou art a grave and noble Counſellor,
Moſt wiſe in general, tell me, if thou can'ſt, what this Maid is,
Or what is like to be, that thus hath made me weep?

Hell. I know not, but here's the Regent, Sir, of *Metaline*, ſpeaks nobly of her.

Lyſ. She never would tell her Parentage.
Being demanded that, ſhe would ſit ſtill and weep.

Per. Oh *Hellicanus*, ſtrike me, honoured Sir, give me a gaſh, put me to preſent Pain, leſt this great Sea of Joys ruſhing upon me, o'er-bear the Shores of my Mortality, and drown me with their Sweetneſs: Oh come hither.
Thou that beget'ſt him that did thee beget,
Thou that waſt born at Sea, buried at *Tharſus*,
And found at Sea again: O *Hellicanus*,
Down on thy Knees, thank the holy Gods, as loud
As Thunder threatens us; this is *Marina*.
What was thy Mother's Name? tell me but that,
For Truth can never be confirm'd enough,
Though Doubts did ever ſleep.

Mar.

Mar. First, Sir, I pray what is your Title?

Per. I am *Pericles* of *Tyre*, but tell me now my
Drown'd Queen's Name, as in the reſt you ſaid,
Thou haſt been god-like perfect, the Heir of Kingdoms,
And another like to *Pericles* thy Father.

Mar. Is it not more to be your Daughter, than to ſay, my Mother's Name is *Thaiſa*? *Thaiſa* was my Mother, who did end the minute I began.

Per. Now bleſſing on thee, riſe, thou art my Child. Give me freſh Garments, mine own *Hellicanus*, ſhe is not dead at *Tharſus*, as ſhe ſhould have been by ſavage *Cleon*, ſhe ſhall tell thee all, when thou ſhalt kneel, and juſtifie in Knowledge, ſhe is thy very Princeſs; who is this?

Hell. Sir, 'tis the Governor of *Metaline*, who hearing of your Melancholy, did come to ſee you.

Per. I embrace you; give me my Robes;
I am wild in my beholding. Oh Heav'n bleſs my Girl.
But hark, what Muſick's this, *Hellicanus*? my *Marina*,
Tell him o'er point by point, for yet he ſeems to doat,
How ſure you are my Daughter; but where's this Muſick?

Hell. My Lord, I hear none.

Per. None? The Muſick of the Sphears, liſt, my *Marina*.

Lyſ. It is not good to croſs him, give him way.

Per. Rareſt ſounds, do ye not hear?

Lyſ. Muſick, my Lord, I hear.

Per. Moſt Heav'nly Muſick,
It nips me unto liſtning, and thick Slumber
Hangs upon mine Eyes, let me reſt.

Lyſ. A Pillow for his Head, ſo leave him all.
Well my Companion Friends, if this but anſwer to my juſt belief, I'll well remember you.

ACT

ACT V. SCENE I.

Diana *appearing to* Pericles *asleep.*

Dia. MY Temple ſtands in *Epheſus*, hie thee thither,
And do upon mine Altar Sacrifice.
There, when my Maiden Prieſts are met together,
Before all the People reveal
How thou at Sea didſt loſe thy Wife,
To mourn thy Croſſes with thy Daughters call,
And give them Repetition to the like:
Or perform my bidding, or thou liveſt in woe:
Do't, and happy by my Silver Bow;
Awake, and tell thy Dream.

Per. Celeſtial *Dian*, Goddeſs *Argentine*,
I will obey thee. *Hellicanus.*

Enter Lyſimachus.

Per. My purpoſe was for *Tharſus*, there to ſtrike
The inhoſpitable *Cleon*, but I am for other Service firſt,
Toward *Epheſus* turn our blown Sails,
Eſtſoons I'll tell why. Shall we refreſh us, Sir, upon your Shore, and give you Gold for ſuch Proviſion as our Intents will need.

Lyſ. Sir, with all my Heart, and when you come aſhore, I have another ſleight.

Per. You ſhall prevail, were it to woe my Daughter, for it ſeems you have been noble towards her.

Lyſ. Sir, lend me your Arm.

Per. Come, my *Marina.* [*Exeunt.*

Enter *Gower.*

Now our Sands are almoſt run,
More a little, and then done.
This my laſt boon give me,
For ſuch kindneſs muſt relieve me:
That you aptly will ſuppoſe,
What pageantry, what feats, what ſhows,
What Minſtrelſie, what pretty din,
The Regent made in Metalin,

To greet the King; ſo he thriv'd,
That he is promis'd to be wiv'd
To fair Marina, *but in no wiſe,*
'Till he had done his Sacrifice,
As Dian *bad, whereto being bound,*
The interim pray, you all confound.
In feather'd briefneſs Sails are fill'd,
And wiſhes fall out as they're will'd.
At Epheſus *the Temple ſee,*
Our King, and all his Company.
That he can hither come ſo ſoon,
Is by your Fancy's thankful doom. [Exit.

Enter Pericles, Lyſimachus, Hellicanus, Marina, Thaiſa, Cerymon, *and others.*

Per. Hail *Dian*, to perform thy juſt command,
I here confeſs my ſelf the King of *Tyre*.
Who frighted from my Country, did wed
At *Pentapolis*, the fair *Thaiſa*,
At Sea in Child-bed died ſhe, but brought forth
A Maid Child called *Marina*; who, O Goddeſs,
Wears yet thy Silver Livery. She at *Tharſus*
Was Nurſt with *Cleon*, who at fourteen Years
He ſought to Murder, but her better Stars
Brought her to *Metaline*, 'gainſt whoſe Shore riding,
Her Fortunes brought the Maid aboard to us,
Where by her own moſt clear remembrance, ſhe
Made known her ſelf my Daughter.

Thai. Voice and Favour! You are, you are, O Royal *Pericles*. [*She faints away.*

Per. What means the Woman? ſhe dies! help, Gentlemen.

Cer. Sir, if you have told *Diana*'s Altar true,
This is your Wife.

Per. Reverend Appearer, no, I threw her over-board with theſe very Arms.

Cer. Upon this Coaſt, I warrant you.

Per. 'Tis moſt certain.

Cer. Look to the Lady; O ſhe's but overjoy'd.
Early in bluſt'ring morn, this Lady was thrown upon this

Shore. I opened the Coffin, found these rich Jewels, recover'd her, and placed her here in *Diana*'s Temple.

Per. May we see them?

Cer. Great Sir, they shall be brought you to my House, whither I invite you; look, *Thaisa* is recovered.

Thai. O let me look if he be none of mine,
My Sanctity will to my Sense bend no licentious Ear,
But curb it spight of seeing:
O my Lord, are you not *Pericles?*
Like him you speak, like him you are:
Did you not name a Tempest, a Birth, and Death?

Per. The Voice of dead *Thaisa.*

Thai. That *Thaisa* am I, supposed dead and drown'd.

Per. Immortal *Dian!*

Thai. Now I know you better,
When we with Tears parted *Pentapolis,*
The King, my Father, gave you such a Ring.

Per. This, this, no more, you Gods,
Your present Kindness makes my past Miseries Sport,
You shall do well, that on the touching of her Lips
I may melt, and no more be seen;
O come, be buried a second time within these Arms.

Mar. My Heart leaps to be gone into my Mother's Bosom.

Per. Look who kneels here, Flesh of thy Flesh, *Thaisa,*
Thy Burden at the Sea, and call'd *Marina,*
For she was yielded there.

Thai. Blest, and mine own.

Hell. Hail, Madam, and my Queen.

Thai. I know you not.

Per. You have heard me say when I did fly from *Tyre,*
I left behind an ancient Substitute;
Can you remember what I call'd the Man?
I have nam'd him oft.

Thai. 'Twas *Hellicanus* then.

Per. Still Confirmation,
Embrace him dear *Thaisa,* this is he,
Now do I long to hear how you were found?
How possibly preserved? And who to thank,
Besides the Gods, for this great Miracle?

Thai.

Thai. Lord *Cerymon*, my Lord, this Man, through whom
The Gods have ſhewn their Power, that can from firſt
To laſt reſolve you.
Per. Reverend Sir,
The Gods can have no mortal Officer
More like a God than you,
Will you deliver how this dead Queen re-lives?
Cer. I will, my Lord, beſeech you firſt go with me
Unto my Houſe, where ſhall be ſhewn you all
Was found with her;
How ſhe came plac'd here in the Temple,
No needful thing omitted.
Per. Pure *Dian*! bleſs thee for thy Viſion,
I will offer Night Oblations to thee.
Thaiſa, this Prince, the fair betroth'd of your Daughter,
Shall marry at *Pentapolis*,
And now this Ornament that makes me look diſmal,
Will I clip to form,
And what this fourteen Years no Razor touch'd,
To grace thy Marriage Day, I'll beautifie.
Thai. Lord *Cerymon* hath Letters of good Credit,
Sir, my Father's dead.
Per. Heav'ns make a Star of him; yet here, my Queen,
We'll celebrate their Nuptials, and our ſelves
Will in that Kingdom ſpend our following Days;
Our Son and Daughter ſhall in *Tyrus* reign.
Lord *Cerymon*, we do our longing ſtay,
To hear the reſt untold, Sir, lead's the way. [*Ex. omnes.*

Enter *Gower.*

In Antiochus *and his Daughter, you have heard*
Of monſtrous Luſt, the due and juſt Reward:
In Pericles, *his Queen and Daughter ſeen,*
Although aſſail'd with Fortunes fierce and keen,
Virtue preferr'd from fell Deſtruction's blaſt,
Led on by Heav'n, and crown'd with Joy at laſt.
In Hellicanus *may you well deſcry,*
A Figure of Truth, of Faith, of Loyalty:
In reverend Cerymon *there well appears,*
The worth that learned Charity aye wears.

For wicked Cleon *and his Wife, when Fame*
Had ſpread their curſed Deed, and honour'd Name
Of Pericles, *to rage the City turn,*
That him and his, they in his Palace burn.
The Gods for Murder ſeemed ſo content,
To puniſh, although not done, but meant.
So on your Patiences ever more attending,
New Joy wait on you, here our Play hath ending.

p. 3009

THE
LONDON
PRODIGAL.
A
COMEDY.

Printed in the YEAR 1709.

Dramatis Perſonæ.

MR. Flowerdale, *a Merchant, trading at* Venice.

Matthew Flowerdale, *his Prodigal Son.*

Mr. Flowerdale, *Brother to the Merchant.*

Sir Lancelot Spurcock, *of* Lewſome *in* Kent.

Sir Arthur Greenſhood, *a Commander,* } *In love*
Oliver, *a* Corniſh *Clothier,* } *with* Luce.

Weathercock, *a Paraſite to Sir* Lancelot Spurcock.

Tom Civet, *in love with* Frances.

Daffidill, } *Servants to Sir* Lancelot Spurcock.
Artichoak, }

Dick *and* Ralph, *two cheating Gameſters.*

Ruffin, *a Pander to Miſtreſs* Apricock *a Bawd.*

Frances, }
Luce, } *Daughters to Sir* Lancelot Spurcock.
Delia, }

Sheriff and Officers.

A Citizen and his Wife.

Drawers.

SCENE *London, and the Parts adjacent.*

THE

THE *London* Prodigal.

ACT I. SCENE I.

Enter Flowerdale *the Merchant, and his Brother.*

FATHER.

BRother, from *Venice*, being thus disguis'd,
I come, to prove the humours of my Son:
How hath he born himself since my departure,
I leaving you his Patron and his Guide?

Unc. I'faith, Brother, so, as you will grieve to hear,
And I almost asham'd to report it.

Fath. Why how is't, Brother? What, doth he spend
Beyond the allowance I left him?

Unc. How! beyond that? and far more; why, your Exhibition is nothing, he hath spent that, and since hath borrow'd, protested with Oaths, alledged Kindred to wring Mony from me, by the love I bore his Father, by the Fortunes might fall upon himself, to furnish his Wants: That done, I have had since his Bond, his Friend and Friends Bond; although I know that he spends is yours, yet it grieves me to see the unbridled Wildness that reigns over him.

Fath. Brother, what is the manner of his Life? how is the name of his Offences? if they do not relish altogether of Damnation, his Youth may privilege his Wantonness: I my self ran an unbridled Course 'till thirty, nay, almost 'till forty; well, you see how I am: For Vice once looked

into with the Eyes of Diſcretion, and well ballanced with the weights of Reaſon, the Courſe paſt, ſeems ſo abominable, that the Landlord of himſelf, which is the Heart of his Body, will rather intomb himſelf in the Earth, or ſeek a new Tenant to remain in him, which once ſetled, how much better are they that in their Youth have known all theſe Vices, and left 'em, than thoſe that knew little, and in their Age run into 'em? Believe me, Brother, they that die moſt Virtuous, have in their Youth liv'd moſt Vicious; and none knows the Danger of the Fire more than he that falls into it: But ſay, how is the Courſe of his Life? let's hear his Particulars.

Unc. Why I'll tell you, Brother, he is a continual Swearer, and a breaker of his Oaths, which is bad.

Fath. I grant indeed to ſwear is bad, but not in keeping thoſe Oaths is better; for who will ſet by a bad thing? Nay by my Faith, I hold this rather a Virtue than a Vice. Well, I pray proceed.

Unc. He is a mighty Brawler, and comes commonly by the worſt.

Fath. By my Faith this is none of the worſt neither, for if he brawl and be beaten for it, it will in time make him ſhun it: For what brings a Man or Child, more to Virtue than Correction? What reigns over him elſe?

Unc. He is a great Drinker, and one that will forget himſelf.

Fath. O beſt of all, Vice ſhould be forgotten, let him drink on, ſo he drink not Churches. Nay, and this be the worſt, I hold it rather Happineſs in him, than any Iniquity. Hath he any more Attendants?

Unc. Brother, he is one that will borrow of any Man.

Fath. Why you ſee ſo doth the Sea, it borrows of all the ſmall Currents in the World to encreaſe himſelf.

Unc. Ay, but the Sea pays it again, and ſo will never your Son.

Fath. No more would the Sea neither, if it were as dry as my Son.

Unc. Then, Brother, I ſee you rather like theſe Vices in your Son, than any way condemn them.

Fath. Nay miſtake me not, Brother, for though I ſlur them over now, as things ſlight and nothing, his Crimes being in the Bud, it would gall my Heart, they ſhould ever reign in him.

Flow.

Flow. Ho? who's within ho?

[Flowerdale *knocks within.*

Unc. That's your Son, he is come to borrow more Mony.

Fath. For God's sake give it out I am dead,
See how he'll take it.
Say I have brought you News from his Father.
I have here drawn a formal Will, as it were from my self,
Which I'll deliver him.

Unc. Go to, Brother, no more: I will.

Flow. Uncle, where are you, Uncle? [*Within.*

Unc. Let my Cousin in there.

Fath. I am a Sailor come from *Venice*, and my Name is *Christopher.*

Enter Flowerdale.

Flow. By the Lord, in truth, Uncle.

Unc. In truth would a serv'd, Cousin, without the Lord.

Flow. By your leave, Uncle, the Lord is the Lord of Truth. A couple of Rascals at the Gate, set upon me for my Purse.

Unc. You never come, but you bring a brawl in your Mouth.

Flow. By my Truth, Uncle, you must needs lend me ten Pound.

Unc. Give my Cousin some small Beer here.

Flow. Nay look you, you turn it to a Jest now, by this Light, I should ride to *Croydon* Fair, to meet Sir *Lancelot Spurcock*, I should have his Daughter *Luce*, and for scurvy ten Pound, a Man shall lose nine hundred threescore and odd Pounds, and a daily Friend beside, by this Hand, Uncle, 'tis true.

Unc. Why, any thing is true for ought I know.

Flow. To see now; why you shall have my Bond, Uncle, *Tom White's*, *James Brock's*, or *Nick Hall's*; as good Rapier and Dagger Men, as any be in *England*; let's be damn'd if we do not pay you, the worst of us all will not damn our selves for ten Pound. A pox of ten Pound.

Unc. Cousin, this is not the first time I have believ'd you.

Flow.

Flow. Why truſt me now, you know not what may fall; if one thing were but true, I would not greatly care, I ſhould not need ten Pound, but when a Man cannot be believ'd, there's it.

Unc. Why what is it, Couſin?

Flow. Marry this, Uncle, can you tell me if the *Katern* Hue be come home or no?

Unc. Ay marry is't.

Flow. By Gad I thank you for that News. What is't in the Pool can you tell?

Uncl. It is; what of that?

Flow. What? why then I have ſix Pieces of Velvet ſent me, I'll give you a Piece, Uncle: For thus ſaid the Letter, a Piece of Aſh-colour, a three-pil'd black, a colour'd deroy, a Crimſon, a ſad Green, and a Purple: Yes i'faith.

Unc. From whom ſhould you receive this?

Flow. From who? why from my Father; with commendations to you, Uncle, and thus he writes; I know, ſaith he, thou haſt much troubled thy kind Uncle, whom God willing at my return I will ſee amply ſatisfied; amply, I remember was the very word; ſo God help me.

Unc. Have you the Letter here?

Flow. Yes, I have the Letter here, here is the Letter: No, yes, no, let me ſee, what Breeches wore I on *Saturday*: Let me ſee, a *Tueſday*, my Calamanka, a *Wedneſday*, my Peach-colour Sattin, a *Thurſday* my Vellure, a *Friday* my Ca'amanka again, a *Saturday*, let me ſee, a *Saturday*, for in thoſe Breeches I wore a *Saturday* is the Letter: O my riding Breeches, Uncle, thoſe that you thought had been Velvet, in thoſe very Breeches is the Letter.

Unc. When ſhould it be dated?

Flow. Marry *Didiſſimo terſios Septembris*, no, no, *tridiſſimo tertios Octobris*, Ay *Octobris*, ſo it is.

Unc. Dicditimo terſios Octobris: And here receive I a Letter that your Father died in *June*: How ſay you, *Keſter?*

Fath. Yes truly, Sir, your Father is dead, theſe Hands of mine holp to wind him.

Flow. Dead?

Fath. Ay, Sir, dead.

Flow.

Flow. 'Sblood, how ſhould my Father come dead?

Fath. I'faith Sir, according to the old Proverb,
The Child was Born, and cryed, became Man,
After fell Sick, and Died.

Unc. Nay, Couſin, do not take it ſo heavily.

Flow. Nay, I cannot weep you Extempory, marry ſome two or three Days hence I ſhall weep without any ſtintance. But I hope he died in good Memory.

Fath. Very well, Sir, and ſet down every thing in good order, and the *Katherine* and *Hue* you talkt of, I came over in; and I ſaw all the Bills of Lading, and the Velvet that you talkt of, there is no ſuch aboard.

Flow. By Gad, I aſſure you, then there is Knavery abroad.

Fath. I'll be ſworn of that: there's Knavery abroad, altho' there were never a piece of Velvet in *Venice.*

Flow. I hope he died in good Eſtate.

Fath. To the report of the World he did, and made his Will, of which I am an unworthy Bearer.

Flow. His Will, have you his Will?

Fath. Yes, Sir, and in the preſence of your Uncle I was willed to deliver it.

Unc. I hope, Couſin, now God hath bleſſed you with Wealth, you will not be unmindful of me.

Flow. I'll do reaſon, Uncle; yet i'faith I take the denial of this ten Pound very hardly.

Unc. Nay, I deny'd you not.

Flow. By Gad you deny'd me directly.

Unc. I'll be judg'd by this good Fellow.

Fath. Not directly, Sir.

Flow. Why, he ſaid he would lend me none, and that had wont to be a direct denial, if the old Phraſe hold: Well, Uncle, come we'll fall to the Legacies, in the Name of God, *Amen.*

Item, I bequeath to my Brother *Flowerdale,* three Hundred Pounds, to pay ſuch trivial Debts as I owe in *London.*

Item, To my Son *Mat. Flowerdale,* I bequeath two Bail of falſe Dice, *videlicet,* high Men and low Men, Fullomes, ſtop Cater Traies, and other Bones of Function.

Flow. 'Sblood what doth he mean by this?

Unc. Pro-

Unc. Proceed, Couſin.

Flow. Theſe Precepts I leave him, let him borrow of his Oath, for of his Word no body will truſt him. Let him by no means marry an honeſt Woman, for the other will keep her ſelf. Let him ſteal as much as he can, that a guilty Conſcience may bring him to his deſtinate Repentance: I think he means Hanging. And this were his laſt Will and Teſtament, the Devil ſtood laughing at his Beds feet while he made it. 'Sbloud, what doth he think to fop off his Poſterity with Paradoxes?

Fath. This he made, Sir, with his own Hands.

Flow. Ay, well, nay come, good Uncle, let me have this Ten Pound, imagine you have loſt it, or robb'd of it, or miſreckon'd your ſelf ſo much: any way to make it come eaſily off, good Uncle.

Unc. Not a penny.

Fath. I'faith lend it him, Sir, I my ſelf have an Eſtate in the City worth twenty Pound, all that I'll ingage for him, he ſaith it concerns him in a Marriage.

Flow. Ay marry doth it, this is a Fellow of ſome Senſe, this: Come, good Uncle.

Unc. Will you give your word for it, *Keſter?*

Fath. I will, Sir, willingly.

Unc. Well, Couſin, come to me an Hour hence, you ſhall have it ready.

Flow. Shall I not fail?

Unc. You ſhall not, come or ſend.

Flow. Nay I'll come my ſelf.

Fath. By my troth, would I were your Worſhip's Man.

Flow. What? would'ſt thou ſerve?

Fath. Very willingly, Sir.

Flow. Why I'll tell thee what thou ſhalt do, thou ſaiſt thou haſt twenty Pound, go into *Birchin*-Lane, put thy ſelf into Cloaths, thou ſhalt ride with me to *Croydon* Fair.

Fath. I thank you, Sir, I will attend you.

Flow. Well, Uncle, you will not fail me an Hour hence.

Unc. I will not, Couſin.

Flow. What's thy name, *Keſter?*

Fath. Ay, Sir.

Flow.

Flow. Well, provide thy self: Uncle, farewel 'till anon.
[*Exit* Flowerdale.

Unc. Brother, how do you like your Son?

Fath. I'faith Brother, like a mad unbridled Colt,
Or as a Hawk, that never ſtoop'd to lure:
The one muſt be tamed with an Iron bit,
The other muſt be watch'd, or ſtill ſhe is wild,
Such is my Son, a while let him be ſo;
For Counſel ſtill is Folly's deadly Foe.
I'll ſerve his Youth, for Youth muſt have his courſe,
For being reſtrain'd, it makes him ten times worſe:
His Pride, his Riot, all that may be nam'd,
Time may recal, and all his Madneſs tam'd. [*Exeunt.*

Enter Sir Lancelot, *Maſter* Weathercock, Daffidil, Artichoak, Luce, *and* Frank.

Lanc. Sirrah, *Artichoak*, get you home before;
And as you prov'd your ſelf a Calf in buying,
Drive home your fellow Calves that you have bought.

Art. Yes, forſooth, ſhall not my Fellow *Daffidil* go along with me?

Lanc. No, Sir, no, I muſt have one to wait on me.

Art. Daffidil, farewel, good fellow *Daffidil*,
You may ſee, Miſtreſs, I am ſet up by the halves,
Inſtead of waiting on you, I am ſent to drive home Calves.

Lanc. I'faith *Frank*, I muſt turn away this *Daffidil*,
He's grown a very fooliſh ſawcy Fellow.

Fran. Indeed-law, Father, he was ſo ſince I had him:
Before he was wiſe enough for a fooliſh Serving-Man.

Weath. But what ſay you to me, Sir *Lancelot*?

Lanc. O, about my Daughters, well, I will go forward,
Here's two of them, God ſave them; but the third,
O ſhe's a Stranger in her courſe of Life,
She hath refuſed you, Maſter *Weathercock*.

Weath. Ay by the Rood, Sir *Lancelot*, that ſhe hath, but had ſhe try'd me, ſhe ſhould have found a Man of me indeed.

Lanc. Nay be not angry, Sir, at her denial, ſhe hath refus'd ſeven of the worſhipfull'ſt and worthieſt Houſe-keepers this day in *Kent*: Indeed ſhe will not marry, I ſuppoſe.

Weath. The more Fool ſhe.

Lanc. What, is it Folly to love Chaſtity?

Weath.

Weath. No, mistake me not, Sir *Lancelot*,
But 'tis an old Proverb, and you know it well,
That Women dying Maids, lead Apes in Hell.

Lanc. That's a foolish Proverb and a false.

Weath. By the Mass, I think it be, and therefore let it go:
But who shall marry with Mistress *Frances*?

Fran. By my troth they are talking of marrying me, Sister.

Luce. Peace, let them talk:
Fools may have leave to prattle as they walk.

Daff. Sentences still, sweet Mistress,
You have a Wit, and it were your Alablaster.

Luce. I'faith and thy Tongue trips trench more.

Lanc. No of my Knighthood, not a Suiter yet;
Alas, God help her, silly Girl, a Fool, a very Fool;
But there's the other black Brows a shrewd Girl,
She hath Wit at Will, and Suiters two or three:
Sir *Arthur Greensheild* one, a gallant Knight,
A valiant Soldier, but his Power but poor.
Then there's young *Oliver*, the *Devonshire* Lad,
A wary Fellow, marry full of Wit,
And rich by the Rood, but there's a third all Air,
Light as a Feather, changing as the Wind:
Young *Flowerdale*.

Weath. O he, Sir, he's a desperate *Dick* indeed.
Bar him your House.

Lanc. Fie, not so, he's of good Parentage.

Weath. By my fay and so he is, and a proper Man.

Lanc. Ay, proper enough, had he good Qualities.

Weath. Ay marry, there's the point, Sir *Lancelot*:
For there's an old saying,
Be he rich, or be he poor,
Be he high, or be he low:
Be he born in Barn or Hall,
'Tis Manners makes the Man and all.

Lanc. You are in the right, Master *Weathercock*.

Enter Monsieur Civet.

Civ. Soul, I think I am crossed sure, or witcht with an Owl, I have haunted them, Inn after Inn, Booth after Booth, yet cannot find them; ha, yonder they are, that's she, I hope

hope to God 'tis she, nay, I know 'tis she now, for she treads her Shoe a little awry.

Lanc. Where is this Inn? We are past it, *Daffidil.*

Daf. The good Sign is here, Sir, but the black Gate is before.

Civ. Save you, Sir, I pray may I borrow a piece of a word with you?

Daf. No pieces, Sir.

Civ. Why then the whole.
I pray, Sir, what may yonder Gentlewomen be?

Daf. They may be Ladies, Sir, if the Destinies and Mortality work.

Civ. What's her Name, Sir.

Daf. Mistress *Frances Spurcock*, Sir *Lancelot Spurcock*'s Daughter.

Civ. Is she a Maid, Sir?

Daf. You may ask *Pluto*, and Dame *Proserpine* that: I would be loth to be ridled, Sir.

Civ. Is she married I mean, Sir?

Daf. The Fates know not yet what Shoe-maker shall make her Wedding Shoes.

Civ. I pray where Inn you, Sir? I would be very glad to bestow the Wine of that Gentlewoman.

Daf. At the *George*, Sir.

Civ. God save you, Sir.

Daf. I pray your Name, Sir?

Civ. My Name is Master *Civet*, Sir.

Daf. A sweet Name, God be with you, good Master *Civet.* [*Exit.* Civet.

Lanc. A, have we spi'd you stout St. *George*?
For all your Dragon, you had best sell's good Wine,
That needs no Ivy-bush: well, we'll not sit by it,
As you do on your Horse, this Room shall serve:
Drawer, let me have Sack for us Old Men:
For these Girls and Knaves small Wines are best.
A Pint of Sack, no more.

Draw. A Quart of Sack in the three Tuns.

Lanc. A Pint, draw but a Pint. *Daffidil*,
Call for Wine to make your selves drink.

Fran. And a Cup of small Beer, and a Cake, good *Daffidil.*

Enter

Enter young Flowerdale.

Flow. How now, fie, ſit in the open Room, now good Sir *Lancelot*, and my kind Friend, worſhipful Maſter *Weathercock*. What at your Pint? a Quart for ſhame.

Lanc. Nay Royſter, by your leave we will away.

Flow. Come, give's ſome Muſick, we'll go Dance, Be gone, Sir *Lancelot*, what, and fair day too?

Lanc. 'Twere foully done, to dance within the Fair.

Flow. Nay if you ſay ſo, faireſt of all Fairs, then I'll not dance, a Pox upon my Taylor, he hath ſpoil'd me a Peach-colour Sattin Suit, cut upon Cloth of Silver, but if ever the Raſcal ſerve me ſuch another Trick, I'll give him leave, i'faith, to put me in the Calendar of Fools, and you, and you, Sir *Lancelot*; and Maſter *Weathercock*, my Goldſmith too on t'other ſide, I beſpoke thee, *Luce*, a Carkenet of Gold, and thought thou ſhould'ſt a had it for a Fairing, and the Rogue puts me in Rerages for Orient Pearl: but thou ſhalt have it by Sunday Night, Wench.

Enter the Drawer.

Draw. Sir, here is one that hath ſent you a Pottle of Rheniſh Wine, brewed with Roſe-Water.

Flow. To me?

Draw. No, Sir, to the Knight; and deſires his more Acquaintance.

Lanc. To me? what's he that proves ſo kind?

Daf. I have a trick to know his Name, Sir, he hath a Month's Mind here to Miſtreſs *Francis*, his name is Maſter *Civet*.

Lanc. Call him in, *Daffidil*.

Flow. O, I know him, Sir, he is a Fool, but reaſonable rich, his Father was one of theſe Leaſe-mongers, theſe Corn-mongers, theſe Mony-mongers, but he never had the Wit to be a Whore-monger.

Enter Maſter Civet.

Lanc. I promiſe you, Sir, you are at too much charge.

Civ. The charge is ſmall charge, Sir, I thank God my Father left me wherewithal, if it pleaſe you, Sir, I have a great Mind to this Gentlewoman here, in the way of Marriage.

Lanc. I thank you, Sir: pleaſe you to come to *Lewſome*, to my poor Houſe, you ſhall be kindly welcome: I knew

knew your Father, he was a wary Husband. To pay here, Drawer?

Draw. All is paid, Sir; this Gentleman hath paid all.

Lanc. I'faith you do us wrong,
But we ſhall live to make amends e'er long:
Maſter *Flowerdale*, is that your Man?

Flow. Yes Faith, a good old Knave.

Lanc. Nay then I think you will turn wiſe,
Now you take ſuch a Servant:
Come, you'll ride with us to *Lewſome*, let's away,
'Tis ſcarce two Hours to the end of Day [*Exeunt.*

Enter Sir Arthur Greenſhood, Oliver, *Lieutenant and Soldiers.*

Arth. Lieutenant, lead your Soldiers to the Ships,
There let them have their Coats, at their arrival
They ſhall have pay; farewel, look to your Charge.

Sol. Ay, we are now ſent away, and cannot ſo much as ſpeak with our Friends.

Oli. No Man what ere you uſed a zutch a Faſhion, thick you cannot take your leave of your vreens.

Arth. Fellow, no more. Lieutenant lead them off.

Sol. Well, if I have not my Pay and my Cloaths,
I'll venture a running away, though I hang for't.

Arth. Away, Sirrah, charm your Tongue.
[*Exeunt Soldiers.*

Oli. Bin you a Preſſer, Sir?

Arth. I am a Commander, Sir, under the King.

Oli. Sfoot Man, and you be ne'er zutch a Commander, Shud a ſpoke with my vreens before I chid a gone, ſo ſhud.

Arth. Content your ſelf Man, my Authority will ſtretch to preſs ſo good a Man as you,

Oli. Preſs me? I devy, preſs Scoundrels, and thy Meſſels; Preſs me, chee ſcorns thee i'faith: For ſeeſt thee, here's a worſhipful Knight knows, cham not to be preſſed by thee.

Enter Sir Lancelot, Weathercock, *young* Flowerdale, *old* Flowerdale, Luce *and* Frank.

Lanc. Sir *Arthur*, welcome to *Lewſome*, welcome by my Troth: What's the matter Man, why are you vext?

Oli. Why Man he would preſs me.

Lanc. O fie, Sir *Arthur*, preſs him?
He is a Man of reckoning.

Weath. Ay, that he is, Sir *Arthur*, he hath the Nobles, The golden Ruddocks he.

Arth. The fitter for the Wars:
And were he not in favour
With your Worſhips, he ſhould ſee,
That I have Power to preſs ſo good as he.

Oli. Chill ſtand to the Trial, ſo chill.

Flow. Ay marry ſhall he, preſs Cloth and Karſy, White-Pot and drowſen Broth; tut, tut, he cannot.

Oli. Well, Sir, though you ſee vlouten Cloth and Karſy, chee a zeen zutch a Karſy-Coat wear out the Town ſick a zilken Jacket, as thick a one you wear.

Flow. Well ſed vlitan vlattan.

Oli. A and well ſed Cocknell, and Boe-Bell too: What doeſt think cham aveard of thy Zilken-Coat, no fer vere thee.

Lanc. Nay, come no more, be all Lovers and Friends.

Weath. Ay, 'tis beſt ſo, good Maſter *Oliver.*

Flow. Is your name Maſter *Oliver*, I pray you?

Oli. What tit and be tit, and grieve you.

Flow. No, but I'd gladly know if a Man might not have a fooliſh Plot out of Maſter *Oliver* to work upon.

Oli. Work thy Plots upon me, ſtand aſide, work thy fooliſh Plots upon me, chill ſo uſe thee, thou wert never ſo uſed ſince thy Dam bound thy Head, work upon me?

Flow. Let him come, let him come.

Oli. Zyrrha, Zyrrha, if it were not for ſhame, chee would a given thee zutch a whiſter poop under the Ear, chee would have made thee a vanged another at my Feet: Stand aſide, let me looſe, cham all of a vlaming Fire-brand; ſtand aſide.

Flow. Well, I forbear you for your Friends ſake.

Oli. A vig for all my vreens, do'ſt thou tell me of my vreens?

Lanc. No more, good Maſter *Oliver*, no more, Sir *Arthur.* And Maiden, here in the ſight of all your Suitors, every Man of worth, I'll tell you whom I faineſt would prefer to the hard Bargain of your Marriage Bed; ſhall I be plain among you, Gentlemen?

Arth.

Arth. Ay, Sir, 'tis beſt.

Lanc. Then, Sir, firſt to you, I do confeſs you a moſt gallant Knight, a worthy Soldier, and honeſt Man: But Honeſty maintains a *French*-hood, goes very ſeldom in a Chain of Gold, keeps a ſmall train of Servants; hath few Friends: And for this wild Oats here, young *Flowerdale*, I will not judge, God can work Miracles, but he were better make a hundred new, than thee a thrifty and an honeſt one.

Weath. Believe me he hath hit you there, he hath touch'd you to the quick, that he hath.

Flow. Woodcock a my ſide, why, Maſter *Weathercock*, you know I am honeſt, howſoever trifles.

Weath. Now by my troth I know no otherwiſe,
O, your old Mother was a Dame indeed:
Heav'n hath her Soul, and my Wife's too, I truſt:
And your good Father, honeſt Gentleman,
He is gone a Journey, as I hear, far hence.

Flow. Ay, God be praiſed, he is far enough,
He is gone a Pilgrimage to Paradiſe,
And left me to cut a Caper againſt Care.
Luce look on me that am as light as Air.

Luce. I'faith I like not Shadows, Bubbles, Broth,
I hate a light Love, as I hate Death.

Lanc. Girl, hold thee there:
Look on this *Devonſhire* Lad:
Fat, fair, and lovely, both in Purſe and Perſon.

Oli. Well, Sir, cham as the Lord hath made me, you know me well ivin, cha have threeſcore pack of Karſay, and Blackem Hall, and chief Credit beſide, and my Fortunes may be ſo good as anothers, zo it may.

Lanc. 'Tis you I love, whatſoever others ſay.

Arth. Thanks, faireſt.

Flow. What, would'ſt thou have me quarrel with him?

Fath. Do but ſay he ſhall hear from you.

Lanc. Yet, Gentlemen, howſoever I prefer this *Devonſhire* Suitor, I'll enforce no love, my Daughter ſhall have her liberty to chuſe whom ſhe likes beſt.
In your Love-ſuit proceed:
Not all of you, but only one muſt ſpeed.

Weath. You have ſaid well: Indeed right well.

Enter Artichoak.

Art. Miſtreſs, here's one would ſpeak with you, my fellow *Daffidill* hath him in the Cellar already, he knows him, he met him at *Croydon* Fair.

Lanc. O, I remember, a little Man.

Art. Ay, a very little Man.

Lanc. And yet a proper Man.

Art. A very proper, very little Man.

Lanc. His name is Monſieur *Civet.*

Art. The ſame, Sir.

Lanc. Come, Gentlemen, if other Suitors come,
My fooliſh Daughter will be fitted too:
But *Delia* my Saint, no Man dare move.

[*Exeunt all but young* Flowerdale, Oliver, *and old* Flowerdale.

Flow. Hark you, Sir, a word.

Oli. What ha an you ſay to me now?

Flow. Ye ſhall hear from me, and that very ſhortly.

Oli. Is that all, vare thee well, chee vere thee not a vig.

[*Exit* Oliver.

Flow. What if he ſhould come more? I am fairly dreſt.

Fath. I do not mean that you ſhall meet with him,
But preſently we'll go and draw a Will;
Where we'll ſet down Land, that we never ſaw,
And we will have it of ſo large a Sum,
Sir *Lancelot* ſhall intreat you take his Daughter:
This being formed, give it Maſter *Weathercock*,
And make Sir *Lancelot*'s Daughter Heir of all:
And make him ſwear never to ſhew the Will
To any one, until that you be dead.
This done, the fooliſh changling *Weathercock*
Will ſtraight diſcourſe unto Sir *Lancelot*,
The Form and Tenor of your Teſtament.
Nor ſtand to pauſe of it, be rul'd by me:
What will enſue, that ſhall you quickly ſee.

Flow. Come let's about it; if that a Will, ſweet *Kit*,
Can get the Wench, I ſhall renown thy Wit. [*Exeunt.*

Enter Daffidil *and* Luce.

Daf. Miſtreſs, ſtill froward?
No kind looks unto your *Daffidil*, now by the Gods.

Luce. Away my fooliſh Knave, let my Hand go.

Daf.

Daf. There's your Hand, but this ſhall go with me:
My Heart is thine, this is my true Loves Fee.
Luce. I'll have your Coat ſtript o'er your Ear for this,
You ſawcy Raſcal.

Enter Lancelot *and* Weathercock.

Lanc. How now, Maid, what is the News with you?
Luce. Your Man is ſomething ſawcy. [*Exit* Luce.
Lanc. Go to, Sirrah, I'll talk with you anon.
Daf. Sir, I am a Man to be talked withal,
I am no Horſe, I trow;
I know my Strength, then no more than ſo.
Weath. Ay, by the Matkins, good Sir *Lancelot*, I ſaw him the other Day hold up the Bucklers, like an *Hercules*, I'faith God-a-mercy, Lad, I like thee well.
Lanc. Ay, ay, like him well, go Sirrah, fetch me a cup of Wine,
That e'er I part with Maſter *Weathercock*,
We may drink down our farewel in *French* Wine.
Weath. I thank you, Sir, I thank you, friendly Knight,
I'll come and viſit you, by the Mouſe-foot I will;
In the mean time, take heed of cutting *Flowerdale*.
He is a deſperate Dick, I warrant you.
Lanc. He is, he is: Fill, *Daffidil*, fill me ſome Wine,
Ha, what wears he on his Arm?
My Daughter *Luce*'s Bracelet, ay, 'tis the ſame;
Ha to you, Maſter *Weathercock*.
Weath. I thank you, Sir: Here, *Daffidil*, an honeſt Fellow, and a tall, thou art. Well; I'll take my leave, good Night, and I hope to have you and all your Daughters at my poor Houſe, in good ſooth I muſt.
Lanc. Thanks, Maſter *Weathercock*, I ſhall be bold to trouble you, be ſure.
Weath. And welcome, heartily farewel. [*Exit* Weath.
Lanc. Sirrah, I ſaw my Daughter's Wrong, and withal her Bracelet on your Arm; off with it; and with it my Livery too. Have I care to ſee my Daughter match'd with Men of Worſhip, and are you grown ſo bold? Go, Sirrah, from my Houſe, or I'll whip you hence.
Daf. I'll not be whipt, Sir, there's your Livery,
This is a Servingman's reward, what care I,
I have means to truſt to, I ſcorn Service, I. [*Exit* Daffidil.

Lanc. Ay a lusty Knave, but I must let him go.
Our Servants must be taught what they should know.

Enter Sir Arthur *and* Luce.

Luce. Sir, as I am a Maid, I do affect you above any Suitor that I have, although that Soldiers scarce know how to love.

Arth. I am a Soldier, and a Gentleman
Knows what belongs to War, what to a Lady:
What Man offends me, that my Sword shall right:
What Woman loves me, I am her faithful Knight.

Luce. I neither doubt your Valour nor your Love,
But there be some that bear a Soldier's form,
That swear by him they never think upon,
Go swaggering up and down from House to House,
Crying, God pays: And———

Arth. I'faith, Lady, I'll descry you such a Man.
Of them there be many which you have spoke of,
That bear the name and shape of Soldiers,
Yet, God knows, very seldom saw the War:
That haunt your Taverns and your Ordinaries,
Your Ale-houses sometimes, for all a-like,
To uphold the brutish humour of their Minds,
Being mark'd down for the Bondmen of Despair:
Their mirth begins in Wine, but ends in Blood,
Their Drink is clear, but their Conceits are mud.

Luce. Yet these are great Gentlemen Soldiers.

Arth. No they are wretched Slaves,
Whose desperate lives doth bring them timeless Graves.

Luce. Both for your self, and for your form of Life,
If I may chuse, I'll be a Soldier's Wife.

Enter Sir Lancelot *and* Oliver.

Oli. And tut trust to it, so then.

Lanc. Assure your self,
You shall be married with all speed we may:
One Day shall serve for *Francis* and for *Luce.*

Oli. Why che wood vain know the time, for providing Wedding Raiments.

Lanc. Why no more but this, first get your assurance made touching my Daughter's Jointure, that dispatch'd, we will in two Days make Provision.

Oli. Why Man, chill have the Writings made by to Morrow.

Lanc.

Lanc. To Morrow be it then, let's meet at the *King's-Head* in *Fiſh-ſtreet.*

Oli. No, fie Man, no, let's meet at the *Roſe* at *Temple-Bar*, that will be nearer your Counſellor and mine.

Lanc. At the *Roſe* be it then, the hour nine,
He that comes laſt forfeits a Pint of Wine.

Oli. A Pint is no Payment,
Let it be a whole Quart, or nothing.

Enter Artichoak.

Art. Maſter, here is a Man would ſpeak with Maſter *Oliver*; he comes from young Maſter *Flowerdale.*

Oli. Why chil ſpeak with him, chil ſpeak with him.

Lanc. Nay, Son *Oliver*, I'll ſurely ſee
What young *Flowerdale* hath ſent to you.
I pray God it be no Quarrel.

Oli. Why Man, if he quarrel with me, chil give him his Hands full.

Enter old Flowerdale.

Fath. God ſave you, good Sir *Lancelot.*

Lanc. Welcome, honeſt Friend.

Fath. To you and yours my Maſter wiſheth Health,
But unto you, Sir, this, and this he ſends:
There is the length, Sir, of his Rapier,
And in that Paper ſhall you know his Mind.

Oli. Here, chil meet him my Friend, chil meet him.

Lanc. Meet him, you ſhall not meet the Ruffian, fie.

Oli. And I do not meet him, chil give you leave to call Me Cut. Where is't, ſirrah? where is't? where is't?

Fath. The Letter ſhows both Time and Place,
And if you be a Man, then keep your word.

Lanc. Sir, he ſhall not keep his word, he ſhall not meet.

Fath. Why let him chuſe, he'll be the better known
For a baſe Raſcal, and reputed ſo.

Oli. Zirrah, zirrah; and 'twere not an 'old Fellow, and ſent after an Errant, chid give thee ſomething, but chud be no Mony: But hold thee, for I ſee thou art ſomewhat teſtorn, hold thee, there's vorty Shillings, bring thy Maſter a veeld, chil give thee vorty more, look thou bring him, chil mall him tell him, chil mar his dancing Treſſels, chil uſe him, he was ne'er ſo uſed ſince his Dam bound his Head, chil make him for capering any more chy vor thee.

Fath. You ſeem a Man, ſtout and reſolute,
And I will ſo report, whate'er befall.

Lanc. And fall out ill, aſſure thy Maſter this,
I'll make him fly the Land, or uſe him worſe.

Fath. My Maſter, Sir, deſerves not this of you,
And that you'll ſhortly find.

Lanc. Thy Maſter is an Unthrift, you a Knave,
And I'll attach you firſt, next clap him up:
Or have him bound unto his good Behaviour.

Oli. I wood you were a Sprite if you do him any harm for this: And you do, chil nere ſee you, nor any of yours, while chil have Eyes open: What do you think, chil be abaffelled up and down the Town for a meſſel, and a ſcoundrel, no chy bor you: Zirrha chil come, zay no more, chil come, tell him.

Fath. Well, Sir, my Maſter deſerves not this of you,
And that you'll ſhortly find. [*Exit.*

Oli. No matter, he's an Unthrift, I defie him.

Lanc. No, gentle Son, let me know the Place.

Oli. Now chye vor you.

Lanc. Let me ſee the Note.

Oli. Nay, chil watch you for zuch a Trick.
But if chee meet him, zo, if not, zo: chil make him know me, or chil know why I ſhall not, chil vare the worſe.

Lanc. What will you then neglect my Daughter's Love?
Venture your State and hers for a looſe brawl?

Oli. Why Man, chil not kill him, marry chil veze him too, and again; and zo God be with you vather.
What, Man, we ſhall meet to Morrow. [*Exit.*

Lanc. Who would have thought he had been ſo deſperate.
Come forth my honeſt Servant *Artichoak.*

Enter Artichoak.

Arti. Now, what's the Matter? ſome brawl toward, I warrant you.

Lanc. Go get me thy Sword bright ſcower'd, thy Buckler mended, O for that Knave, that Villain *Daffidil* would have done good Service. But to thee.

Arti. Ay, this is the tricks of all you Gentlemen, when you ſtand in need of a good Fellow. O for that *Daffidil*, O where is he? but if you be angry, and it be but for the wagging

wagging of a Straw, then out a Doors with the Knave, turn the Coat over his Ears. This is the humor of you all.

Lanc. O for that Knave, that lusty *Daffidil.*

Arti. Why there 'tis now: our Years Wages and our Vails will scarce pay for broken Swords and Bucklers that we use in our Quarrels. But I'll not fight if *Daffidil* be a t'other side, that's flat.

Lanc. 'Tis no such matter, man, get Weapons ready, and be at *London* e'er the break of Day; watch near the Lodging of the *Devonshire* Youth, but be unseen; and as he goes out, as he will go out, and that very early without doubt.

Arti. What, would you have me draw upon him,
And he goes in the Street?

Lanc. Not for a World, Man, into the Fields. For to the Field he goes, there to meet the desperate *Flowerdale*: Take thou the part of *Oliver* my Son, for he shall be my Son, and marry *Luce*: Do'st understand me, Knave?

Arti. Ay, Sir, I do understand you, but my young Mistress might be better provided in matching with my fellow *Daffidil.*

Lanc. No more; *Daffidil* is a Knave.
That *Daffidil* is a most notorious Knave. [*Exit* Arti.

Enter Weathercock.

Master *Weathercock*, you come in a happy time; the desperate *Flowerdale* hath writ a Challenge; and who think you must answer it, but the *Devonshire* Man, my Son *Oliver*?

Weath. Marry I am sorry for it, good Sir *Lancelot*,
But if you will be rul'd by me, we'll stay the Fury.

Lanc. As how, I pray?

Weath. Marry I'll tell you, by promising young *Flowerdale* the red-lip'd *Luce.*

Lanc. I'll rather follow her unto her Grave.

Weath. Ay, Sir *Lancelot*, I would have thought so too, but you and I have been deceiv'd in him; come read this Will, or Deed, or what you call it, I know not: Come, come, your Spectacles I pray.

Lanc. Nay, I thank God, I see very well.

Weath. Marry, God bless your Eyes, mine have been dim almost this thirty Years.

Lanc.

Lanc. Ha, what is this? what is this?

Weath. Nay there is true Love indeed, he gave it to me but this very Morn, and bad me keep it unſeen from any one; good Youth, to ſee how Men may be deceiv'd.

Lanc. Paſſion of me, what a wretch am I to hate this loving Youth? he hath made me, together with my *Luce* he loves ſo dear, Executors of all his Wealth.

Weath. All, all, good Man, he hath given you all.

Lanc. Three Ships now in the *Straits*, and homeward-bound;
Two Lordſhips of two hundred Pound a Year;
The one in *Wales*, the other *Glouceſter-ſhire*:
Debts and Accounts are thirty thouſand Pound;
Plate, Mony, Jewels, ſixteen thouſand more;
Two Houſen furniſh'd well in *Coleman-ſtreet*;
Beſide whatſoever his Uncle leaves to him,
Being of great Demeans and Wealth at *Peckham*.

Weath. How like you this, good Knight? How like you this?

Lanc. I have done him wrong, but now I'll make amends,
The *Devonſhire* Man ſhall whiſtle for a Wife.
He marry *Luce*! *Luce* ſhall be *Flowerdale's*.

Weath. Why that is friendly ſaid, let's ride to *London*, and prevent their match, by promiſing your Daughter t that lovely Lad.

Lanc. We'll ride to *London*, or it ſhall not need,
We'll croſs to *Dedford-ſtrand*, and take a Boat.
Where be theſe Knaves? what *Artichoak*? what *Fop*?

Enter Artichoak.

Art. Here be the very Knaves, but not the merry Knaves.

Lanc. Here take my Cloak, I'll have a walk to *Dedford*.

Art. Sir, we have been ſcouring of our Swords and Bucklers for your Defence,

Lanc. Defence me no Defence, let your Swords ruſt, I'll have no fighting: Ay, let blows alone, bid *Delia* ſee all things be in readineſs againſt the Wedding, we'll have two at once, and that will ſave Charges, Maſter *Weathercock*.

Art. Well we will do it, Sir. [*Exeunt.*

Enter Civet, Frank, *and* Delia.

Civ. By my troth this is good luck, I thank God for this. In good ſooth I have even my Heart's deſire: Siſter *Delia*, now

now I may boldly call you ſo, for your Father hath frank and freely given me his Daughter *Frank.*

Frank. Ay, by my troth, *Tom*, thou haſt my good will too, for I thank God I long'd for a Husband, and would I might never ſtir, for one his name was *Tom.*

Del. Why, Siſter, now you have your Wiſh.

Civ. You ſay very true, Siſter *Delia*, and I prethee call me nothing but *Tom*; and I'll call thee ſweet Heart, and *Frank.* Will it not do well, Siſter *Delia*?

Del. It will do very well with both of you.

Frank. But *Tom*, muſt I go as I do now when I am married?

Civ. No *Frank*, I'll have thee go like a Citizen
In a garded Gown, and a *French* Hood.

Frank. By my Troth that will be excellent indeed.

Del. Brother, maintain your Wife to your Eſtate,
Apparel you your ſelf like to your Father:
And let her go like to your ancient Mother;
He ſparing got his Wealth, left it to you,
Brother take heed of Pride, ſome bids Thrift adieu.

Civ. So as my Father and my Mother went, that's a Jeſt indeed, why ſhe went in a fring'd Gown, a ſingle Ruff, and a white Cap; and my Father in a *Mocado* Coat, a pair of red Sattin Sleeves, and a Canvas back.

Del. And yet his Wealth was all as much as yours.

Civ. My Eſtate, my Eſtate, I thank God, is forty Pound a Year in good Leaſes and Tenements; beſides twenty Mark a Year at Cuckolds-Haven, and that comes to us all by Inheritance.

Del. That may indeed, 'tis very fitly plied,
I know not how it comes, but ſo it falls out
That thoſe whoſe Fathers have died wondrous rich,
And took no Pleaſure but to gather Wealth,
Thinking of little that they leave behind;
For them they hope, will be of their like mind.
But falls out contrary, forty Years ſparing
Is ſcarce three ſeven Years ſpending, never caring
What will enſue, when all their Coin is gone,
And all too late, then Thrift is thought upon;
Oft have I heard, that Pride and Riot kiſt,
And then Repentance cries, for had I wiſt?

Civ.

Civ. You ſay well, Siſter *Delia*, you ſay well; but I mean to live within my Bounds; for look you, I have ſet down my reſt thus far; but to maintain my Wife in her *French* Hood, and her Coach, keep a couple of Geldings, and a brace of Gray-hounds, and this is all I'll do.

Del. And you'll do this with forty Pounds a Year?

Civ. Ay, and a better Penny, Siſter.

Frank. Siſter, you forget that at Cuckolds Haven.

Civ. By my Troth well remembred, *Frank*,
I'll give thee that to buy thee Pins.

Del. Keep you the reſt for Points, alas the Day,
Fools ſhall have Wealth though all the World ſay nay:
Come, Brother, will you in, Dinner ſtays for us.

Civ. Ay, good Siſter, with all my Heart.

Frank. Ay, by my Troth, *Tom*, for I have a good Stomach.

Civ. And I the like, ſweet *Frank*; no Siſter,
Do not think I'll go beyond my Bounds.

Del. God grant you may not. [*Exeunt.*

Enter young Flowerdale, *and his Father, with foils in their Hands.*

Flow. Sirrah, *Kit*, tarry you there, I have ſpied Sir *Lancelot* and old *Weathercock* coming this way, they are hard at Hand, I will by no means be ſpoken withal.

Fath. I'll warrant you, go get you in.

Enter Lancelot *and* Weathercock.

Lanc. Now, my honeſt Friend, thou doſt belong to Maſter *Flowerdale?*

Fath. I do, Sir.

Lanc. Is he within, my good Fellow?

Fath. No, Sir, he is not within.

Lanc. I prethee, if he be within, let me ſpeak with him.

Fath. Sir, to tell you true, my Maſter is within, but indeed would not be ſpoke withal; there be ſome terms that ſtands upon his Reputation, therefore he will not admit any Conference 'till he hath ſhook them off.

Lanc. I prethee tell him his very good Friend Sir *Lancelot Spurcock* intreats to ſpeak with him.

Fath. By my troth, Sir, if you come to take up the matter between my Maſter and the *Devonſhire* Man; you do but beguile your hopes, and loſe your Labour.

Lanc.

Lanc. Honeſt Friend, I have not any ſuch thing to him, I come to ſpeak with him about other Matters.

Fath. For my Maſter, Sir, hath ſet down his Reſolution, either to redeem his Honour, or leave his Life behind him.

Lanc. My Friend, I do not know any Quarrel touching thy Maſter or any other Perſon, my Buſineſs is of a different Nature to him, and I prethee ſo tell him.

Fath. For howſoever the *Devonſhire* Man is,
My Maſter's Mind is bloody; that's a round O,
And therefore, Sir, Intreaties are but vain.

Lanc. I have no ſuch thing to him, I tell thee once g ain.

Fath. I will then ſo ſignifie to him. [*Exit Father.*

Lanc. Ay, Sirrah, I ſee this Matter is hotly carried.
But I'll labour to diſſwade him from it.

Enter young Flowerdale *and his Father.*

Good morrow, Maſter *Flowerdale.*

Flow. Good morrow, good Sir *Lancelot,*
Good morrow, Maſter *Weathercock*;
By my troth, Gentlemen, I have been reading over
Nick Machiavel; I find him
Good to be known, not to be followed:
A peſtilent human Fellow, I have made
Certain Annotations of him ſuch as they be;
And how is't, Sir *Lancelot*? ha? how is't?
A mad World, Men cannot live quiet in it.

Lanc. Maſter *Flowerdale*, I do underſtand there is ſome Jar between the *Devonſhire* Man and you.

Fath. They, Sir? they are good Friends as can be.

Flow. Who Maſter *Oliver* and I? as good Friends as can be.

Lanc. It is a kind of ſafety in you to deny it, and a generous ſilence, which too few are indued withal: But, Sir, ſuch a thing I hear, and I could wiſh it otherwiſe.

Flow. No ſuch thing, Sir *Lancelot*, at my reputation, as I am an honeſt Man.

Lanc. Now I do believe you then, if you do
Ingage your Reputation there is none.

Flow. Nay I do not ingage my Reputation there is not,
You ſhall not bind me to any condition of hardneſs:

But

But if there be any thing between us, then there is,
If there be not, then there is not. Be, or be not, all is one.

Lanc. I do perceive by this, that there is ſomething between you, and I am very ſorry for it.

Flow. You may be deceiv'd, Sir *Lancelot*, the *Italian*
Hath a pretty ſaying, *Queſto?* I have forgot it too,
'Tis out of my Head, but in my Tranſlation (him.
If't hold thus, thou haſt a Friend, keep him; if a Foe trip

Lanc. Come, I do ſee by this there is ſomewhat between
And before God I could wiſh it otherwiſe. (you,

Flow. Well what is between us, can hardly be alter'd:
Sir *Lancelot*, I am to ride forth to morrow,
That way which I muſt ride, no Man muſt deny
Me the Sun, I would not by any particular Man,
Be denied common and general Paſſage. If any one
Saith, *Flowerdale*, thou paſſeſt not this way;
My anſwer is, I muſt either on or return:
But return is not my Word, I muſt on:
If I cannot, then make my way, nature
Hath done the laſt for me, and there's the Fine.

Lanc. Mr. *Flowerdale*, every Man hath one Tongue,
And two Ears; Nature in her Building,
Is a moſt curious Work-maſter.

Flow. That is as much as to ſay, a Man ſhould hear more
Than he ſhould ſpeak.

Lanc. You ſay true, and indeed I have heard more,
Than at this time I will ſpeak.

Flow. You ſay well,

Lanc. Slanders are more common than Troths, Maſter *Flowerdale*, but Proof is the Rule for both.

Flow. You ſay true, what do you call him
Hath it there in his third Canton?

Lanc. I have heard you have been wild: I have believ'd it.

Flow. 'Twas fit, 'twas neceſſary.

Lanc. But I have ſeen ſomewhat of late in you,
That hath confirm'd in me an Opinion of
Goodneſs toward you.

Flow. I'Faith, Sir, I am ſure I never did you harm:
Some good I have done, either to you or yours,
I am ſure you know not, neither is it my will you ſhould.

Lanc.

Lanc. Ay, your Will, Sir.

Flow. Ay, my Will, Sir; 'sfoot do you know ought of my Will? Begod and you do, Sir, I am abus'd.

Lanc. Go, Mr. *Flowerdale*, what I know, I know;
And know you thus much out of my Knowledge,
That I truly love you. For my Daughter,
She's yours. And if you like a Marriage better
Than a Brawl, all quirks of Reputation set aside, go with me presently: And where you should fight a bloody Battel, you shall be married to a lovely Lady.

Flow. Nay but, Sir *Lancelot*?

Lanc. If you will not imbrace my offer, yet assure your self thus much, I will have order to hinder your Encounter.

Flow. Nay but hear me, Sir *Lancelot*.

Lanc. Nay, stand not you upon imputative Honour,
'Tis meerly unsound, unprofitable, and idle
Inferences; your Business is to wed my Daughter, therefore give me your present word to do it; I'll go and provide the Maid, therefore give me your present Resolution, either now or never.

Flow. Will you so put me to it? never.

Lanc. Ay, afore God, either take me now, or take me never.
Else what I thought should be our match, shall be our parting,
So fare you well for ever.

Flow. Stay; fall out, what may fall, my Love
Is above all: I will come.

Lanc. I expect you, and so fare you well.

[*Exit Sir* Lancelot.

Fath. Now, Sir, how shall we do for wedding Apparel?

Flow. By the Mass that's true; now help *Kit*,
The Marriage ended, we'll make amends for all.

Fath. Well, no more, prepare you for your Bride,
We will not want for Cloaths, whatsoe'er betide.

Flow. And thou shalt see, when once I have my Dower,
In Mirth we'll spend full many a merry Hour:
As for this Wench, I not regard a Pin,
It is her Gold must bring my Pleasures in.

Fath. Is't possible, he hath his second living,
Forsaking God, himself to the Devil giving;
But that I knew his Mother firm and chast,
My Heart would say, my Head she had disgrac'd:

Else

Elſe would I ſwear, he never was my Son,
But her fair Mind ſo foul a deed did ſhun.

Enter young Flowerdale's *Uncle.*

Unc. How now, Brother, how do you find your Son?

Fath. O Brother, heedleſs as a Libertine,
Ev'n grown a Maſter in the School of Vice,
One that doth nothing, but invent Deceit;
For all the Day he humours up and down,
How he the next Day might deceive his Friend:
He thinks of nothing but the preſent time:
For one Groat ready down, he'll pay a Shilling;
But then the Lender muſt needs ſtay for it.
When I was young, I had the ſcope of Youth,
Both wild, and wanton, careleſs and deſperate:
But ſuch mad Strains as he's poſſeſt withal,
I thought it wonder for to dream upon.

Unc. I told you ſo, but you would not believe it.

Fath. Well I have found it, but one thing comforts me;
Brother, to morrow he's to be married
To beauteous *Luce,* Sir *Lancelot Spurcock*'s Daughter.

Unc. Is't poſſible?

Fath. 'Tis true, and thus I mean to curb him;
This Day, Brother, I will you ſhall arreſt him;
If any thing will tame him, it muſt be that,
For he is rank in Miſchief, chain'd to a Life,
That will encreaſe his Shame, and kill his Wife.

Unc. What, arreſt him on his wedding Day?
That were unchriſtian, and an unhuman part:
How many couple ev'n for that very Day,
Have purchaſt ſeeen Years ſorrow afterward?
Forbear it then to Day, do it to Morrow,
And this Day mingle not his Joy with Sorrow.

Fath. Brother, I'll have it done this very Day,
And in the view of all, as he comes from Church.
Do but obſerve the Courſe that he will take,
Upon my life he will forſwear the Debt:
And for we'll have the Sum ſhall not be ſlight,
Say that he owes you near three thouſand Pound:
Good Brother, let it be done immediately.

Unc. Well, ſeeing you will have it ſo,
Brother I'll do't, and ſtraight provide the Sheriff,

Fath.

Fath. So Brother, by this means ſhall we perceive
What Sir *Lancelot* in this pinch will do:
And how his Wife doth ſtand affected to him,
Her Love will then be tried to the uttermoſt:
And all the reſt of them. Brother, what I will do,
Shall harm him much, and much avail him too. [*Exeunt.*

Oli. Cham aſhured thick be the Place, that the ſcoundrel
Appointed to meet me, if a come, zo: If a come not, zo.
And che war aviſe, he would make a Coyſtrel an us,
Ched veſe him, and che vang him in hand, che would
Hoyſt him, and give it him too and again, zo chud:
Who a been there, Sir *Arthur*? chil ſtay aſide.

Arth. I have dog'd the *Devonſhire* Man into the Field,
For fear of any harm that ſhould befal him:
I had an inckling of that yeſternight,
That *Flowerdale* and he ſhould meet this Morning.
Though of my Soul, *Oliver* fears him not,
Yet for I'd ſee fair play on either ſide,
Made me to come, to ſee their Valours try'd——
Good morrow to Maſter *Oliver.*

Oli. God and good Morrow.

Arth. What, Maſter *Oliver*, are you angry?

Oli. What an it be, tyt an grieven you?

Arth. Not me at all, Sir, but I imagine
By your being here thus arm'd,
You ſtay for ſome that you ſhould fight withal.

Oli. Why and he do, che would not dezire you to take his part.

Arth. No, by my troth, I think you need it not,
For he you look for, I think means not to come.

Oli. No, and che war aſhure of that, ched aveſe him in another Place.

Enter Daffidil.

Daff. O, Sir *Arthur*, Maſter *Oliver*, ay me,
Your Love, and yours, and mine, ſweet Miſtreſs *Luce*
This Morning is married to young *Flowerdale.*

Arth. Married to *Flowerdale*! 'tis impoſſible.

Oli. Married, Man? che hope thou doſt but jeſt:
To make an a volowten merriment of it.

Daff. O 'tis too true, here comes his Uncle.

Enter young Flowerdale's *Uncle, with Sheriff and Officers.*

Unc. Good morrow, Sir *Arthur*, good morrow, Maſter *Oliver.*

Oli. God and good Morn, Mr. *Flowerdale.* I pray tellen us, is your ſcoundrel Kinſman married?

Arth. Mr. *Oliver*, call him what you will, but he is married To Sir *Lancelot*'s Daughter here.

Unc. Sir *Arthur*, unto her?

Oli. Ay, ha the old vellow zerved me thick a trick? Why Man, he was a promiſe, chil chud a had her, Is a zitch a vox, chil look to his Water che vor him.

Unc. The Muſick plays; they are coming from the Church. Sheriff, do your Office: Fellows, ſtand ſtoutly to it.

Enter all to the Wedding.

Oli. God give you Joy, as the old zaid Proverb is, and ſome Zorrow among. You met us well, did you not?

Lanc. Nay, be not angry, Sir, the fault is in me, I have done all the wrong, kept him from coming to the Field to you, as I might, Sir, for I am a Juſtice, and ſworn to keep the Peace.

Weath. Ay marry is he, Sir, a very Juſtice, and ſworn to keep the Peace, you muſt not diſturb the Weddings.

Lanc. Nay, never frown nor ſtorm, Sir, if you do, I'll have an order taken for you.

Oli. Well, well, chil be quiet.

Weath. Mr. *Flowerdale*, Sir *Lancelot*, look you, who here is? Mr. *Flowerdale.*

Lanc. Mr. *Flowerdale*, welcome with all my Heart.

Flow. Uncle, this is ſhe i'faith: Maſter Under-Sheriff, Arreſt me? At whoſe Suit? Draw, *Kit.*

Unc. At my Suit, Sir.

Lanc. Why, what's the Matter, Mr. *Flowerdale*?

Unc. This is the matter, Sir, this Unthrift here Hath cozen'd you, and hath had of me In ſeveral Sums three thouſand Pound.

Flow. Why, Uncle, Uncle.

Unc. Couſin, Couſin, you have Uncled me, And if you be not ſtaid, you'll prove A cozener unto all that know you.

Lanc.

Lanc. Why, Sir, ſuppoſe he be to you in debt
Ten thouſand Pound, his State to me appears,
To be at leaſt three thouſand by the Year.
Unc. O, Sir, I was too late inform'd of that Plot,
How that he went about to cozen you:
And form'd a Will, and ſent it to your good
Friend there, Maſter *Weathercock*, in which was
Nothing true, but brags and lies.
Lanc. Ha, hath he not ſuch Lordſhips,
Lands, and Ships?
Unc. Not worth a Groat, not worth a Half-penny he.
Lanc. I pray tell us true, be plain, young *Flowerdale.*
Flow. My Uncle here's mad,
And diſpos'd to do me wrong,
But here's my Man an honeſt Fellow
By the Lord, and of good Credit, knows all is true.
Fath. Not I, Sir, I am too old to lie; I rather know
You forg'd a Will, where every Line you writ,
You ſtudied where to quote your Lands might lye.
Weath. And I prithee where be thy honeſt Friends?
Fath. I'faith no where, Sir, for he hath none at all.
Weath. Benedicity, we are o'er-reach'd, I believe.
Lanc. I am cozen'd, and my hopefull'ſt Child undone.
Flow. You are not cozen'd, nor is ſhe undone,
They ſlander me, by this Light, they ſlander me:
Look you, my Uncle here's an Uſurer, and would undo me,
But I'll ſtand in Law, do you but bail me, you ſhall do no more:
You Brother *Civet*, and Maſter *Weathercock*, do but
Bail me, and let me have my Marriage Mony
Paid me, and we'll ride down,
And there your own Eyes ſhall ſee
How my poor Tenants there will welcome me.
You ſhall but bail me, you ſhall do no more,
And you, greedy Gnat, their bail will ſerve.
Unc. Ay, Sir, I'll ask no better bail.
Lanc. No, Sir, you ſhall not take my bail, nor his,
Nor my Son *Civet*'s, I'll not be cheated, I.
Sheriff, take your Priſoner, I'll not deal with him:
Let's Uncle make falſe Dice with his falſe Bones,
I will not have to do with him: Mock'd, gull'd, and wrong'd!

Come, Girl, though it be late, it falls out well,
Thou ſhalt not live with him in Beggar's Hell.

Luce. He is my Husband, and high Heav'n doth know,
With what unwillingneſs I went to Church,
But you enforc'd me, you compell'd me to it:
The holy Church-man pronounc'd theſe Words but now,
I muſt not leave my Husband in diſtreſs:
Now I muſt comfort him, not go with you.

Lanc. Comfort a Cozener? On my curſe forſake him?

Luce. This day you caus'd me on your Curſe to take him:
Do not, I pray, my grieved Soul oppreſs;
God knows my Heart doth bleed at his diſtreſs.

Lanc. O Maſter *Weathercock*,
I muſt confeſs I forc'd her to this match.
Led with Opinion his falſe Will was true.

Weath. Ah, he hath over-reach'd me too.

Lanc. She might have liv'd like *Delia*, in a happy Virgin's ſtate.

Del. Father, be patient, Sorrow comes too late.

Lanc. And on her Knees ſhe begg'd and did intreat,
If ſhe muſt needs taſte a ſad Marriage Life,
She crav'd to be Sir *Arthur Greenſhield*'s Wife.

Arth. You have done her and me the greater wrong.

Lanc. O take her yet.

Arth. Not I.

Lanc. Or, Maſter *Oliver*, accept my Child, and half my Wealth is yours.

Oli. No, Sir, chil break no Laws.

Luce. Never fear, ſhe will not trouble you.

Del. Yet, Siſter, in this Paſſion do not run headlong to Confuſion. You may affect him, tho' not follow him.

Frank. Do, Siſter, hang him, let him go.

Weath. Do faith, Miſtreſs *Luce*, leave him.

Luce. You are three groſs Fools, let me alone,
I ſwear, I'll live with him in all his moan.

Oli. But an he have his Legs at liberty,
Cham aveard he will never live with you.

Arth. Ay, but he is now in Huckſters handling for running away.

Lanc.

Lanc. Huſwife, you hear how you and I are wrong'd,
And if you will redreſs it yet you may:
But if you ſtand on terms to follow him,
Never come near my ſight, nor look on me,
Call me not Father, look not for a Groat,
For all the Portion I will this Day give
Unto thy Siſter *Frances.*

Fran. How ſay you to that, *Tom?*
I ſhall have a good deal,
Beſides, I'll be a good Wife; and a good Wife
Is a good thing I can tell.

Civ. Peace, *Frank*, I would be ſorry to ſee thy Siſter caſt away, as I am a Gentleman.

Lanc. What, are you yet reſolv'd?

Luce. Yes, I am reſolv'd.

Lanc. Come then away, or now, or never come.

Luce. This way I turn, go you unto your Feaſt,
And I to weep, that am with Grief oppreſt.

Lanc. For ever fly my ſight: Come, Gentlemen,
Let's in, I'll help you to far better Wives than her.
Delia, upon my Bleſſing talk not to her,
Baſe Baggage, in ſuch haſte to Beggary?

Unc. Sheriff, take your Priſoner to your charge.

Flow. Uncle, be-gad you have us'd me very hardly,
By my troth, upon my Wedding-day.

[*Exeunt all but* Luce, *young* Flowerdale, *his Father, Uncle, Sheriff and Officers.*

Luce. O Maſter *Flowerdale*, but hear me ſpeak,
Stay but a little while, good Maſter Sheriff,
If not for him, for my ſake pity him:
Good Sir, ſtop not your Ears at my Complaint,
My Voice grows weak, for Womens words are faint.

Flow. Look you, ſhe kneels to you.

Unc. Fair Maid, for you, I love you with my Heart,
And grieve, ſweet Soul, thy Fortune is ſo bad,
That thou ſhould'ſt match with ſuch a graceleſs Youth,
Go to thy Father, think not upon him,
Whom Hell hath mark'd to be the Son of Shame.

Luce. Impute his wildneſs, Sir, unto his Youth,
And think that now's the time he doth repent;
Alas, what good or gain can you receive,

To impriſon him that nothing hath to pay?
And where nought is, the King doth loſe his due;
O pity him as God ſhall pity you.
Unc. Lady, I know his Humours all too well,
And nothing in the World can do him good,
But miſery it ſelf to chain him with.
Luce. Say that your Debts were paid, then is he free?
Unc. Ay, Virgin, that being anſwer'd, I have done.
But to him that is all as impoſſible,
As I to ſcale the high Pyramids.
Sheriff, take your Priſoner; Maiden, fare thee well,
Luce. O go not yet, good Maſter *Flowerdale*:
Take my word for the Debt, my Word, my Bond.
Flow. Ay, by Gad, Uncle, and my Bond too.
Luce. Alas, I ne'er ought nothing but I paid it;
And I can work, alas, he can do nothing:
I have ſome Friends perhaps will pity me,
His chiefeſt Friends do ſeek his Miſery.
All that I can, or beg, get, or receive,
Shall be for you: O do not turn away:
Methinks within a Face ſo reverend,
So well experienc'd in this tottering World,
Should have ſome feeling of a Maiden's Grief:
For my ſake, his Father's and your Brother's ſake,
Ay, for your Soul's ſake that doth hope for Joy,
Pity my ſtate, do not two Souls deſtroy.
Unc. Fair Maid, ſtand up; not in regard of him,
But in pity of thy hapleſs Choice,
I do releaſe him: Maſter Sheriff, I thank you:
And Officers, there is for you to drink.
Here, Maid, take this Mony, there is a hundred Angels;
And, for I will be ſure he ſhall not have it,
Here, *Keſter*, take it you, and uſe it ſparingly,
But let not her have any want at all.
Dry your Eyes, Neice, do not too much lament
For him, whoſe Life hath been in riot ſpent:
If well he uſeth thee, he gets him Friends,
If ill, a ſhameful end on him depends [*Exit Uncle.*
Flow. A plague go with you for an old Fornicator:
Come, *Kit*, the Mony, come, honeſt *Kit*.
Fath. Nay by my Faith, Sir, you ſhall pardon me.

Flow.

Flow. And why, Sir, pardon you? give me the Mony, you old Raſcal, or I will make you.

Luce. Pray hold your Hands, give it him honeſt Friend.

Fath. If you be ſo content, with all my Heart.

Flow. Content, Sir, 'sblood ſhe ſhall be content
Whether ſhe will or no. A rattle-baby come to follow me?
Go, get you gone to the greaſie Chuff your Father,
Bring me your Dowry, or never look on me.

Fath. Sir, ſhe hath forſook her Father, and all her Friends for you.

Flow. Hang thee, her Friends and Father all together.

Fath. Yet part with ſomething to provide her Lodging.

Flow. Yes, I mean to part with her and you, but if I part with one Angel, hang me at a Poſt. I'll rather throw them at a caſt of Dice, as I have done a thouſand of their Fellows.

Fath. Nay then I will be plain, degenerate Boy,
Thou hadſt a Father would have been aſham'd.

Flow. My Father was an Aſs, an old Aſs.

Fath. Thy Father? proud licentious Villain:
What are you at your foils? I'll foil with you.

Luce. Good Sir, forbear him.

Fath. Did not this whining Woman hang on me,
I'd teach thee what it was to abuſe thy Father:
Go hang, beg, ſtarve, Dice, Game, that when all's gone,
Thou may'ſt after deſpair and hang thy ſelf.

Luce. O do not curſe him.

Fath. I do not curſe him, and to pray for him were vain,
It grieves me that he bears his Father's Name.

Flow. Well, you old Raſcal, I ſhall meet with you.
Sirrah, get you gone, I will not ſtrip the Livery
Over your Ears, becauſe you paid for it:
But do not uſe my Name, Sirrah,
Do you hear? Look you do not
Uſe my Name, you were beſt.

Fath. Pay me the twenty Pound then that I lent you,
Or give me Security when I may have it.

Flow. I'll pay thee not a Penny,
And for Security I'll give thee none.
Minckins, look you do not follow me, look you do not:
If you do, Beggar, I ſhall ſlit your Noſe.

Luce. Alas, what ſhall I do?
Flow. Why turn Whore, that's a good Trade,
And ſo perhaps I'll ſee thee now and then.
[*Exit* Flowerdale.
Luce. Alas-the-day that ever I was born.
Fath. Sweet Miſtreſs, do not weep, I'll ſtick to you.
Luce. Alas, my Friend, I know not what to do,
My Father and my Friends, they have deſpis'd me:
And I a wretched Maid, thus caſt away,
Knows neither where to go, nor what to ſay.
Fath. It grieves me at the Soul, to ſee her Tears
Thus ſtain the Crimſon Roſes of her Cheeks:
Lady, take comfort, do not mourn in vain,
I have a little living in this Town,
The which I think comes to a hundred Pound,
All that and more ſhall be at your diſpoſe;
I'll ſtrait go help you to ſome ſtrange diſguiſe,
And place you in a Service in this Town:
Where you ſhall know all, yet your ſelf unknown:
Come, grieve no more, where no help can be had,
Weep not for him, that is more worſe than bad.
Luce. I thank you, Sir. [*Exeunt.*
Enter Sir Lancelot, *Maſter* Weathercock *and the reſt.*
Oli. Well, cha a bin zerved many a ſluttiſh Trick,
But ſuch a lerripoop as thick ych was ne'er a ſarved.
Lanc. Son *Civet*, Daughter *Frances*, bear with me,
You ſee how I am preſs'd down with inward Grief,
About that luckleſs Girl, your Siſter *Luce.*
But 'tis faln out with me, as with many Families beſide,
They are moſt unhappy, that are moſt belov'd.
Civ. Father, 'tis ſo, 'tis even faln out ſo,
But what remedy? ſet Hand to your Heart, and let it paſs,
Here is your Daughter *Frances* and I, and we'll not ſay,
We'll bring forth as witty Children, but as pretty
Children as ever ſhe was; tho' ſhe had the prick
And praiſe for a pretty Wench: But Father, done is
The Mouſe, you'll come?
Lanc. Ay, Son *Civet*, I'll come.
Civ. And you, Maſter *Oliver*?
Oli. Ay, for che a vext out this veaſt, chil ſee if a gan
Make a better veaſt there.

Civ.

Civ. And you, Sir *Arthur*?

Arth. Ay, Sir, although my Heart be full,
I'll be a Partner at your Wedding Feaſt.

Civ. And welcome all indeed, and welcome; come *Frank*, are you ready?

Frank. Jeſhue, how haſty theſe Husbands are, I pray, Father, pray to God to bleſs me.

Lanc. God bleſs thee, and I do; God make thee wiſe, Send you both Joy, I wiſh it with wet Eyes.

Frank. But, Father, ſhall not my Siſter *Delia* go along with us? She is excellent good at Cookery, and ſuch things.

Lanc. Yes marry ſhall ſhe: *Delia*, make you ready.

Del. I am ready, Sir, I will firſt go to *Greenwich*,
From thence to my Couſin *Cheſterfield*, and ſo to *London*.

Civ. It ſhall ſuffice, good Siſter *Delia*, it ſhall ſuffice, but fail us not, good Siſter, give order to Cooks and others, for I would not have my ſweet *Frank* to ſoil her Fingers.

Frank. No by my troth not I, a Gentlewoman, and a marrried Gentlewoman too, to be Companion to Cooks, And Kitchin-boys, not I i'faith, I ſcorn that.

Civ. Why, I do not mean thou ſhalt, ſweet Heart, thou ſeeſt I do not go about it; well, farewel too: You Gods pity Mr. *Weathercock*, we ſhall have your Company too?

Weath. With all my Heart, for I love good Cheer.

Civ. Well, God be with you all, come, *Frank*.

Frank. God be with you, Father, God be with you, Sir *Arthur*, Maſter *Oliver*, and Maſter *Weathercock*, Siſter, God be with you all: God be with you, Father, God be with you every one.

Weath. Why, how now, Sir *Arthur*, all a mort, Maſter *Oliver*, how now, Man?
Cheerly, Sir *Lancelot*, and merrily ſay,
Who can hold that will away.

Lanc. Ay, ſhe is gone indeed, poor Girl, undone,
But when theſe be ſelf-will'd, Children muſt ſmart.

Art. But, Sir, that ſhe is wronged, you are the chiefeſt Cauſe, therefore 'tis reaſon you redreſs her wrong.

Weath. Indeed you muſt, Sir *Lancelot*, you muſt.

Lanc.

Lanc. Muſt? who can compel me, Mr. *Weathercock*?
I hope I may do what I liſt.
Weath. I grant you may, you may do what you liſt.
Oli. Nay, but and you be well eviſen, it were not good,
By this vrampolneſs, and vrowardneſs, to caſt away
As pretty a dowſſabel, as am chould chance to ſee
In a Summers Day; chil tell you what chall do,
Chil go ſpy up and down the Town, and ſee if I
Can hear any Tale or Tydings of her,
And take her away from thick a Meſſel, vor cham
Aſhured, heel but bring her to the ſpoil,
And ſo var you well, we ſhall meet at your Son *Civet's*.
Lanc. I thank you, Sir, I take it very kindly.
Arth. To find her out, I'll ſpend my deareſt Blood.
So well I lov'd her, to affect her Good. [*Exeunt* Ambo.
Lanc. O Maſter *Weathercock*,
What hap had I, to force my Daughter
From Maſter *Oliver*, and this good Knight,
To one that hath no Goodneſs in his Thought?
Weath. Ill luck, but what remedy?
Lanc. Yes, I have almoſt deviſed a Remedy,
Young *Flowerdale* is ſure a Priſoner.
Weath. Sure? nothing more ſure.
Lanc. And yet perhaps his Uncle hath releas'd him.
Weath. It may be very like, no doubt he hath.
Lanc. Well if he be in Priſon, I'll have Warrants
To tache my Daughter 'till the Law be tried,
For I will ſue him upon Cozenage.
Weath. Marry may you, and overthrow him too.
Lanc. Nay that's not ſo; I may chance be ſcoft,
And ſentence paſt with him.
Weath. Believe me, ſo he may, therefore take heed.
Lanc. Well howſoever, yet I will have warrants,
In Priſon, or at Liberty, all's one:
You will help to ſerve them, Maſter *Weathercock*?
[*Exeunt.*

Enter Flowerdale.

Flow. A plague of the Devil, the Devil take the Dice.
The Dice, and the Devil, and his Dam go together;
Of all my hundred golden Angels,
I have not left me one Denier:

A pox of come a five, what ſhall I do?
I can borrow no more of my Credit:
There's not any of my acquaintance, Man nor Boy,
But I have borrowed more or leſs of:
I would I knew where to take a good Purſe,
And go clear away, by this Light I'll venture for it.
Gods lid my Siſter *Delia*,
I'll rob her, by this Hand.

Enter Delia *and* Artichoak.

Del. I prethee, *Artichoak*, go not ſo faſt,
The Weather is hot, and I am ſomething weary.

Art. Nay I warrant you, Miſtreſs *Delia*, I'll not tire you
With leading, we'll go an extream moderate pace.

Flow. Stand, deliver your Purſe.

Art. O Lord, Thieves, Thieves. [*Exit* Artichoak.

Flow. Come, come, your Purſe, Lady, your Purſe.

Del. That Voice I have heard often before this time,
What, Brother *Flowerdale* become a Thief?

Flow. Ay, plague on't, I thank your Father
But Siſter, come, your Mony, come:
What the World muſt find me, I am born to live,
'Tis not a Sin to ſteal, when none will give.

Del. O God, is all Grace baniſht from thy Heart,
Think of the Shame that doth attend this Fact.

Flow. Shame me no Shames, come give me your Purſe;
I'll bind you, Siſter, leſt I fare the worſe.

Del. No, bind me not, hold, there is all I have,
And would that Mony would redeem thy Shame.

Enter Oliver, *Sir* Arthur, *and* Artichoak.

Art. Thieves, Thieves, Thieves.

Oli. Thieves, where Man? why how now, Miſtreſs *Delia*.
Ha you a liked to been a robbed?

Del. No, Maſter *Oliver*, 'tis Maſter *Flowerdale*, he did but jeſt with me.

Oli. How, *Flowerdale*, that Scoundrel? Sirrah, you meten us well, vang the that.

Flow. Well, Sir, I'll not meddle with you, becauſe I have a Charge.

Del. Here Brother *Flowerdale*, I'll lend you this ſame Mony.

Flow. I thank you, Siſter.

Oli.

Oli. I wad you were ysplit, and you let the Mezel have a Penny; but since you cannot keep it, chil keep it my self.

Arth. 'Tis pity to relieve him in this sort,
Who makes a triumphant Life his daily sport.

Del. Brother, you see how all Men censure you,
Farewel, and I pray God amend your Life.

Oli. Come, chil bring you along, and you safe enough
From twenty such Scoundrels as thick an one is,
Farewel and be hanged, zyrrah, as I think so thou
Wilt be shortly; come, Sir *Arthur.*

[*Exeunt all but* Flowerdale.

Flow. A plague go with you for a karsie Rascal;
This *Devonshire* Man I think is made all of Pork,
His Hands made only for to heave up Packs:
His Heart as fat and big as his Face,
As differing far from all brave gallant Minds,
As I to serve the Hogs, and drink with Hinds,
As I am very near now; well what remedy,
When Money, Means, and Friends, do grow so small,
Then farewel Life, and there's an end of all. [*Exit.*

Enter young Flowerdale's *Father*, Luce *like a* Dutch *Frow*, Civet *and his Wife* Frances.

Civ. By my troth God a Mercy for this, good *Christopher*, I thank thee for my Maid, like her very well, how dost thou like her, *Frances*?

Fran. In good Sadness, *Tom*, very well, excellent well, She speaks so prettily, I pray what's your Name?

Luce. My name, forsooth, be called *Tanikin.*

Fran. By my troth a fine Name: O *Tanikin*, you are excellent for dressing ones Head a new Fashion.

Luce. Me sall do every ting about da Head.

Civ. What Countrywoman is she, *Kester*?

Fath. A *Dutch* Woman, Sir.

Civ. Why then she is outlandish, is she not?

Fath. Ay, Sir, she is.

Fran. O then thou canst tell how to help me to Cheeks and Ears?

Luce. Yes, Mistress, very well.

Fath. Cheeks and Ears, why, Mistress *Frances*, want you Cheeks and Ears? methinks you have very fair ones.

Fran.

Fran. Thou art a Fool indeed, *Tom*, thou knoweſt what I mean.

Civ. Ay, ay, *Keſter*, 'tis ſuch as they wear a their Heads, I prithee, *Kit*, have her in, and ſhew her my Houſe.

Fath. I will, Sir; come *Tanikin.*

Fran. O *Tom*, you have not buſſed me to day, *Tom.*

Civ. No *Frances*, we muſt not kiſs afore Folks, God ſave my *Franck.*

Enter Delia *and* Artichoak.

See yonder, my Siſter *Delia* is come, welcome, good Siſter.

Fran. Welcome, good Siſter, how do you like the Tire of my Head?

Del. Very well, Siſter.

Civ. I am glad you're come, Siſter *Delia*, to give order for Supper, they will be here ſoon.

Art. Ay, but if good luck had not ſerv'd, ſhe had
Not been here now, filching *Flowerdale* had like
To pepper'd us, but for Maſter *Oliver*, we had been robb'd.

Del. Peace, ſirrah, no more.

Fath. Robb'd! by whom?

Art. Marry by none but by *Flowerdale*, he is turn'd Thief.

Civ. By my Faith, but that is not well, but God be prais'd For your Eſcape, will you draw near, Siſter?

Fath. Sirrah, come hither, would *Flowerdale*, he that was my Maſter, a robbed you, I prethee tell me true?

Art. Yes i'Faith, even that *Flowerdale* that was thy Maſter.

Fath. Hold thee, there is a *French* Crown, and ſpeak no more of this.

Art. Not I, not a word, now do I ſmell Knavery:
In every Purſe *Flowerdale* takes, he is half:
And gives me this to keep Counſel, not a word I.

Fath. Why God a Mercy.

Fran. Siſter, look here, I have a new *Dutch* Maid, And ſhe ſpeaks ſo fine, it would do your Heart good.

Civ. How do you like her, Siſter?

Del. I like your Maid well.

Civ. Well, dear Siſter, will you draw near, and give directions for Supper, Gueſts will be here preſently.

Del.

Del. Yes, Brother, lead the way, I'll follow you.
[*Exeunt all but* Delia *and* Luce.
Hark you, *Dutch* Frow, a word.
Luce. Vat is your vill wit me?
Del. Sister *Luce*, 'tis not your broken Language,
Nor this same Habit, can disguise your Face
From I that know you; pray tell me, what means this?
Luce. Sister, I see you know me, yet be secret;
This borrowed Shape that I have ta'en upon me,
Is but to keep my self a space unknown,
Both from my Father, and my neareſt Friends;
Until I see how time will bring to pass,
The desperate Course of Master *Flowerdale.*
Del. O he is worse than bad, I prethee leave him,
And let not once thy Heart to think on him.
Luce. Do not perswade me once to such a Thought,
Imagine yet, that he is worse than nought;
Yet one good time may all that Ill undo,
That all his former Life did run into.
Therefore, kind Sister, do not disclose my Estate,
If e'er his Heart doth turn, 'tis ne'er too late.
Del. Well, seeing no Counsel can remove your Mind,
I'll not disclose you, that art wilful blind.
Luce. Delia, I thank you. I now must please her Eyes,
My Sister *Frances*, neither fair nor wise. [*Exeunt.*

Enter Flowerdale *Solus.*

Flow. On goes he that knows no end of his Journey,
I have pass'd the very utmost bounds of Shifting,
I have no Course now but to hang my self;
I have liv'd since Yesterday two a Clock, of a
Spice-cake I had at a Burial: And for Drink,
I got it at an Ale-house among Porters, such as
Will bear out a Man, if he have no Mony indeed.
I mean out of their Companies, for they are Men
Of good Carriage. Who comes here?
The two Cony-catchers, that won all my Mony of me.
I'll try if they'll lend me any.

Enter Dick *and* Ralph.

What Mr. *Richard*, how do you?
How dost thou *Ralph?* By Gad, Gentlemen, the world
Grows bare with me, will you do as much as lend

Me

Me an Angel between you both, you know you
Won a hundred of me the other Day.

Ralph. How, an Angel? Gad damn us if we loſt not every Penny within an Hour after thou wert gone.

Flow. I prethee lend me ſo much as will pay for my Supper; I'll pay you again, as I am a Gentleman.

Ralph. I'Faith, we have not a farthing, not a mite;
I wonder at it, Mr. *Flowerdale*,
You will ſo careleſly undo your ſelf;
Why you will loſe more Mony in an Hour,
Than any honeſt Man ſpends in a Year;
For Shame betake you to ſome honeſt Trade,
And live not thus ſo like a Vagabond. [*Exeunt.*

Flow. A Vagabond indeed, more Villains you:
They gave me Counſel that firſt cozen'd me;
Thoſe Devils firſt brought me to this I am,
And being thus, the firſt that do me wrong.
Well, yet I have one Friend left in ſtore.
Not far from hence there dwells a Cockatrice,
One that I firſt put in a Sattin Gown,
And not a Tooth that dwells within her Head,
But ſtands me at the leaſt in twenty Pound:
Her will I viſit now my Coyn is gone,
And as I take it here dwells the Gentlewoman.
What ho, is Miſtreſs *Apricock* within?

Enter Ruffin.

Ruf. What ſawcy Raſcal is that which knocks ſo bold?
O, is it you, old Spend-thrift? are you here?
One that is turned Cozener about the Town:
My Miſtreſs ſaw you, and ſends this Word by me,
Either be packing quickly from the Door,
Or you ſhall have ſuch a Greeting ſent you ſtraight,
As you will little like on, you had beſt be gone. [*Exit.*

Flow. Why ſo, this is as it ſhould be, being poor,
Thus art thou ſerv'd by a vile painted Whore.
Well, ſince thy damned crew do ſo abuſe thee,
I'll try of honeſt Men, how they will uſe me.

Enter an ancient Citizen.

Sir, I beſeech you to take Compaſſion of a Man;
One whoſe Fortunes have been better than at this Inſtant they ſeem to be: but if I might crave of you ſo much little Portion,

Portion, as would bring me to my Friends, I would reſt thankful, until I had requited ſo great a Courteſie.

Cit. Fie, fie, young Man, this Courſe is very bad,
Too many ſuch have we about this City;
Yet for I have not ſeen you in this ſort,
Nor noted you to be a common Beggar,
Hold, there's an Angel to bear your Charges
Down, go to your Friends, do not on this depend.
Such bad Beginnings oft have worſer Ends. [*Exit* Cit.

Flow. Worſer ends: nay, if it fall out
No worſe than in old Angels I care not,
Nay, now I have had ſuch a fortunate Beginning,
I'll not let a ſixpenny Purſe eſcape me:
By the Maſs here comes another.

Enter a Citizen's Wife with a Torch before her.

God bleſs you, fair Miſtreſs.
Now would it pleaſe you, Gentlewoman, to look into the Wants of a poor Gentleman, a younger Brother, I doubt not but God will treble reſtore it back again, one that never before this time demanded Penny, Half-penny, nor Farthing.

Cit. Wife. Stay, *Alexander*, now by my Troth a very proper Man, and 'tis great Pity; hold, my Friend, there's all the Mony I have about me, a couple a Shillings, and God bleſs thee.

Flow. Now God thank you, ſweet Lady; if you have any Friend, or Garden-houſe, where you may imploy a poor Gentleman as your Friend, I am yours to command in all ſecret Service.

Cit. Wife. I thank you good Friend, I prithee let me ſee that again I gave thee, there is one of them a braſs Shilling, give me them, and here is half a Crown in Gold.

[*He gives it her.*

Now out upon thee, Raſcal: ſecret Service! what doſt thou make of me? It were a good Deed to have thee whipt: Now I have my Mony again, I'll ſee thee hang'd before I give thee a Penny. Secret Service? on, good *Alexander.*

[*Exeunt* Ambo.

Flow. This is villanous luck, I perceive Diſhoneſty
Will not thrive; here comes more, God forgive me,
Sir *Athur* and Mr. *Oliver*, aforegod I'll ſpeak to them.

God

God ſave you, Sir *Arthur*; God ſave you, Mr. *Oliver.*

Oli. Been you there, zirrah, come will you taken your ſelf to your Tools, Coyſtrel?

Flow. Nay, Mr. *Oliver*, I'll not fight with you,
Alas, Sir, you know it was not my doings,
It was only a Plot to get Sir *Lancelot*'s Daughter:
By Gad I never meant you harm.

Oli. And whore is the Gentlewoman thy Wife, Mezel?
Whore is ſhe, Zirrah, ha?

Flow. By my troth, Mr. *Oliver*, ſick, very ſick;
And Gad is my Judge, I know not what means to make for her, good Gentlewoman.

Oli. Tell me true, is ſhe ſick? tell me true itch' viſe thee.

Flow. Yes faith, I tell you true: Mr. *Oliver*, if you would do me the ſmall kindneſs, but to lend me forty Shillings: So Gad help me, I will pay you ſo ſoon as my Ability ſhall make me able, as I am a Gentleman.

Oli. Well thou zaiſt thy Wife is zick; hold, there's vorty Shillings, give it to thy Wife, look thou give it her, or I ſhall zo veze thee, thou wert not zo vezed this zeven year, look to it.

Arth. I'faith, Mr. *Oliver*, it is in vain
To give to him that never thinks of her.

Oli. Well, would che could yvind it.

Flow. I tell you true, Sir *Arthur*, as I am a Gentleman.

Oli. Well, farewel zirrah: come, Sir *Arthur.*

[*Exeunt* Ambo.

Flow. By the Lord, this is excellent:
Five golden Angels compaſt in an Hour,
If this Trade hold, I'll never ſeek a new.
Welcome, ſweet Gold, and Beggary adieu.

Enter Uncle and Father.

Unc. See, *Keſter*, if you can find the Houſe.

Flow. Who's here, my Uncle, and my Man *Keſter*?
By the Maſs 'tis they.
How do you Uncle, how doſt thou, *Keſter*?
By my troth, Uncle, you muſt needs lend
Me ſome Mony, the poor Gentlewoman
My Wife, ſo Gad help me, is very ſick.
I was rob'd of the hundred Angels
You gave me, they are gone.

Unc. Ay, they are gone indeed, come, *Keſter*, away.

Flow. Nay, Uncle, do you hear, good Uncle?

Unc. Out Hypocrite, I will not hear thee ſpeak,
Come, leave him, *Keſter*,

Flow. Keſter, honeſt *Keſter.*

Fath. Sir, I have nought to ſay to you,
Open the Door to my Kin, thou had'ſt beſt
Lock't faſt, for there's a falſe Knave without.

Flow. You are an old lying Raſcal,
So you are. [*Exeunt ambo.*

Enter Luce.

Luce. Vat is de matter, Vat be you, Yonker?

Flow. By this light a *Dutch* Frow, they ſay they are called kind, by this Light I'll try her.

Luce. Vat be you, Yonker, why do you not ſpeak?

Flow. By my troth, Sweet Heart, a poor Gentleman that would deſire of you, if it ſtand with your liking, the bounty of your Purſe.

Enter young Flowerdale's *Father.*

Luce. O here God, ſo young an Armine.

Flow. Armine, Sweet-heart, I know not what you mean by that, but I am almoſt a Beggar.

Luce. Are you not a married Man, vere been your Vife? Here is all I have, take dis.

Flow. What Gold, young Frow? this is brave.

Fath. If he have any Grace, he'll now repent.

Luce. Why ſpeak you not, vere be your Vife?

Flow. Dead, dead, ſhe's dead, 'tis ſhe hath undone me? Spent me all I had, and kept Raſcals under my Noſe to brave me.

Luce. Did you uſe her vell?

Flow. Uſe her, there's never a Gentlewoman in *England* could be better uſed than I did her; I could but Coach her; her Diet ſtood me in forty pound a Month, but ſhe is dead, and in her Grave my Cares are buried.

Luce. Indeed dat vas not ſcone.

Fath. He is turn'd more Devil than he was before.

Flow. Thou doſt belong to Maſter *Civet* here, doſt thou not?

Luce. Yes, me do.

Flow.

Flow. Why there's it, there's not a handful of Plate
But belongs to me, Gad's my Judge:
If I had such a Wench as thou art,
There's never a Man in *England* would make more
Of her, than I would do, so she had any stock.
[*They call within.*
O why *Tanikin.*

Luce. Stay, one doth call, I shall come by and by again.

Flow. By this Hand, this *Dutch* Wench is in love with me,
Were it not admirable to make her steal
All *Civet*'s Plate, and run away.

Fath. 'Twere beastly. O Master *Flowerdale,*
Have you no fear of God, nor Conscience:
What do you mean, by this vile course you take?

Flow. What do I mean? why, to live, that I mean.

Fath. To live in this sort, fie upon the course,
Your Life doth show, you are a very Coward.

Flow. A Coward, I pray in what?

Fath. Why you will borrow Six-pence of a Boy.

Flow. 'Snails, is there such a Cowardice in that? I dare borrow it of a Man, ay, and of the tallest Man in *England,* if he will lend it me: Let me borrow it how I can, and let them come by it how they dare. And it is well known, I might ride out a hundred times if I would, so I might.

Fath. It was not want of Will, but Cowardice,
There is none that lends to you, but know they gain:
And what is that but only stealth in you?
Delia might hang you now, did not her Heart
Take pity of you for her Sister's sake.
Go get you hence, lest ling'ring here you stay,
You fall into their Hands you look not for.

Flow. I'll tarry here, 'till the *Dutch* Frow comes,
If all the Devils in Hell were here. [*Exit Father.*

Enter Sir Lancelot, *Mr.* Weathercock, *and* Artichoak.

Lanc. Where is the Door? are we not past it, *Artichoak*?

Art. By th' Mass here's one,
I'll ask him: Do you hear, Sir?
What, are you so proud? do you hear, which is the way

To Mr. *Civet*'s Houſe? what, will you not ſpeak?
O me, this is filching *Flowerdale.*
Lanc. O wonderful, is this lewd Villain here?
O you cheating Rogue, you Cut-purſe, Cony-catcher,
What Ditch, you Villain, is my Daughter's Grave?
A cozening Raſcal, that muſt make a Will,
Take on him that ſtrict Habit, very that:
When he ſhould turn to Angel, a dying Grace,
I'll Father-in-Law you, Sir, I'll make a Will:
Speak, Villain, where's my Daughter?
Poiſon'd, I warrant you, or knock'd a the Head:
And to abuſe good Maſter *Weathercock*, with
His forg'd Will, and Maſter *Weathercock*,
To make my grounded Reſolution;
Than to abuſe the *Devonſhire* Gentleman:
Go, away with him to Priſon.
Flow. Wherefore to Priſon? Sir, I will not go.
Enter Maſter Civet, *his Wife*, Oliver, *Sir* Arthur, *young* Flowerdale's *Father, Uncle, and* Delia.
Lanc. O here's his Uncle:
Welcome, Gentlemen, welcome all:
Such a Cozener, Gentlemen, a Murderer too
For any thing I know, my Daughter is miſſing,
Hath been look'd for, cannot be found, a vild upon thee.
Unc. He is my Kinſman, although his Life be vile,
Therefore, in God's name, do with him what you will.
Lanc. Marry to Priſon.
Flow. Wherefore to Priſon, ſnick-up? I owe you nothing.
Lanc. Bring forth my Daughter then, away with him.
Flow. Go ſeek your Daughter, what do you lay to my Charge?
Lanc. Suſpicion of Murder, go, away with him.
Flow. Murder your Dogs, I murder your Daughter?
Come, Uncle, I know you'll Bail me.
Unc. Not I, were there no more,
Than I the Jaylor, thou the Priſoner.
Lanc. Go, away with him.
Enter Luce *like a Frow.*
Luce. O my Life, where will you ha de Man?
Vat ha de Yonker done?

Weath.

Weath. Woman, he hath kill'd his Wife.

Luce. His Wife, dat is not good, dat is not ſeen.

Lanc. Hang not upon him, Huſwife, if you do I'll lay you by him.

Luce. Have me no, and or way do you have him,
He tell me dat he love me heartily.

Fran. Lead away my Maid to Priſon! why, *Tom*, will you ſuffer that?

Civ. No, by your leave, Father, ſhe is no Vagrant:
She is my Wife's Chamber-maid, and as true as the
Skin between any Man's Brows here.

Lanc. Go to, you're both Fools:
Son *Civet*, of my Life this is a Plot,
Some ſtragling Counterfeit profer'd to you:
No doubt to rob you of your Plate and Jewels:
I'll have you led away to Priſon, Trull.

Luce. I am no Trull, neither Outlandiſh Frow,
Nor he, nor I ſhall to the Priſon go:
Know you me now? nay, never ſtand amaz'd.
Father, I know I have offended you.
And though that Duty wills me bend my Knees
To you in Duty and Obedience;
Yet this ways do I turn, and to him yield
My Love, my Duty, and my Humbleneſs.

Lanc. Baſtard in Nature, kneel to ſuch a Slave?

Luce. O Maſter *Flowerdale*, if too much Grief
Have not ſtopt up the Organs of your Voice,
Then ſpeak to her that is thy faithful Wife,
Or doth Contempt of me thus tie thy Tongue?
Turn not away, I am no *Æthiope*,
No wanton *Creſſid*, nor a changing *Hellen*:
But rather one made wretched by thy Loſs.
What turn'ſt thou ſtill from me? O then
I gueſs thee wofull'ſt among hapleſs Men.

Flow. I am indeed, Wife, wonder among Wives!
Thy Chaſtity and Virtue hath infus'd
Another Soul in me, red with Defame,
For in my bluſhing Cheeks is ſeen my Shame.

Lanc. Out Hypocrite, I charge thee truſt him not.

Luce. Not truſt him?——by the hopes of after Bliſs,
I know no Sorrow can be compar'd to his.

Lanc. Well, ſince thou wert ordain'd to Beggary,
Follow thy Fortune, I defie thee.

Oli. Ywood che were ſo well ydouſſed as was ever white Cloth in tocking Mill, an che ha not made me weep.

Fath. If he hath any Grace he'll now repent.

Arth. It moves my Heart.

Weath. By my troth I muſt weep, I cannot chuſe.

Unc. None but a Beaſt would ſuch a Maid miſuſe.

Flow. Content thy ſelf, I hope to win his Favour,
And to redeem my Reputation loſt:
And, Gentlemen, believe me, I beſeech you,
I hope your Eyes ſhall behold ſuch Change,
As ſhall deceive your Expectation.

Oli. I would che were ſplit now, but che believe him.

Lanc. How, believe him!

Weath. By the Matkins, I do.

Lanc. What do you think that e'er he will have Grace?

Weath. By my Faith it will go hard.

Oli. Well, che vor ye he is chang'd; and, Mr. *Flowerdale*, in hope you been ſo, hold there's vorty pound toward your zetting up; what be not aſhamed, vang it Man, vang it, be a good Husband, loven to your Wife: And you ſhall not want for vorty more, I che vor thee.

Arth. My means are little, but if you'll follow me,
I will inſtruct you in my ableſt Power:
But to your Wife I give this Diamond,
And prove true Diamond fair in all your Life.

Flow. Thanks, good Sir *Arthur*: Mr. *Oliver*,
You being my Enemy, and grown ſo kind,
Binds me in all endeavour to reſtore.

Oli. What, reſtore me no reſtorings, Man,
I have vorty Pound more here, vang it:
Zouth chil devie *London* elſe: What, do not think me
A Mezel or a Scoundrel, to throw away my Mony? ché have an hundred Pound more to pace of any good Spotation: I hope your under and your Uncle will vollow my zamplas.

Unc. You have gueſt right of me, if he leave off this courſe of Life, he ſhall be mine Heir.

Lanc. But he ſhall never get a Groat of me;
A Cozener, a Deceiver, one that kill'd his painful

Father,

Father, honeſt Gentleman,
That paſs'd the fearful danger of the Sea,
To get him living, and maintain him brave.
Weath. What hath he kill'd his Father?
Lanc. Ay, Sir, with conceit of his vile Courſes.
Fath. Sir, you are miſinform'd.
Lanc. Why, thou old Knave, thou told'ſt me ſo thy ſelf.
Fath. I wrong'd him then:
And toward my Maſter's Stock,
There's twenty Nobles for to make amends.
Flow. No, *Keſter*, I have troubled thee, and wrong'd thee more,
What thou in love gives, I in love reſtore.
Fran. Ha, ha, Siſter, there you plaid bo-peep with *Tom*, what ſhall I give her toward Houſhold?
Siſter *Delia*, ſhall I give her my Fan?
Del. You were beſt ask your Husband.
Fran. Shall I, *Tom*?
Civ. Ay, do, *Frank*, I'll buy thee a new one, with a longer handle.
Fran. A ruſſet one, *Tom*.
Civ. Ay with ruſſet Feathers.
Fran. Here, Siſter, there's my Fan toward Houſhold, to keep you warm.
Luce. I thank you, Siſter.
Weath. Why this is well, and toward fair *Luce*'s Stock, here's forty Shillings: And forty good Shillings more, I'll give her, marry. Come Sir *Lancelot*, I muſt have you Friends.
Lanc. Not I, all this is Counterfeit,
He will conſume it, were it a Million.
Fath. Sir, what is your Daughter's Dower worth?
Lanc. Had ſhe been married to an honeſt Man,
It had been better than a thouſand Pound.
Fath. Pay it him, and I'll give you my Bond,
To make her Jointure better worth than three.
Lanc. Your Bond, Sir! why, what are you?
Fath. One whoſe word in *London*, tho' I ſay it,
Will paſs there for as much as yours.
Lanc. Wert not thou late that Unthrift's Serving-man?

Fath. Look on me better, now my Scar is off:
Ne'er muſe Man, at this Metamorphoſie.
Lanc. Maſter *Flowerdale*!
Flow. My Father! O I ſhame to look on him.
Pardon, dear Father, the Follies that are paſt.
Fath. Son, Son, I do, and joy at this thy Change,
And applaud thy Fortune in this virtuous Maid,
Whom Heav'n hath ſent to thee to ſave thy Soul.
Luce. This addeth Joy to Joy, high Heav'n be prais'd.
Weath. Mr. *Flowerdale*, welcome from Death, good Mr.
(Flowerdale.
'Twas ſaid ſo here, 'twas ſaid ſo here good Faith.
Fath. I caus'd that Rumour to be ſpread my ſelf,
Becauſe I'd ſee the Humours of my Son,
Which to relate the Circumſtance is needleſs:
And Sirrah, ſee you run no more into that ſame Diſeaſe:
For he that's once cur'd of that Malady,
Of Riot, Swearing, Drunkenneſs, and Pride,
And falls again into the like diſtreſs,
That Fever is deadly, doth 'till Death endure:
Such Men die mad, as of a Calenture.
Flow. Heav'n helping me, I'll hate the courſe as Hell.
Unc. Say it, and do it, Couſin, all is well.
Lanc. Well, being in hope you'll prove an honeſt Man,
I take you to my favour. Brother *Flowerdale*,
Welcome with all my Heart: I ſee your Care
Hath brought theſe Acts to this Concluſion,
And I am glad of it, come let's in and feaſt.
Oli. Nay zoſt you a while, you promis'd to make
Sir *Arthur* and me amends, here is your wiſeſt
Daughter, ſee which an's ſhe'll have.
Lanc. A God's name, you have my good will, get hers.
Oli. How ſay you then, Damſel.
Del. I, Sir, am yours.
Oli. Why, then ſend for a Vicar, and chil have it
Diſpatched in a trice, ſo chil.
Del. Pardon me, Sir, I mean I am yours,
In Love, in Duty, and Affection.
But not to love as Wife, ſhall ne'er be ſaid,
Delia was buried, married, but a Maid.

Arth.

Arth. Do not condemn your ſelf for ever,
Virtuous Fair, you were born to love.
Oli. Why you ſay true, Sir *Arthur*, ſhe was ybore to it,
So well as her Mother; but I pray you ſhew us
Some Zamples or Reaſons why you will not marry?
Del. Not that I do condemn a married Life,
For 'tis no doubt a ſanctimonious thing:
But for the care and croſſes of a Wife,
The trouble in this World that Children bring,
My Vow's in Heav'n in Earth to live alone,
Husbands, howſoever good, I will have none.
Oli. Why then, chil live a Batchelor too,
Che zet not a vig by a Wife, if a Wife zet not a vig
By me: Come, ſhall's go to Dinner?
Fath. To morrow I crave your Companies in *Mark-lane:*
To Night we'll frolick in Mr. *Civet*'s Houſe,
And to each Health drink down a full Carouſe.

P. 3063

THE LIFE AND DEATH OF *Thomas* Lord *Cromwell.*

Printed in the YEAR 1709.

Dramatis Perſonæ.

DUKE *of* Norfolk.
Duke of Suffolk.
Earl of Bedford *and his Hoſt.*
Cardinal Wolſey.
Gardiner, *Biſhop of* Wincheſter.
Sir Thomas Moor.
Sir Chriſtopher Hales.
Sir Ralph Sadler.
Old Cromwell, *a Blackſmith of* Putney.
Young Thomas Cromwell, *his Son.*
Maſter Bouſer, *a Merchant.*
Baniſter, *a broken Merchant, and his Wife.*
Bagot, *a cruel covetous Broker.*
Friskiball, *a* Florentine *Merchant.*
The Governors of the Engliſh *Houſe at* Antwerp.
States and Officers of Bononia.
Goodman Seely, *and his Wife* Joan.
Lieutenant of the Tower.
Hodge, Will *and* Tom, *old* Cromwell's *Servants.*
Two Citizens.
Two Merchants.
A Poſt.
Meſſengers.
Uſhers, and Servants.

THE

THE LIFE and DEATH OF *Thomas* Lord *Cromwell.*

ACT I. SCENE I.

Enter Hodge, *and two other Smiths, Servants to old* Cromwell.

HODGE.

COME, Masters, I think it be past five a Clock, is it not time we were at Work? my old Master he'll be stirring anon.

1 *Smith.* I cannot tell whether my old Master will be stirring or no; but I am sure I can hardly take my Afternoons Nap, for my young Master *Thomas*, he keeps such a quile in his Study, with the Sun, and the Moon, and the seven Stars, that I do verily think he'll read out his Wits.

Hodge.

Hodge. He Skill of the Stars ?
There's Goodman *Car* of *Fulham*,
He that carried us to the ſtrong Ale, where Goody *Trundel*
Had her Maid got with Child : O, he knows the Stars,
He'll tickle you *Charles*'s *Wain* in nine Degrees :
That ſame Man will tell Goody *Trundel*
When her Ale ſhall miſcarry, only by the Stars.

2 *Smith.* Ay, that's a great Virtue indeed; I think *Thomas*
Be no Body in compariſon to him.

1 *Smith.* Well, Maſters, come, ſhall we to our Hammers?

Hodge. Ay, content ; firſt let's take our Mornings
Draught, and then to work roundly.

2 *Smith.* Ay, agreed, go in, *Hodge.* [*Exeunt.*

Enter young Cromwell.

Crom. Good Morrow, Morn, I do ſalute thy brightneſs,
The Night ſeems tedious to my troubled Soul :
Whoſe black Obſcurity binds in my Mind
A thouſand ſundry Cogitations :
And now *Aurora* with a lively die,
Adds Comfort to my Spirit that mounts on high.
Too high indeed, my ſtate being ſo mean :
My Study like a mineral of Gold,
Makes my Heart proud, wherein my hope's inroll'd;
My Books are all the Wealth I do poſſeſs,
And unto them I have ingag'd my Heart ;
O, Learning, how divine thou ſeem'ſt to me !
Within whoſe Arms is all Felicity.
Peace with your Hammers, leave your knocking there,
[*Here within they beat with their Hammers.*
You do diſturb my Study and my Reſt ;
Leave off, I ſay, you mad me with the Noiſe.

Enter Hodge, *and the two Men.*

Hodge. Why, how now, Maſter *Thomas*, how now ;
Will you not let us work for you ?

Crom. You fret my Heart, with making of this Noiſe.

Hodge. How, fret your Heart ? Ay, but *Thomas*, you'll
Fret your Father's Purſe if you let us from Working.

2 *Smith.* Ay, this 'tis for him to make him a Gentleman:
Shall we leave work for your muſing ? that's well i'faith ;
But here comes my old Maſter now.

Enter

Enter old Cromwell.

Old Crom. You idle Knaves, what are you loytring now?
No Hammers walking, and my work to do?
What not a Heat among your work to day?

Hodge. Marry, Sir, your Son *Thomas* will not let us work at all.

Old Crom. Why Knave I ſay, have I thus cark'd and car'd,
And all to keep thee like a Gentleman,
And doſt thou let my Servants at their work;
That ſweat for thee, Knave? labour thus for thee?

Crom. Father, their Hammers do offend my Study.

Old Crom. Out of my Doors, Knave, if thou lik'ſt it not;
I cry you Mercy, are your Ears ſo fine?
I tell thee, Knave, theſe get when I do ſleep;
I will not have my Anvil ſtand for thee.

Crom. There's Mony, Father, I will pay your Men.

[*He throws Mony among them.*

Old Crom. Have I thus brought thee up unto my Coſt,
In hope that one Day thou would'ſt relieve my Age,
And art thou now ſo laviſh of thy Coin,
To ſcatter it among theſe idle Knaves?

Crom. Father be patient, and content your ſelf,
The time will come I ſhall hold Gold as traſh:
And here I ſpeak with a preſaging Soul,
To build a Palace where now this Cottage ſtands,
As fine as is King *Henry*'s Houſe at *Sheen.* (Beggar;

Old Crom. You build a Houſe? you Knave, you'll be a
Now afore God all is but caſt away
That is beſtow'd upon this thriftleſs Lad:
Well, had I bound him to ſome honeſt Trade,
This had not been; but it was his Mother's doing,
To ſend him to the Univerſity:
How? build a Houſe where now this Cottage ſtands,
As fair as that at *Sheen*? he ſhall not hear me.
A good Boy *Tom*, I con thee thank *Tom*,
Well ſaid *Tom*, Grammarcies *Tom*:
In to your work, Knaves; hence ſaucy Boy.

[*Exeunt all but young* Cromwell.

Crom. Why ſhould my Birth keep down my mounting
Are not all Creatures ſubject unto time? (Spirit?
To time, who doth abuſe the World,

And

And fills it full of hodge podge Baſtardy;
There's Legions now of Beggars on the Earth,
That their Original did ſpring from Kings;
And many Monarchs now, whoſe Fathers were
The riff-raff of their Age; for Time and Fortune
Wears out a noble train to Beggary;
And from the Dunghil Minions do advance
To State; and mark, in this admiring World
This is but Courſe, which in the name of Fate
Is ſeen as often as it whirls about:
The River *Thames* that by our Door doth paſs,
His firſt beginning is but ſmall and ſhallow,
Yet keeping on his Courſe grows to a Sea.
And likewiſe *Wolſey*, the wonder of our Age,
His Birth as mean as mine, a Butcher's Son;
Now who within this Land a greater Man?
Then, *Cromwell*, cheer thee up, and tell thy Soul,
That thou may'ſt live to flouriſh and controul.

Enter old Cromwell.

Old Crom. Tom Cromwell, what *Tom* I ſay.

Crom. Do you call, Sir?

Old Crom. Here is Maſter *Bowſer* come to know if you have diſpatch'd his Petition for the Lords of the Counſel, or no.

Crom. Father, I have, pleaſe you to call him in.

Old Crom. That's well ſaid, *Tom*, a good Lad, *Tom*.

Enter Maſter Bowſer.

Bow. Now, Maſter *Cromwell*, have you diſpatch'd this Petition?

Crom. I have, Sir, here it is, pleaſe you peruſe it.

Bow. It ſhall not need, we'll read it as we go by Water.
And, Maſter *Cromwell*, I have made a Motion
May do you good, and if you like of it.
Our Secretary at *Antwerp*, Sir, is dead,
And the Merchants there have ſent to me,
For to provide a Man fit for the place:
Now I do know none fitter than your ſelf,
If with your liking it ſtand, Maſter *Cromwell*.

Crom. With all my Heart, Sir, and I much am bound,
In Love and Duty for your Kindneſs ſhown.

Old

Old Crom. Body of me, *Tom*,
Make haſte, leſt ſome Body
Get between thee and home, *Tom.*
I thank you, good Maſter *Bowſer*,
I thank you for my Boy,
I thank you always, I thank you moſt heartily, Sir:
Ho, a Cup of Beer here for Maſter *Bowſer.*

Bow. It ſhall not need, Sir: Maſter *Cromwell*, will you go?

Crom. I will attend you, Sir.

Old Crom. Farewel, *Tom*, God bleſs thee, *Tom*,
God ſpeed thee, good *Tom.* [*Exeunt.*

Enter Bagot, *a Broker, ſolus.*

Bag. I hope this day is fatal unto ſome,
And by their loſs muſt *Bagot* ſeek to gain.
This is the Lodging of Maſter *Friskibal*,
A liberal Merchant, and a *Florentine*,
To whom *Baniſter* owes a thouſand Pound,
A Merchant-Bankrupt, whoſe Father was my Maſter.
What do I care for pity or regard,
He once was wealthy, but he now is fall'n,
And this Morning have I got him arreſted
At the Suit of Maſter *Friskibal*,
And by this means ſhall I be ſure of Coin,
For doing this ſame good to him unknown:
And in good time, ſee where the Merchant comes.

Enter Friskibal.

Good morrow to kind Maſter *Friskibal.*

Friſ. Good morrow to your ſelf, good Maſter *Bagot*,
And what's the News you are ſo early ſtirring?
It is for Gain, I make no doubt of that.

Bag. It is for the Love, Sir, that I bear to you.
When did you ſee your Debtor *Baniſter?*

Friſ. I promiſe you, I have not ſeen the Man
This two Months day, his Poverty is ſuch,
As I do think he ſhames to ſee his Friends.

Bag. Why then aſſure your ſelf to ſee him ſtraight,
For at your Suit I have arreſted him,
And here they will be with him preſently.

Friſ. Arreſt him at my Suit? you were to blame,
I know the Man's misfortunes to be ſuch,

As he's not able for to pay the Debt,
And were it known to some, he were undone.
Bag. This is your pitiful Heart to think it so;
But you are much deceiv'd in *Banister*:
Why, such as he will break for Fashion sake,
And unto those they owe a thousand Pound,
Pay scarce a hundred. O, Sir, beware of him,
The Man is lewdly given to Dice and Drabs,
Spends all he hath in Harlots companies,
It is no mercy for to pity him:
I speak the truth of him, for nothing else,
But for the kindness that I bear to you.
Fris. If it be so, he hath deceiv'd me much,
And to deal strictly with such a one as he,
Better severe than too much lenity:
But here is Master *Banister* himself,
And with him, as I take't, the Officers.

Enter Banister, *his Wife, and two Officers.*

Ban. O Master *Friskibal*, you have undone me:
My state was well nigh overthrown before,
Now altogether down-cast by your means.
Mrs. Ban. O, Mr. *Friskibal*, pity my Husband's case,
He is a Man hath liv'd as well as any,
'Till envious Fortune, and the ravenous Sea
Did rob, disrobe, and spoil us of our own.
Fris. Mistress *Banister*, I envy not your Husband,
Nor willingly would I have us'd him thus:
But that I hear he is so lewdly given,
Haunts wicked Company, and hath enough
To pay his Debts, yet will not be known thereof.
Ban. This is that damned Broker, that same *Bagot*,
Whom I have often from my Trencher fed:
Ingrateful Villain for to use me thus.
Bag. What I have said to him is nought but Truth.
Mrs. Ban. What thou hast said springs from an envious Heart:
A Cannibal that doth eat Men alive:
But here upon my Knee believe me, Sir,
And what I speak, so help me God, is true,
We scarce have Meat to feed our little Babes:
Most of our Plate is in that Broker's Hand,

Which

Which had we Mony to defray our Debts,
O think, we would not bide that Penury:
Be merciful, kind Maſter *Friskibal*,
My Husband, Children, and my ſelf will eat
But one Meal a day, the other will we keep and ſell.
Friſ. Go to, I ſee thou art an envious Man.
Good Miſtreſs *Baniſter*, kneel not to me,
I pray riſe up, you ſhall have your deſire,
Hold Officers; be gone, there's for your pains,
You know you owe to me a thouſand Pound,
Here take my Hand, if e'er God make you able,
And place you in your former ſtate again,
Pay me: but if ſtill your Fortune frown,
Upon my Faith I'll never ask you Crown:
I never yet did wrong to Men in thrall,
For God doth know what to my ſelf may fall.
Ban. This unexpected Favour undeſerv'd,
Doth make my Heart bleed inwardly with joy:
Ne'er may ought proſper with me is my own,
If I forget this kindneſs you have ſhown.
Mrs. Ban. My Children in their Prayers both night and day,
For your good Fortune and Succeſs ſhall pray.
Friſ. I thank you both, I pray go dine with me,
Within theſe three Days, if God give me leave,
I will to *Florence* to my native home.
Hold, *Bagot*, there's a Portague to drink,
Although you ill deſerv'd it by your merit;
Give not ſuch cruel ſcope unto your Heart;
Be ſure the ill you do will be requited:
Remember what I ſay, *Bagot*, farewel.
Come, Maſter *Baniſter*, you ſhall with me,
My Fare's but ſimple, but welcome heartily.
[*Exeunt all but* Bagot.
Bag. A Plague go with you, would you had eat your laſt,
Is this the thanks I have for all my pains?
Confuſion light upon you all for me:
Where he had wont to give a ſcore of Crowns,
Doth he now foiſt me with a Portague?
Well, I will be reveng'd upon this *Baniſter*.
I'll to his Creditors, buy all the Debts he owes,
As ſeeming that I do it for good will,

I am ſure to have them at an eaſie rate;
And when 'tis done, in Chriſtendom he ſtays not,
But I'll make his Heart t'ake with ſorrow,
And if that *Baniſter* become my Debtor,
By Heaven and Earth I'll make his Plague the greater.
[*Exit* Bagot.

Enter *Chorus.*

Cho. *Now, Gentlemen, imagine*
That Young Cromwell *is in* Antwerp,
Ledger for the Engliſh *Merchants:*
And Baniſter, *to ſhun this* Bagot's *hate,*
Hearing that he hath got ſome of his Debts,
Is fled to Antwerp, *with his Wife and Children,*
Which Bagot *hearing, is gone after them:*
And thither ſends his Bills of Debt before,
To be reveng'd on wretched Baniſter:
What doth fall out, with Patience ſit and ſee,
A juſt Requital of falſe Treachery. Exit.

Enter Cromwell *in his Study, with Bags of Mony before him, caſting of Account.*

Crom. Thus far my reckoning doth go ſtraight and ev'n,
But, *Cromwell*, this ſame plodding fits not thee;
Thy Mind is altogether ſet on Travel,
And not to live thus cloyſter'd, like a Nun:
It is not this ſame traſh, that I regard,
Experience is the Jewel of my Heart.

Enter a Poſt.

Poſt. I pray, Sir, are you ready to diſpatch me?
Crom. Yes, here's thoſe Sums of Mony you muſt carry.
You go ſo far as *Frankford*, do you not?
Poſt. I do, Sir.
Crom. Well, prethee make all the haſte thou canſt,
For there be certain *Engliſh* Gentlemen
Are bound for *Venice*, and may happily want,
And if that you ſhould linger by the way:
But in hope that you will make good ſpeed,
There's two Angels to buy you Spurs and Wands.
Poſt. I thank you, Sir, this will add wings indeed.
Crom. Gold is of pow'r to make an Eagles ſpeed.

Enter Miſtreſs Baniſter.

What Gentlewoman is this, that grieves ſo much?

It

It ſeems ſhe doth addreſs her ſelf to me.

Mrs. Ban. God ſave you, Sir, pray is your Name Maſter *Cromwell?*

Crom. My Name is *Thomas Cromwell*, Gentlewoman.

Mrs. Ban. Know you not one *Bagot*, Sir, that's come to *Antwerp?*

Crom. No, truſt me, I never ſaw the Man,
But here are Bills of Debt I have received
Againſt one *Baniſter*, a Merchant fall'n into decay.

Mrs. Ban. Into decay indeed, long of that Wretch:
I am the Wife to woful *Baniſter*,
And by that bloody Villain am purſu'd,
From *London*, here to *Antwerp*:
My Husband he is in the Governor's Hands,
And God of Heav'n knows how he'll deal with him;
Now, Sir, your Heart is fram'd of milder Temper,
Be merciful to a diſtreſſed Soul,
And God no doubt will treble bleſs your Gain.

Crom. Good Miſtreſs *Baniſter*, what I can, I will,
In any thing that lies within my pow'r.

Mrs. Ban. O ſpeak to *Bagot*, that ſame wicked Wretch,
An Angel's Voice may move a damned Devil.

Crom. Why is he come to *Antwerp*, as you hear?

Mrs. Ban. I heard he landed ſome two Hours ſince.

Crom. Well, Miſtreſs *Baniſter*, aſſure your ſelf,
I'll ſpeak to *Bagot* in your own behalf,
And win him t'all the pity that I can:
Mean time, to comfort you, in your diſtreſs,
Receive theſe Angels to relieve your need,
And be aſſur'd, that what I can effect,
To do you good, no way I will neglect.

Mrs. Ban. That mighty God that knows each Mortal's Heart,
Keep you from trouble, ſorrow, grief and ſmart.

[*Exit Miſtreſs* Baniſter

Crom. Thanks, courteous Woman, for thy hearty Pray'r:
It grieves my Soul to ſee her miſery,
But we that live under the Work of Fate,
May hope the beſt, yet know not to what ſtate
Our Stars and Deſtinies have us aſſign'd,
Fickle is Fortune, and her Face is blind. [*Exit.*

Enter Bagot *Solus.*

Bag. So, all goes well, it is as I would have it,
Baniſter, he is with the Governor:
And ſhortly ſhall have Gyves upon his Heels.
It glads my Heart to think upon the Slave;
I hope to have his Body rot in Priſon,
And after here, his Wife to hang her ſelf,
And all his Children die for want of Food.
The Jewels I have brought to *Antwerp*
Are reckon'd to be worth five thouſand Pound,
Which ſcarcely ſtood me in three hundred Pound;
I bought them at an eaſie kind of rate,
I care not which way they came by them
That ſold them me, it comes not near my Heart;
And leſt they ſhould be ſtoln, as ſure they are,
I thought it meet to ſell them here in *Antwerp*,
And ſo have left them in the Governor's Hand,
Who offers me within two hundred Pound
Of all my Price: but now no more of that,
I muſt go ſee and if my Bills be ſafe,
The which I ſent to Maſter *Cromwell*,
That if the Wind ſhould keep me on the Sea,
He might arreſt him here before I came:
And in good time, ſee where he is: God ſave you, Sir.

Enter Cromwell.

Crom. And you; pray pardon me, I know you not.
Bag. It may be ſo, Sir, but my Name is *Bagot*,
The Man that ſent to you the Bills of Debt.
Crom. O, the Man that purſues *Baniſter*,
Here are the Bills of Debt you ſent to me:
As for the Man, you know beſt where he is;
It is reported you've a Flinty Heart,
A Mind that will not ſtoop to any Pity;
An Eye that knows not how to ſhed a Tear,
A Hand that's always open for Reward:
But, Maſter *Bagot*, would you be rul'd by me,
You ſhould turn all theſe to the contrary;
Your Heart ſhould ſtill have feeling of remorſe,
Your Mind, according to your State, be liberal
To thoſe that ſtand in need, and in diſtreſs;
Your Hand to help them that do ſtand in want,
Rather than with your Poiſe to hold them down,

For every ill turn ſhow your ſelf more kind,
Thus ſhould I do; pardon, I ſpeak my Mind.
Bag. I, Sir, you ſpeak to hear what I would ſay,
But you muſt live, I know, as well as I:
I know this Place to be Extortion,
And 'tis not for a Man to keep ſafe here,
But he muſt lye, cog, with his deareſt Friend;
And as for Pity, ſcorn it, hate all Conſcience:
But yet I do commend your Wit in this,
To make a ſhow of what I hope you are not,
But I commend you, and it is well done:
This is the only way to bring your Gain.
Crom. My Gain? I had rather chain me to an Oar,
And like a Slave, there toil out all my Life,
Before I'd live ſo baſe a Slave as thou.
I, like an Hypocrite, to make a ſhow
Of ſeeming Virtue, and a Devil within?
No *Bagot*, if thy Conſcience were as clear,
Poor *Baniſter* ne'er had been troubled here.
Bag. Nay, good Maſter *Cromwell*, be not angry, Sir,
I know full well that you are no ſuch Man,
But if your Conſcience were as white as Snow,
It will be thought that you are otherwiſe.
Crom. Will it be thought that I am otherwiſe?
Let them that think ſo, know they are deceiv'd;
Shall *Cromwell* live to have his Faith miſconſter'd?
Antwerp,, for all the Wealth within thy Town,
I will not tarry here full two Hours longer:
As good luck ſerves, my Accounts are all made even,
Therefore I'll ſtraight unto the Treaſurer:
Bagot, I know you'll to the Governor,
Commend me to him, ſay I am bound to Travel,
To ſee the fruitful Parts of *Italy*;
And as you ever bore a Chriſtian Mind,
Let *Baniſter* ſome Favour of you find.
Bag. For your ſake, Sir, I'll help him all I can,
To ſtarve his Heart out e'er he gets a Groat;
So, Maſter *Cromwell*, do I take my leave,
For I muſt ſtraight unto the Governor. [*Exit* Bagot.
Crom. Farewel, Sir, pray you remember what I ſaid.
No, *Cromwell*, no, thy Heart was ne'er ſo baſe,

To live by Falſhood, or by Brokery;
But 't falls out well, I little it repent,
Hereafter, time in Travel ſhall be ſpent.

Enter Hodge, *his Father's Man.*

Hodge. Your Son *Thomas*, quoth you, I have been *Thomaſt*; I had thought it had been no ſuch matter to a gone by Water; for at *Putney* I'll go you to *Pariſh*-Garden for two Pence, ſit as ſtill as may be, without any wagging or joulting in my Guts, in a little Boat too: Here we were ſcarce four Miles in the great green Water, but I thinking to go to my Afternoon's Lunchines, as 'twas my manner at home, but I felt a kind of riſing in my Guts: At laſt, one of the Sailors ſpying of me, be a good cheer, ſays he, ſet down thy Victua's, and up with it, thou haſt nothing but an Eel in thy Belly: Well, to't went I, to my Victuals went the Sailors, and thinking me to be a Man of better Experience than any in the Ship, ask'd me what Wood the Ship was made of: They all ſwore I told them as right as if I had been acquainted with the Carpenter that made it: At laſt we grew near Land, and I grew villanous hungry, went to my Bag, the Devil a bit there was, the Sailors had tickled me; yet I cannot blame them, it was a part of kindneſs, for I in kindneſs told them what Wood the Ship was made of, and they in kindneſs eat up my Victuals, as indeed one good turn asketh another: Well, would I, could I, find my Maſter *Thomas* in this *Dutch* Town, he might put ſome *Engliſh* Beer into my Belly.

Crom. What, *Hodge*, my Father's Man, by my Hand welcome: How doth my Father? what's the News at home?

Hodge. Maſter *Thomas*, O God, Maſter *Thomas*, your Hand, Glove and all, this is to give you to underſtanding, that your Father is in Health, and *Alice Downing* here hath ſent you a Nutmeg, and *Beſs Make-water* a Race of Ginger, my Fellows *Wil.* and *Tom* hath between them ſent you a dozen of Points, and Goodman *Toll*, of the *Goat*, a pair of Mittons, my ſelf came in Perſon, and this is all the News.

Crom. Gramercy good *Hodge*, and thou art welcome to me,
But in as ill a time thou comeſt as may be;
For I am travelling into *Italy*,
What ſay'ſt thou, *Hodge*, wilt thou bear me company?

Hodge.

Hodge. Will I bear thee company, *Tom?* what tell'ſt me of *Italy?* were it to the fartheſt part of *Flanders*, I would go with thee, *Tom*; I am thine in all weal and woe, thy own to command; what, *Tom*, I have paſs'd the rigorous Waves of *Neptune*'s blaſts, I tell you, *Thomas*, I have been in danger of the Floods, and when I have ſeen *Boreas* begin to play the Ruffin with us, then would I down a my Knees, and call upon *Vulcan*.

Crom. And why upon him?

Hodge. Becauſe, as this ſame Fellow *Neptune* is God of the Seas, ſo *Vulcan* is Lord over the Smiths, and therefore I being a Smith, thought his Godhead would have ſome care yet of me.

Crom. A good Conceit: but tell me, haſt thou din'd yet?

Hodge. Thomas, to ſpeak the truth, not a bit yet, I.

Crom. Come, go with me, thou ſhalt have cheer good ſtore: And farewel, *Antwerp*, if I come no more.

Hodge. I follow thee, ſweet *Tom*, I follow thee.

[*Exeunt ambo.*

Enter the Governor of the Engliſh *Houſe*, Bagot, Baniſter, *his Wife, and two Officers.*

Gov. Is *Cromwell* gone then? ſay you, Mr. *Bagot*,
What diſlike, I pray? what was the cauſe?

Bag. To tell you true, a wild Brain of his own,
Such Youth as they cannot ſee when they are well:
He is all bent to Travel, that's his reaſon,
And doth not love to eat his Bread at home.

Gov. Well, good Fortune with him, if the Man be gone.
We hardly ſhall find ſuch a Man as he,
To fit our turns, his Dealings were ſo honeſt.
But now, Sir, for your Jewels that I have,
What do you ſay? what, will you take my Price?

Bag. O, Sir, you offer too much under foot.

Gov. 'Tis but two hundred Pound between us, Mar,
What's that in Payment of five thouſand Pound?

Bag. Two hundred Pound, birlady, Sir, 'tis great,
Before I got ſo much it made me ſwear.

Gov. Well, Maſter *Bagot*, I'll proffer you fairly,
You ſee this Merchant, Maſter *Baniſter*,
Is going now to Priſon at your Suit:
His Subſtance all is gone, what would you have?

Yet

Yet in regard I knew the Man of Wealth,
Never diſhoneſt Dealing, but ſuch Miſhaps
Hath fall'n on him, may light on me or you:
There is two hundred Pound between us,
We will divide the ſame, I'll give you one,
On that condition you will ſet him free:
His ſtate is nothing, that you ſee your ſelf,
And where nought is, the King muſt loſe his Right.

Bag. Sir, Sir, you ſpeak out of your Love,
'Tis fooliſh Love, Sir, ſure to pity him:
Therefore content your ſelf, this is my Mind,
To do him good I will not bate a Penny.

Ban. This is my Comfort, though thou doſt no good,
A mighty Ebb follows a mighty Flood.

Mrs. Ban. O thou baſe Wretch, whom we have foſter'd,
Even as a Serpent for to poiſon us,
If God did ever right a Woman's wrong,
To that ſame God I bend and bow my Heart,
To let his heavy wrath fall on thy Head,
By whom my hopes and joys are butchered.

Bag. Alas! fond Woman, I prethee pray thy worſt.
The Fox fares better ſtill when he is curſt.

Enter Maſter Bowſer *a Merchant.*

Gov. Maſter *Bowſer!* you're welcome, Sir, from *England*,
What's the beſt News? how do all our Friends?

Bow. They are all well, and do commend them to you:
There's Letters from your Brother and your Son:
So, fare you well, Sir, I muſt take my leave,
My Haſte and Buſineſs doth require ſo.

Gov. Before you dine, Sir? what, go you out of Town?

Bow. I'faith unleſs I hear ſome News in Town,
I muſt away, there is no remedy.

Gov. Maſter *Bowſer*, what is your Buſineſs, may I know it?

Bow. You may, Sir, and ſo ſhall all the City.
The King of late hath had his Treaſury robb'd,
And of the choiceſt Jewels that he had:
The value of them was ſeven thouſand Pounds,
The Fellow that did ſteal theſe Jewels is hang'd,
And did confeſs that for three hundred Pound,
He ſold them to one *Bagot* dwelling in *London*:
Now *Bagot*'s fled, and as we hear, to *Antwerp*,

And

And hither am I come to ſeek him out,
And they that firſt can tell me of his News,
Shall have a hundred Pound for their Reward.
Ban. How juſt is God to right the Innocent!
Gov. Maſter *Bowſer*, you come in happy time,
Here is the Villain *Bagot* that you ſeek,
And all thoſe Jewels have I in my Hands:
Officers, look to him, hold him faſt.
Bag. The Devil ought me a ſhame, and now he hath paid it.
Bow. Is this that *Bagot?* Fellows, bear him hence,
We will not now ſtand for his Reply;
Lade him with Irons, we will have him try'd
In *England*, where his Villanies are known.
Bag. Miſchief, confuſion light upon you all,
O hang me, drown me, let me kill my ſelf,
Let go my Arms, let me run quick to Hell.
Bow. Away, bear him away, ſtop the Slave's Mouth.
[*They carry him away.*
Mrs. Ban. Thy Works are infinite, great God of Heav'n.
Gov. I heard this *Bagot* was a wealthy Fellow.
Bow. He was indeed, for when his Goods were ſeiz'd,
Of Jewels, Coin, and Plate within his Houſe,
Was found the value of five thouſand Pound,
His Furniture fully worth half ſo much,
Which being all ſtrain'd for the King,
He frankly gave it to the *Antwerp* Merchants,
And they again, out of their bounteous Mind,
Have to a Brother of their Company,
A Man decay'd by Fortune of the Seas,
Given *Bagot*'s Wealth, to ſet him up again,
And keep it for him, his Name is *Baniſter.*
Gov. Maſter *Bowſer*, with this happy News,
You have reviv'd two from the Gates of Death,
This is that *Baniſter*, and this his Wife.
Bow. Sir, I am glad my Fortune is ſo good,
To bring ſuch tidings as may comfort you.
Ban. You have giv'n Life unto a Man deem'd dead,
For by theſe News my Life is newly bred.
Mrs. Ban. Thanks to my God, next to my Soveraign King;

And

And last to you, that these good News do bring.
Gov. The hundred Pound I must receive, as due
For finding *Bagot*, I freely give to you.
Bow. And, Master *Banister*, if so you please,
I'll bear you Company, when you cross the Seas.
Ban. If it please you, Sir, my Company is but mean,
Stands with your liking, I'll wait on you.
Gov. I am glad that all things do accord so well:
Come, Master *Bowser*, let us to Dinner:
And, Mistress *Banister*, be merry, Woman,
Come, after Sorrow now let's cheer your Spirit,
Knaves have their due, and you but what you Merit.
[*Exeunt omnes.*

Enter Cromwell *and* Hodge *in their Shirts, and without Hats.*

Hodge. Call ye this seeing of Fashions?
Marry would I had staid at *Putney* still,
O, Master *Thomas*, we are spoil'd, we are gone.
Crom. Content thee, Man, this is but Fortune.
Hodge. Fortune, a Plague of this Fortune, it makes me go wet-shod, the Rogues would not leave me a Shooe to my Feet; for my Hose, they scorn'd them with their Heels; but for my Doublet and Hat, O Lord, they embrac'd me, and unlac'd me, and took away my Cloaths, and so disgrac'd me.
Crom. Well, *Hodge*, what Remedy?
What shift shall we make now?
Hodge. Nay I know not, for begging I am naught, for stealing worse; by my troth, I must even fall to my old Trade, to the Hammer and the Horse-heels again; but now the worst is, I am not acquainted with the humour of the Horses in this Country; whether they are not coltish, given much to kicking, or no, for when I have one Leg in my Hand, if he should up and lay t'other on me Chops, I were gone, there lay I, there lay *Hodge*.
Crom. Hodge, I believe thou must work for us both.
Hodge. O, Master *Thomas*, have not I told you of this? have not I many a time and often said, *Tom*, or Master *Thomas*, learn to make a Horse-shooe, it will be your own another Day; this was not regarded. Hark you, *Thomas*, what do you call the Fellows that robb'd us?

Crom.

Crom. The *Bandetti.*

Hodge. The *Bandetti*, do you call them? I know not what they are call'd here, but I am ſure we call them plain Thieves in *England*. O, *Tom*, that we were now at *Putney*, at the Ale there.

Crom. Content thee, Man, here ſet up theſe two Bills,
And let us keep our ſtanding on the Bridge:
The Faſhion of this Country is ſuch,
If any Stranger be oppreſſed with want,
To write the manner of his Miſery,
And ſuch as are diſpos'd to ſuccour him,
Will do it. What, haſt thou ſet them up?

Hodge. Ay they're up, God ſend ſome to read them,
And not only to read them, but alſo to look on us:
And not altogether look on us,
But to relieve us. O cold, cold, cold.

[*One ſtands at one end, and one at t'other.*

Enter Friskibal *the Merchant, and reads the Bills.*

Friſ. What's here? two *Engliſhmen* robb'd by the *Bandetti*,
One of them ſeems to be a Gentleman:
'Tis pity that his Fortune was ſo hard,
To fall into the deſperate Hands of Thieves.
I'll queſtion him, of what Eſtate he is.
God ſave you, Sir, are you an *Engliſhman*?

Crom. I am, Sir, a diſtreſſed *Engliſhman.*

Friſ. And what are you, my Friend.

Hodge. Who, I Sir, by my troth I do not know my ſelf, what I am now, but, Sir, I was a Smith, Sir, a poor Farrier of *Putney*, that's my Maſter, Sir, yonder, I was robb'd for his ſake, Sir.

Friſ. I ſee you have been met by the *Bandetti*,
And therefore need not ask how you came thus.
But *Friskibal*, why doſt thou queſtion them
Of their Eſtate, and not relieve their need?
Sir, the Coin I have about me is not much:
There's ſixteen Duckets for to cloath your ſelves,
There's ſixteen more to buy your Diet with,
And there's ſixteen to pay for your Horſe-hire.
'Tis all the Wealth, you ſee, my Purſe poſſeſſes;
But if you pleaſe for to enquire me out,
You ſhall not want for ought that I can do, My

My Name is *Friskibal*, a *Florence* Merchant:
A Man that always lov'd your Nation.
Crom. This unexpected favour at your Hands;
Which God doth know, if ever I shall requite it,
Necessity makes me to take your Bounty,
And for your Gold can yield you nought but thanks.
Your Charity hath help'd me from despair;
Your Name shall still be in my hearty Prayer.
Fris. It is not worth such thanks, come to my House;
Your want shall better be reliev'd than thus.
Crom. I pray excuse me, this shall well suffice,
To bear my charges to *Bononia*,
Whereas a noble Earl is much distress'd:
An *Englishman*, *Russel* the Earl of *Bedford*
Is by the *French* King sold unto his Death,
It may fall out, that I may do him good:
To save his Life, I'll hazard my Heart Blood:
Therefore, kind Sir, Thanks for your liberal Gift,
I must be gone to aid him, there's no shift.
Fris. I'll be no hinderer to so good an Act,
Heav'n prosper you, in that you go about:
If Fortune bring you this way back again,
Pray let me see you; so I take my leave,
All good a Man can wish, I do bequeath. [*Exit* Friskib.
Crom. All good that God doth send, light on your Head,
There's few such Men within our Climate bred.
How say you now, *Hodge*, is not this good Fortune?
Hodge. How say you, I'll tell you what, Master *Thomas*,
If all Men be of this Gentleman's Mind,
Let's keep our standings upon this Bridge,
We shall get more here, with begging in one Day,
Than I shall with making Horseshooes in a whole Year.
Crom. No, *Hodge*, we must be gone unto *Bononia*,
There to relieve the noble Earl of *Bedford*:
Where if I fall not in my Policy,
I shall deceive their subtle Treachery.
Hodge. Nay, I'll follow you, God bless us from the thieving *Bandetti* again. [*Exeunt.*

Enter Bedford *and his Host.*

Bed. Am I betray'd? was *Bedford* born to die
By such base Slaves, in such a Place as this?

Have

Have I escap'd so many times in *France*,
So many Battels have I over-pass'd,
And made the *French* stir, when they heard my Name:
And am I now betray'd unto my Death?
Some of their Hearts Blood first shall pay for it.

Host. They do desire, my Lord, to speak with you.

Bed. The Traitors do desire to have my Blood,
But by my Birth, my Honour, and my Name;
By all my Hopes, my Life shall cost them dear.
Open the Door, I'll venture out upon them,
And if I must die, then I'll die with Honour.

Host. Alas, my Lord, that is a desperate Course,
They have begirt you, round about the House:
Their meaning is to take you Prisoner,
And so to send your Body unto *France*.

Bed. First shall the Ocean be as dry as Sand,
Before alive they send me unto *France*:
I'll have my Body first bor'd like a Sieve,
And die as *Hector*, 'gainst the *Mermydons*,
E'er *France* shall boast, *Bedford*'s their Prisoner,
Treacherous *France*, that 'gainst the Law of Arms,
Hath here betray'd thy Enemy to Death:
But be assur'd, my Blood shall be reveng'd
Upon the best Lives that remain in *France*.
Stand back, or else thou run'st upon thy Death.

Enter Servant.

Ser. Pardon, my Lord, I come to tell your Honour,
That they have hired a *Neapolitan*,
Who by his Oratory hath promis'd them,
Without the shedding of one drop of Blood,
Into their Hands safe to deliver you,
And therefore craves none but himself may enter,
And a poor Swain that attends on him. [*Exit Servant.*

Bed. A *Neapolitan*? bid him come in,
Were he as cunning in his Eloquence,
As *Cicero* the famous Man of *Rome*,
His words would be as Chaff against the Wind.
Sweet tongu'd *Ulysses*, that made *Ajax* mad,
Were he and his Tongue in this Speaker's Head,
Alive he wins me not; then 'tis no Conquest.

Enter

Enter Cromwell *like a* Neopolitan, *and* Hodge *with him.*

Crom. Sir, are you the Maſter of the Houſe?

Hoſt. I am, Sir.

Crom. By this ſame Token you muſt leave this Place,
And leave none but the Earl and I together,
And this my Peaſant here to tend on us.

Hoſt. With all my Heart, God grant you do ſome good.
[*Exit* Hoſt. Cromwell *ſhuts the Door.*

Bed. Now, Sir, what's your Will with me?

Crom. Intends your Honour not to yield your ſelf?

Bed. No, good-man Gooſe, not while my Sword doth laſt;
Is this your Eloquence for to perſwade me?

Crom. My Lord, my Eloquence is for to ſave you;
I am not, as you judge, a *Neopolitan*,
But *Cromwell* your Servant, and an *Engliſhman.*

Bed. How? *Cromwell?* not my Farrier's Son?

Crom. The ſame, Sir, and am come to ſuccour you.

Hodge. Yes Faith, Sir, and I am *Hodge*, your poor Smith;
Many a time and oft have I ſhooed your Dapper Gray.

Bed. And what avails it me, that thou art here?

Crom. It may avail, if you'll be rul'd by me;
My Lord, you know the Men of *Mantua*,
And theſe *Bononians*, are at deadly ſtrife,
And they, my Lord, both love and honour you;
Could you but get out of the *Mantua* Port,
Then were you ſafe, deſpight of all their Force.

Bed. Tut, Man, thou talk'ſt of things impoſſible;
Doſt thou not ſee, that we are round beſet,
How then is't poſſible we ſhould eſcape?

Crom. By Force we cannot, but by Policy:
Put on the Apparel here that *Hodge* doth wear,
And give him yours; the States they know you not,
For, as I think, they never ſaw your Face,
And at a Watch-word muſt I call them in,
And will deſire, that we two ſafe may paſs
To *Mantua*, where I'll ſay my Buſineſs lyes;
How doth your Honour like of this advice?

Bed. O, wondrous good: But wilt thou venture, *Hodge*?

Hod. Will I? O noble Lord, I do accord, in any thing I can;
And do agree, to ſet thee free, do Fortune what ſhe can.

Bed. Come then, let's change our Apparel ſtreight.

Crom.

Crom. Go, *Hodge*, make haſte, leſt they chance to call.
Hodge. I warrant you I'll fit him with a Sute.
[*Exeunt Earl and* Hodge.
Crom. Heavens grant this Policy doth take Succeſs,
And that the Earl may ſafely ſcape away.
And yet it grieves me for this ſimple Wretch,
For fear they ſhould offer him violence;
But of two Evils 'tis beſt to ſhun the greateſt,
And better is it that he live in thrall,
Than ſuch a noble Earl as He ſhould fall.
Their ſtubborn Hearts, it may be will relent;
Since he is gone, to whom their hate is bent.
My Lord, have you diſpatch'd?
Enter Bedford *like the Clown, and* Hodge *in his Cloak and his Hat.*
Bed. How doſt thou like us, *Cromwell*, is it well?
Crom. O, my good Lord, excellent. *Hodge*, how doſt feel thy ſelf?
Hodge. How do I feel my ſelf? why, as a Noble Man ſhould do.
O how I feel Honour come creeping on,
My Nobility is wonderful Melancholy:
Is it not moſt Gentleman-like to be Melancholy?
Crom. Yes, *Hodge*; now go ſit down in thy Study,
And take State upon thee.
Hodge. I warrant you, my Lord, let me alone to take State upon me: but hark, my Lord, do you feel nothing bite about you?
Bed. No, truſt me, *Hodge.*
Hodge. Ay, they know they want their old Paſture; 'tis a ſtrange thing of this Vermin, they dare not meddle with Nobility.
Crom. Go take thy place, *Hodge*, I will call them in.
[Hodge *ſits in the Study, and* Cromwell *calls in the States.*
All is done, enter and if you pleaſe.
Enter the States, and Officers with Halberts.
Gov. What, have you won him? will he yield himſelf?
Crom. I have, an't pleaſe you, and the quiet Earl
Doth yield himſelf to be diſpos'd by you,
Gov. Give him the Mony that we promis'd him:
So let him go, whither he pleaſe himſelf.

Crom. My Buſineſs, Sir, lyes unto *Mantua*;
Pleaſe you to give me ſafe Conduct thither.

Gov. Go, and conduct him to the *Mantua* Port,
And ſee him ſafe delivered preſently.

[*Exeunt* Cromwell *and* Bedford.

Go draw the Curtains, let us ſee the Earl:
O, he is writing, ſtand apart a while.

Hodge. Fellow *William*, I am not as I have been; I went from you a Smith, I write to you as a Lord; I am at this preſent writing, among the *Polonian Caſiges*. I do commend my Lordſhip to *Ralph* and to *Roger*, to *Bridget* and to *Dorothy*, and ſo to all the Youth of *Putney*.

Gov. Sure theſe are the Names of *Engliſh* Noblemen,
Some of his ſpecial Friends, to whom he writes:
But ſtay, he doth addreſs himſelf to ſing.

[*Here he ſings a Song.*

My Lord, I am glad you are ſo Frolick and ſo Blithe;
Believe me, Noble Lord, if you knew all,
You'd change your merry Vein to ſudden Sorrow.

Hodge. I change my very Vein? no, thou *Bononian*, no;
I am a Lord, and therefore let me go;
And do defie thee and thy *Caſiges*:
Therefore ſtand off, and come not near my Honour.

Gov. My Lord, this Jeſting cannot ſerve your turn.

Hodge. Doſt think, thou black *Bononian* Beaſt,
That I do flout, do gibe, or jeſt?
No, no, thou Bear-pot, know that I,
A Noble Earl, a Lord par-dy.

Gov. What means this Trumpet's ſound?

[*A Trumpet ſounds. Enter a Meſſenger.*

Cit. One come from the States of *Mantua*.

Gov. What, would you with us, ſpeak thou Man of *Mantua*?

Meſ. Men of *Bononia*, this my Meſſage is,
To let you know the Noble Earl of *Bedford*
Is ſafe within the Town of *Mantua*,
And wills you ſend the Peaſant that you have,
Who hath deceiv'd your Expectation;
Or elſe the States of *Mantua* have vow'd,
They will recal the Truce that they have made,
And not a Man ſhall ſtir from forth your Town,

That

That ſhall return, unleſs you ſend him back.
Gov. O this Misfortune, how it mads my Heart?
The *Neopolitan* hath buguil'd us all.
Hence with this Fool, what ſhall we do with him,
The Earl being gone? a plague upon it all.
Hodge. No I'll aſſure you, I am no Earl, but a Smith, Sir,
One *Hodge*, a Smith at *Putney*, Sir;
One that hath gulled you, that hath bored you, Sir.
Gov. Away with him, take hence the Fool you came for.
Hodge. Ay, Sir, and I'll leave the greater Fool with you.
Meſ. Farewel, *Bononians.* Come, Friend, along with me.
Hodge. My Friend, afore, my Lordſhip will follow thee.
[*Exit.*
Gov. Well, *Mantua*, ſince by thee the Earl is loſt,
Within few Days I hope to ſee thee croſt. [*Exeunt.*

Enter Chorus.

Cho. *Thus far you ſee how* Cromwell's *Fortune paſs'd.*
The Earl of Bedford *being ſafe in* Mantua,
Deſires Cromwell's *Company into* France,
To make requital for his Courteſie:
But Cromwell *doth deny the Earl his Suit,*
And tells him that thoſe Parts he meant to ſee,
He had not yet ſet footing on the Land,
And ſo directly takes his way to Spain;
The Earl to France, *and ſo they both do part.*
Now let your Thoughts as ſwift as is the Wind,
Skip ſome few Years, that Cromwell *ſpent in Travel;*
And now imagine him to be in England,
Servant unto the Maſter of the Rolls:
Where in ſhort time he there began to flouriſh,
An Hour ſhall ſhow you what few Years did cheriſh. [Exit.

The Muſick plays, they bring out the Banquet. Enter Sir Chriſtopher Hales, Cromwell, *and two Servants.*

Hales. Come, Sirs, be careful of your Maſter's Credit;
And as our Bounty now exceeds the Figure
Of common Entertainment, ſo do you,
With Looks as free as is your Maſter's Soul,
Give formal Welcome to the thronged Tables,
That ſhall receive the Cardinal's Followers,
And the Attendance of the great Lord Chancellor.

But all my Care, *Cromwell*, depends on thee:
Thou art a Man differing from vulgar Form,
And by how much thy Spirit is rankt 'bove theſe,
In rules of Art, by ſo much it ſhines brighter by travel,
Whoſe Obſervance pleads his Merit,
In a moſt learn'd, yet unaffecting Spirit.
Good *Cromwell*, caſt an Eye of fair Regard
'Bout all my Houſe, and what this ruder Fleſh,
Through Ignorance, or Wine, do miſcreate,
Salve thou with Courteſie; if Welcome want,
Full Bowls, and ample Banquets will ſeem ſcant.

Crom. Sir, whatſoever lies in me,
Aſſure you I will ſhew my utmoſt Duty. [*Exit* Crom.

Hales. About it then, the Lords will ſtraight be here:
Cromwell, thou haſt thoſe parts would rather ſute
The Service of the State than of my Houſe:
I look upon thee with a loving Eye,
That one Day will prefer thy Deſtiny.

Enter Meſſenger.

Meſ. Sir, the Lords be at hand.

Hales. They are welcome, bid *Cromwell* ſtraight attend us,
And look you all things be in perfect readineſs.

The Muſick Plays. Enter Cardinal Wolſey, *Sir* Thomas Moore *and* Gardiner.

Wol. O, Sir *Chriſtopher*, you are too liberal: What, a Banquet too?

Hales. My Lords, if Words could ſhow the ample Welcome, that my free Heart affords you, I could then become a Prater: but I now muſt deal like a feaſt *Politician* with your Lordſhips, defer your Welcome 'till the Banquet end, that it may then ſalve our defect of Fare:
Yet welcome now, and all that tend on you.

Wol. Thanks to the kind Maſter of the Rolls.
Come and ſit down, ſit down Sir *Thomas Moore*:
'Tis ſtrange, how that we and the *Spaniard* differ,
Their Dinner is our Banquet, after Dinner,
And they are Men of active diſpoſition:
This I gather, that by their ſparing Meat,
Their Bodies are more fitter for the Wars:

And

And if that Famine chance to 'pinch their Maws,
Being us'd to faſt, it breeds leſs Pain.

Hales. Fill me ſome Wine; I'll anſwer Cardinal *Wolſey*:
My Lord, we *Engliſh* Men are of more freer Souls,
Than hunger-ſtarv'd, and ill-complexion'd *Spaniards*;
They that are rich in *Spain*, ſpare belly Food,
To deck their Backs with an *Italian* Hood,
And Silks of *Sevil*, and the pooreſt Snake,
That feeds on Lemmons, Pilchers, and ne'er heated
His Pallet with ſweet Fleſh, will bear a caſe
More fat and gallant than his ſtarved Face:
Pride, the Inquiſition, and this belly-evil,
Are, in my Judgment, *Spain*'s three-headed Devil.

Moor. Indeed it is a plague unto their Nation,
Who ſtagger after in blind Imitation.

Hal. My Lords, with welcome, I preſent your Lordſhips a ſolemn Health.

Moor. I love Health well, but when as Healths do bring
Pain to the Head, and Bodies ſurfeiting:
Then ceaſe I Healths:
Nay ſpill not Friend, for though the drops be ſmall,
Yet have they force, to force Men to the Wall.

Wol. Sir *Chriſtopher*, is that your Man?

Hal. And like your Grace, he is a Scholar, and a Linguiſt,
One that hath travelled many parts of Chriſtendom, my (Lord.

Wol. My Friend, come nearer, have you been a Traveller?

Crom. My Lord, I have added to my Knowledge, the
France, *Spain*, *Germany*, and *Italy*: (*Low Countries.*
And tho' ſmall gain of Profit I did find,
Yet did it pleaſe my Eye, content my Mind.

Wol. What do you think of the ſeveral States,
And Princes Courts as you have travelled?

Crom. My Lord, no Court with *England* may compare,
Neither for State, nor Civil Government:
Luſt dwells in *France*, in *Italy*, and *Spain*,
From the poor Peaſant, to the Prince's Train;
In *Germany*, and *Holland*, Riot ſerves,
And he that moſt can drink, moſt he deſerves:
England I praiſe not: For I here was born,

But that ſhe laugheth the others unto ſcorn.

Wol. My Lord, there dwells within that Spirit,
More than can be diſcern'd by outward Eye;
Sir *Chriſtopher*, will you part with your Man?

Hales. I have ſought to proffer him to your Lordſhip,
And now I ſee he hath preferr'd himſelf?

Wol. What is thy Name?

Crom. Cromwell, my Lord.

Wol. Then, *Cromwell*, here we make thee Sollicitor of our Cauſes,
And neareſt next our ſelf:
Gardiner, give you kind welcome to the Man,

[Gardiner *embraces him.*

Moor. My Lord, you are a royal Winner,
Hath got a Man, beſides your bounteous Dinner.
Well, Knight, pray we come no more:
If we come often, thou may'ſt ſhut thy Door.

Wol. Sir *Chriſtopher*, hadſt thou given me
Half thy Lands, thou couldeſt not have pleaſed me
So much as with this Man of thine,
My infant Thoughts do ſpell:
Shortly his Fortune ſhall be lifted higher,
True Induſtry doth kindle Honour's Fire,
And ſo, kind Maſter of the Rolls, farewel.

Hales. Cromwell, farewell.

Crom. Cromwell takes his leave of you,
That ne'er will leave to love, and honour you.

[*Exeunt. The Muſick plays as they go out.*

Enter Chorus.

Cho. *Now* Cromwell's *higheſt Fortunes do begin.*
Wolſey *that lov'd him, as he did his Life:*
Committed all his Treaſure to his Hands,
Wolſey *is dead, and* Gardiner *his Man*
Is now created Biſhop of Wincheſter:
Pardon if we omit all Wolſey's *Life,*
Becauſe our Play depends on Cromwell's *Death,*
Now ſit and ſee his higheſt State of all;
His height of riſing and his ſudden fall:
Pardon the Errors are already paſt,
And live in hope the beſt doth come at laſt:
My hope upon your Favour doth depend,
And look to have your liking e'er the end.

[Exit.

Enter

Enter Gardiner *Biſhop of* Wincheſter, *the Dukes of* Norfolk *and of* Suffolk, *Sir* Thomas Moor, *Sir* Chriſtopher Hales, *and* Cromwell.

Nor. Maſter *Cromwell*, ſince Cardinal *Wolſey*'s Death,
His Majeſty is given to underſtand,
There's certain Bills and Writings in your Hand,
That much concern the State of *England*;
My Lord of *Wincheſter*, is it not ſo?

Gar. My Lord of *Norfolk*, we two were whilome Fellows,
And Maſter *Cromwell*, though our Maſter's love,
Did bind us, while his love was to the King,
It is no boot now to deny thoſe things,
Which may be prejudicial to the State:
And though that God hath rais'd my Fortune higher,
Than any way I looked for, or deſerv'd,
Yet my Life, no longer with me dwell,
Than I prove true unto my Sovereign.

Suf. What ſay you, Maſter *Cromwell*? have you thoſe Writings, ay, or no?

Crom. Here are the Writings, and upon my Knees,
I give them up unto the worthy Dukes,
Of *Suffolk*, and of *Norfolk*; he was my Maſter,
And each vertuous Part
That liv'd in him, I tender'd with my Heart,
But what his Head complotted 'gainſt the State,
My Country's love commands me that to hate.
His ſudden Death I grieve for, not his Fall,
Becauſe he ſought to work my Countries thrall.

Suf. Cromwell, the King ſhall hear of this thy Duty;
Whom I aſſure my ſelf, will well reward thee;
My Lord, let's go unto his Majeſty,
And ſhow thoſe Writings which he longs to ſee.

[*Exeunt* Norfolk *and* Suffolk.

Enter Bedford *haſtily*.

Bed. How now, whoſe this, *Cromwell*?
By my Soul, welcome to *England*:
Thou once didſt ſave my Life, didſt thou not, *Cromwell*?

Crom. If I did ſo, 'tis greater Glory
For me that you remember it,
Than for my ſelf vainly to report it.

Bed. Well, *Cromwell*, now is the time,

I ſhall commend thee to my Sovereign:
Cheer up thy ſelf, for I will raiſe thy State,
A *Ruſſel* yet was never found ingrate. [*Exit.*

Hal. O how uncertain is the Wheel of State,
Who lately greater than the Cardinal,
For Fear, and Love; and now who lower lies?
Gay Honours are but Fortune's flatteries,
And whom this Day Pride and Promotion ſwells,
To Morrow Envy and Ambition quells.

Moor. Who ſees the Cob-web intangle the poor Fly,
May boldly ſay the Wretch's Death is nigh.

Gard. I know his State, and proud Ambition,
Were too too violent to laſt over-long.

Hal. Who ſoars too near the Sun, with golden Wings,
Melts them, to ruin his own Fortune brings.

Enter the Duke of Suffolk.

Suf. *Cromwell*, kneel down in King *Henry*'s Name,
Ariſe, Sir *Thomas Cromwell*, thus begins thy Fame.

Enter the Duke of Norfolk.

Nor. *Cromwell*, the Majeſty of *England*,
For the good liking he conceives of thee,
Makes thee Maſter of the Jewel-houſe,
Chief Secretary to himſelf, and withal,
Creates thee one of his Highneſs's Privy-Council.

Enter the Earl of Bedford.

Bed. Where is Sir *Thomas Cromwell?* is he Knighted?

Suf. He is, my Lord.

Bed. Then, to add Honour to his Name,
The King creates him Lord Keeper of his Privy-Seal,
And Maſter of the Rolls;
Which you, Sir *Chriſtopher*, do now enjoy:
The King determines higher place for you.

Crom. My Lords, theſe Honours are too high for my Deſert.

Moor. O content thee, Man, who would not chuſe it?
Yet thou art wiſe, in ſeeming to refuſe it.

Gard. Here's Honours, Titles and Promotions;
I fear this climbing will have a ſudden fall.

Nor. Then come, my Lords, let's altogether bring
This new-made Counſellor to *England*'s King.

[*Exeunt all but* Gardiner.

Gard.

Gard. But *Gardiner* means his Glory ſhall be dim'd:
Shall *Cromwell* live a greater Man than I?
My Envy with his Honour now is bred,
I hope to ſhorten *Cromwell* by the Head. [*Exit.*

Enter Frisbibal *very poor.*

Friſ. O *Friskibal,* what ſhall become of thee?
Where ſhalt thou go, or which way ſhalt thou turn?
Fortune, that turns her too unconſtant Wheel,
Hath turn'd thy Wealth and Riches in the Sea;
All parts abroad where-ever I have been,
Grow weary of me, and denies me Succour;
My Debtors they, that ſhould relieve my want,
Forſwear my Mony, ſay they owe me none:
They know my State too mean to bear out Law;
And here in *London,* where I oft have been,
And have done good to many a wretched Man,
And now moſt wretched here, deſpis'd my ſelf;
In vain it is more of their Hearts to try;
Be patient therefore, lay thee down and die.
[*He lies down.*

Enter Goodman Seely, *and his Wife* Joan.

Seely. Come *Joan,* come, let's ſee what he will do for us now? I wis we have done for him, when many a time and often he might have gone a hungry to Bed.

Wife. Alas Man, now he is made a Lord, he'll never look upon us; he'll fulfil the old Proverb, *Set Beggars a Horſe-back and they'll ride*: a, well a day for my Cow; ſuch as he hath made us come behind hand, we had never pawn'd our Cow elſe to pay our Rent.

Seely. Well *Joan,* he'll come this way; and by God's Dickers I'll tell him roundly of it, and if he were ten Lords; a ſhall know that I had not my Cheeſe and my Bacon for nothing.

Wife. Do you remember Husband, how he would mouch upon my Cheeſe-Cakes, he hath forgot this now, but now we'll remember him.

Seely. Ay, we ſhall have now three flaps with a Fox Tail: But i'faith I'll gibber a Joint, but I'll tell him his own; ſtay, who comes here? O, ſtand up, here he comes, ſtand up.

Enter

Enter Hodge *very fine, with a Tip-ſtaff,* Cromwell *with the Mace carried before him; the Dukes of* Norfolk *and* Suffolk, *and Atendants.*

Hodge. Come, away with theſe Beggars here,
Riſe up, Sirrah; come out, good People;
Run before there ho.

[Friskibal *riſeth, and ſtands afar off.*

Seely. Ay, we are kick'd away now, we come for our own; the time hath been, he would a look'd more friendly upon us: And you, *Hodge*, we know you well enough, tho' you are ſo fine.

Crom. Come hither, Sirrah: Stay, what Men are theſe?
My honeſt Hoſt of *Hounſlow*, and his Wife;
I owe thee Mony, Father, do I not?

Seely. Ay, by the Body of me, doſt thou; would thou wouldeſt pay me, good four Pound it is, I have a the Poſt at home.

Crom. I know 'tis true; Sirrah, give him ten Angels,
And look your Wife and you do ſtay to Dinner:
And while you live, I freely give to you,
Four pound a Year, for the four Pound I ought you,

Seely. Art not chang'd, art old *Tom* ſtill?
Now God bleſs thee, good Lord *Tom*:
Home *Joan*, home; I'll dine with my Lord *Tom* to Day,
And thou ſhalt come next Week.
Fetch my Cow; home *Joan*, home.

Wife. Now God bleſs thee, my good Lord *Tom*;
I'll fetch my Cow preſently.

Enter Gardiner.

Crom. Sirrah, go to yon Stranger, tell him I deſire him ſtay to Dinner: I muſt ſpeak with him.

Gard. My Lord of *Norfolk*, ſee you this ſame Bubble?
That ſame puff; but mark the end, my Lord, mark the end.

Nor. I promiſe you, I like not ſomething he hath done;
But let that paſs; the King doth love him well.

Crom. Good morrow to my Lord of *Wincheſter*:
I know you bear me hard about the Abbey Lands.

Gar. Have I not reaſon, when Religion is wrong'd?
You had no colour for what you have done.

Crom.

Crom. Yes, the aboliſhing of Antichriſt,
And of his Popiſh order for our Realm:
I am no Enemy to Religion,
But what is done, it is for *England*'s good:
What did they ſerve for, but to feed a ſort
Of lazy Abbots, and of full-fed Fryers?
They neither plow, nor ſow, and yet they reap
The Fat of all the Land, and ſuck the Poor:
Look what was theirs, is in King *Henry*'s Hands,
His Wealth before lay in the Abbey Lands.
Gar. Indeed theſe things you have alledg'd, my Lord,
When, God doth know, the Infant yet unborn,
Will curſe the time, the Abbies were pull'd down;
I pray now where is Hoſpitality?
Where now may poor diſtreſſed People go,
For to relieve their Need, or reſt their Bones,
When weary Travel doth oppreſs their Limbs?
And where religious Men ſhould take them in,
Shall now be kept back by a Maſtive Dog:
And thouſand thouſand ——
Nor. O my Lord, no more: things paſt redreſs,
'Tis bootleſs to complain.
Crom. What, ſhall we to the Convocation-houſe?
Nor. We'll follow you, my Lord, pray lead the way.
Enter old Cromwell, *like a Farmer.*
Old Crom. How? one *Cromwell*
Made Lord Keeper ſince I left *Putney*,
And dwelt in *Yorkſhire*? I never heard better News;
I'll ſee that *Cromwell*, or it ſhall go hard.
Crom. My aged Father! State ſet aſide:
Father, on my Knee I crave your Bleſſing:
One of my Servants go and have him in,
At better Leiſure will we talk with him.
Old Crom. Now if I dye how happy were the day,
To ſee this Comfort rains forth ſhowers of Joy.
[*Exit old* Cromwell.
Nor. This Duty in him ſhows a kind of Grace.
Crom. Go on before, for time draws on apace,
[*Exeunt all but* Friskibal.
Friſ. I wonder what this Lord would have with me,
His Man ſo ſtrictly gave me charge to ſtay:

I never did offend him to my Knowledge:
Well, good or bad, I mean to bide it all,
Worſe than I am, now never can befal.

Enter Baniſter *and his Wife.*

Ban. Come, Wife, I take it be almoſt Dinner time,
For Mr. *Newton*, and Mr. *Crosby* ſent to me
Laſt Night, they would come Dine with me,
And take their Bond in: I pray thee hie thee home,
And ſee that all things be in readineſs.

Mrs. Ban. They ſhall be welcome, Husband, I'll go before,
But is not that Man Maſter *Friskibal?*

[*She runs and embraces him.*

Ban. O Heavens! it is kind Maſter *Friskibal*:
Say, Sir, what hap hath brought you to this paſs?

Friſ. The ſame that brought you to your Miſery.

Ban. Why would you not acquaint me with your ſtate?
Is *Baniſter* your poor Friend forgot?
Whoſe Goods, whoſe Love, whoſe Life and all is yours.

Friſ. I thought your uſage would be as the reſt,
That had more kindneſs at my Hands than you,
Yet look'd aſcance when as they ſaw me poor.

Mrs. Ban. If *Baniſter* would bear ſo baſe a Heart,
I never would look my Husband in the Face,
But hate him as I would a Cockatrice.

Ban. And well thou mighteſt, ſhould *Baniſter* deal ſo,
Since that I ſaw you, Sir, my ſtate is mended:
And for the thouſand Pound I owe to you,
I have it ready for you, Sir, at home:
And tho' I grieve your Fortune is ſo bad:
Yet that my hap's to help you makes me glad:
And now, Sir, will it pleaſe you walk with me.

Friſ. Not yet I cannot, for the Lord Chancellor,
Hath here commanded me to wait on him,
For what I know not, pray God it be for good.

Ban. Never make doubt of that, I'll warrant you,
He is as kind a noble Gentleman,
As ever did poſſeſs the place he hath.

Mrs. Ban. Sir, my Brother is his Steward, if you pleaſe,
We'll go along and bear you Company;
I know we ſhall not want for welcome there.

Friſ. With all my Heart; but what's become of *Bagot?*

Ban.

Ban. He is hang'd for buying Jewels of the King's.
Friſ. A juſt Reward for one ſo Impious,
The time draws on, Sir, will you go along?
Ban. I'll follow you, kind Maſter *Friſkibal.* [*Exeunt.*

Enter two Merchants.

1 *Mer.* Now, Maſter *Crosby*, I ſee you have a care
To keep your Word, in payment of your Mony.
2 *Mer.* By my Faith I have reaſon upon a Bond,
Three thouſand Pound is too much to forfeit,
Yet I doubt not Maſter *Baniſter.*
1 *Mer.* By my Faith your Sum is more than mine,
And yet I am not much behind you too,
Conſidering that to Day I paid at Court.
2 *Mer.* Maſs, and well remembred:
What's the reaſon the Lord *Cromwell*'s Men
Wear ſuch long Skirts upon their Coats?
They reach down to their very Hams.
1 *Mer.* I will reſolve you, Sir, and thus it is;
The Biſhop of *Wincheſter*, that loves not *Cromwell*,
As great Men are envied as well as leſs,
A while ago there was a jar between them,
And it was brought to my Lord *Cromwell*'s Ear,
That Biſhop *Gardiner* would ſit on his Skirts,
Upon which Word he made his Men long blue Coats,
And in the Court wore one of them himſelf:
And meeting with the Biſhop, quoth he, my Lord,
Here's Skirts enough now for your Grace to ſit on:
Which vexed the Biſhop to the very Heart;
This is the reaſon why they wear long Coats.
2 *Mer.* 'Tis always ſeen, and mark it for a Rule,
That one great Man will envy ſtill another;
But 'tis a thing that nothing concerns me:
What, ſhall we now to Maſter *Baniſter*'s?
1 *Mer.* Ay, come, we'll pay him royally for our Dinner.
[*Exeunt.*

Enter the Uſher, and the Shewer, the Meat goes over the Stage.

Uſh. Uncover there, Gentlemen.
Enter Cromwell, Bedford, Suffolk, *old* Cromwell, Friskibal, *Goodman* Seely, *and Attendants.*
Crom. My noble Lords of *Suffolk* and *Bedford*,
Your Honours welcome to poor *Cromwell*'s Houſe:

Where

Where is my Father? nay, be covered, Father,
Although that Duty to theſe Noblemen doth challenge it,
Yet I'll make bold with them.
Your Head doth bear the Calender of Care:
What? *Cromwell* cover'd, and his Father bare?
It muſt not be. Now, Sir, to you;
Is not your Name *Friſkibal*, and a *Florentine?*
Friſ. My Name was *Friſkibal*, 'till cruel Fate
Did rob me of my Name, and of my State.
Crom. What Fortune brought you to this Country now?
Friſ. All other Parts hath left me ſuccourleſs,
Save only this, becauſe of Debts I have
I hope to gain, for to relieve my want.
Crom. Did you not once upon your *Florence* Bridge,
Help a diſtreſſed Man, robb'd by the *Bandetti*,
His Name was *Cromwell*?
Friſ. I never made my Brain
A Calender of any good I did,
I always lov'd this Nation with my Heart.
Crom. I am that *Cromwell* that you there reliev'd,
Sixteen Duckets you gave me for to cloath me,
Sixteen to bear my Charges by the way,
And ſixteen more I had for my Horſe-hire,
There be thoſe ſeveral Sums juſtly return'd:
Yet it Injuſtice were, that ſerving at my need,
For to repay them without Intereſt:
Therefore receive of me theſe four ſeveral Bags;
In each of them there is four hundred Mark,
And bring to me the Names of all your Debtors,
And if they will not ſee you paid, I will.
O God forbid, that I ſhould ſee him fall,
That helpt me in my greateſt need of all.
Here ſtands my Father that firſt gave me Life,
Alas, what Duty is too much for him?
This Man in time of need did ſave my Life,
And therefore cannot do too much for him.
By this old Man I oftentimes was fed,
Elſe might I have gone ſupperleſs to Bed.
Such kindneſs have I had of theſe three Men,
That *Cromwell* no way can repay agen,

Now

Now in to Dinner, for we ſtay too long,
And to good Stomachs is no greater wrong. [*Exeunt.*

Enter Gardiner *in his Study, and his Man.*

Gard. Sirrah, where be thoſe Men I caus'd to ſtay?

Ser. They do attend your Pleaſure, Sir, within.

Gard. Bid them come hither, and ſtay you without,
For by thoſe Men the Fox of this ſame Land,
That makes a Gooſe of better than himſelf,
Muſt worried be unto his lateſt home,
Or *Gardiner* will fail in his intent.
As for the Dukes of *Suffolk* and of *Norfolk*,
Whom I have ſent for to come ſpeak with me;
Howſoever outwardly they ſhadow it,
Yet in their Hearts I know they love him not.
As for the Earl of *Bedford*, he is but one,
And dares not gain-ſay what we do ſet down.

Enter the two Witneſſes.

Now, my Friends, you know I ſav'd your Lives,
When by the Law you had deſerved Death;
And then you promis'd me upon your Oaths,
To venture both your Lives to do me good.

Both Wit. We ſwore no more than that we will perform.

Gard. I take your Words, and that which you muſt do,
Is ſervice for your God, and for your King;
To root a Rebel from this flouriſhing Land,
One that's an Enemy unto the Church:
And therefore muſt you take your ſolemn Oaths,
That you heard *Cromwell*, the Lord Chancellor,
Did wiſh a Dagger at King *Henry*'s Heart:
Fear not to ſwear it, for I heard him ſpeak it;
Therefore we'll ſhield you from enſuing Harms.

2 *Wit.* If you will warrant us the Deed is good,
We'll undertake it.

Gard. Kneel down, and I will here abſolve you both;
This Crucifix I lay upon your Heads,
And ſprinkle Holy-water on your Brows:
The Deed is meritorious that you do,
And by it ſhall you purchaſe Grace from Heav'n.

1 *Wit.* Now Sir we'll undertake it, by our Souls.

2 *Wit.* For *Cromwell* never loved none of our ſort.

Gard.

Gard. I know he doth not, and for both of you,
I will prefer you to ſome place of worth.
Now get you in, until I call for you,
For preſently the Dukes mean to be here. [*Exeunt Wit.*
Cromwell, ſit faſt, thy time's not long to reign;
The Abbies that were pull'd down by thy means,
Is now a mean for me to pull thee down:
Thy Pride alſo thy own Head lights upon,
For thou art he hath chang'd Religion:
But now no more, for here the Dukes are come.

Enter Suffolk, Norfolk, *and the Earl of* Bedford.

Suf. Good Even to my Lord Biſhop.
Nor. How fares my Lord? what, are you all alone?
Gard. No, not alone, my Lords, my mind is troubled:
I know your Honours muſe wherefore I ſent,
And in ſuch haſte: What, came you from the King? (him.
Nor. We did, and left none but Lord *Cromwell* with
Gard. O what a dangerous time is this we live in?
There's *Thomas Wolſey*, he's already gone,
And *Thomas Moor*, he follow'd after him:
Another *Thomas* yet there doth remain,
That is far worſe than either of thoſe twain;
And if with ſpeed, my Lords, we not purſue it,
I fear the King and all the Land will rue it.
Bed. Another *Thomas?* pray God it be not *Cromwell.*
Gard. My Lord of *Bedford*, it is that Traitor *Cromwell.*
Bed. Is *Cromwell* falſe? my Heart will never think it.
Suf. My Lord of *Wincheſter*, what likelihood,
Or proof have you of this his Treachery.
Gard. My Lord, too much, call in the Men within.

Enter the Witneſſes.

Theſe Men, my Lord, upon their Oaths affirm,
That they did hear Lord *Cromwell* in his Garden,
Wiſhed a Dagger ſticking at the Heart
Of our King *Henry*: What is this but Treaſon?
Bed. If it be ſo, my Heart doth bleed with Sorrow.
Suf. How ſay you, Friends; what, did you hear theſe Words?
1 *Wit.* We did, an't like your Grace.

Nor.

Nor. In what Place was Lord *Cromwell* when he ſpake them?

2 *Wit.* In his Garden; where we did attend a Suit,
Which we had waited for two years and more.

Suf. How long is't ſince you heard him ſpeak theſe Words?

2 *Wit.* Some half a Year ſince.

Bed. How chance that you conceal'd it all this time?

1 *Wit.* His Greatneſs made us fear; that was the cauſe.

Gard. Ay, ay, his Greatneſs, that's the cauſe indeed;
And to make his Treaſon here more manifeſt,
He calls his Servants to him round about,
Tells them of *Wolſey*'s Life, and of his Fall,
Says that himſelf hath many Enemies,
And gives to ſome of them a Park, or Manor,
To others Leaſes, Lands to other ſome:
What need he do this in his prime of Life,
An if he were not fearful of his Death?

Suf. My Lord, theſe likelihoods are very great.

Bed. Pardon me, Lords, for I muſt needs depart;
Their Proofs are great, but greater is my Heart.

[*Exit* Bedford.

Nor. My Friends, take heed of that which you have ſaid;
Your Souls muſt anſwer what your Tongues report:
Therefore take heed, be wary what you do.

2 *Wit.* My Lord, we ſpeak no more but truth.

Nor. Let them depart, my Lord of *Wincheſter*;
Let theſe Men be cloſe kept until the Day of Trial.

Gard. They ſhall, my Lord; ho, take in theſe two Men.

[*Exeunt Witneſſes.*

My Lords, if *Cromwell* have a publick Trial,
That which we do, is void, by his denial;
You know the King will credit none but him.

Nor. 'Tis true, he rules the King ev'n as he pleaſes.

Suf. How ſhall we do for to attach him then?

Gard. Marry, my Lords, thus,
By an Act he made himſelf,
With an intent to intrap ſome of our Lives,
And this it is: If any Counſellor
Be convicted of High Treaſon,
He ſhall be executed without a publick Trial.

This Act, my Lords, he caus'd the King to make.
Suf. A did indeed, and I remember it,
And now it is like to fall upon himself.
Nor. Let us not slack it, 'tis for *England*'s good,
We must be wary, else he'll go beyond us.
Gard. Well hath your Grace said, my Lord of *Norfolk*,
Therefore let us presently to *Lambeth*,
Thither comes *Cromwell*, from the Court to Night,
Let us arrest him, send him to the *Tower*,
And in the Morning cut off the Traitor's Head.
Nor. Come then about it, let us guard the Town,
This is the Day that *Cromwell* must go down.
Gard. Along my Lords, well, *Cromwell* is half dead,
He shak'd my Heart, but I will shave his Head. [*Exeunt.*

Enter Bedford *solus.*

Bed. My Soul is like a Water troubled,
And *Gardiner* is the Man that makes it so;
O *Cromwell*, I do fear thy End is near:
Yet I'll prevent their Malice if I can,
And in good time, see where the Man doth come,
Who little knows how near's his Day of Doom.

Enter Cromwell *with his Train*, Bedford *makes as though he would speak to him: He goes on.*

Crom. You're well encountred, my good Lord of *Bedford*,
Pray pardon me, I am sent for to the King,
And do not know the Business yet my self,
So fare you well, for I must needs be gone.
[*Exit with the Train.*

Bed. You must; well, what remedy?
I fear too soon you must be gone indeed,
The King hath Business, but little dost thou know,
Who's busie for thy Life; thou think'st not so.

Enter Cromwell *and the Train again.*

Crom. The second time well met my Lord of *Bedford*:
I am very sorry that my haste is such,
Lord Marquess *Dorset* being sick to Death,
I must receive of him the Privy-Seal.
At *Lambeth*, soon my Lord, we'll talk our fill.
[*Exit with the Train.*

Bed.

Bed. How ſmooth and eaſie is the way to Death.

Enter a Meſſenger.

Meſ. My Lord, the Dukes of *Norfolk* and of *Suffolk*,
Accompanied with the Biſhop of *Wincheſter*,
Intreats you to come preſently to *Lambeth*,
On earneſt matters that concerns the State.

Bed. To *Lambeth*, ſo: Go fetch me Pen and Ink,
I and Lord *Cromwell* there ſhall talk enough:
Ay, and our laſt, I fear, and if he come.

[*He writes a Letter.*

Here, take this Letter, and bear it to Lord *Cromwell*,
Bid him read it, ſay it concern him near,
Away, be gone, make all the haſte you can,
To *Lambeth* do I go, a woful Man. [*Exit.*

Enter Cromwell *and his Train.*

Crom. Is the Barge ready? I will ſtraight to *Lambeth*,
And if this one Day's Buſineſs, once were paſt,
I'd take my eaſe to Morrow after trouble.
How now my Friend, would'ſt thou ſpeak with me?

[*The Meſſenger brings the Letter, he puts it in his Pocket.*

Meſ. Sir, here's a Letter from my Lord of *Bedford*,

Crom. O good my Friend, commend me to thy Lord,
Hold, take thoſe Angels, drink them for thy pains.

Meſ. He doth deſire your Grace to read it,
Becauſe he ſays it doth concern you near.

Crom. Bid him aſſure himſelf of that, farewel,
To Morrow, tell him, he ſhall hear from me,
Set on before there, and away to *Lambeth*. [*Exeunt.*

Enter Wincheſter, Suffolk, Norfolk, Bedford, *Serjeant at Arms, the Herald, and Halberts.*

Gard. Halberts ſtand cloſe unto the Water-ſide,
Serjeant at Arms, be bold in your Office,
Herald, deliver your Proclamation.

Her. This is to give notice to all the King's Subjects,
The late Lord *Cromwell*, Lord Chancellor of *England*,
Vicar General over the Realm,
Him to hold and eſteem as a Traitor,
Againſt the Crown and Dignity of *England*.
So God ſave the King.

Gar. Amen.

Bed. Amen, and root thee from the Land,
For whilſt thou liveſt Truth cannot ſtand.
Nor. Make a lane there, the Traitor is at hand,
Keep back *Cromwell*'s Men:
Drown them if they come on. Serjeant, your Office?
Enter Cromwell, *they make a lane with their Halberts.*
Crom. What means my Lord of *Norfolk* by theſe Words?
Sirs, come along.
Gard. Kill them, if they come on.
Ser. Lord *Cromwell*, in King *Henry*'s Name,
I do arreſt your Honour of High Treaſon.
Crom. Serjeant, me of Treaſon?
[Cromwell's *Men offer to draw.*
Suf. Kill them, if they draw a Sword.
Crom. Hold, I charge you, as you love me, draw not a
Who dares accuſe *Cromwell* of Treaſon now? (Sword,
Gard. This is no Place to reckon up your Crime,
Your Dove-like Looks were view'd with Serpents Eyes.
Crom. With Serpents Eyes indeed, by thine they were,
But, *Gardiner*, do thy worſt, I fear thee not,
My Faith compar'd with thine, as much ſhall paſs,
As doth the Diamond excell the Glaſs.
Attach'd of Treaſon, no Accuſers by,
Indeed what Tongue dares ſpeak ſo foul a lie?
Nor. My Lord, my Lord, matters are too well known,
And is it time the King had note thereof.
Crom. The King, let me go to him Face to Face,
No better Trial I deſire than that,
Let him but ſay, that *Cromwell*'s Faith was feign'd,
Then let my Honour, and my Name be ſtain'd;
If e'er my Heart againſt the King was ſet,
O let my Soul in Judgment anſwer it:
Then if my Faith's confirmed with his Reaſon,
'Gainſt whom hath *Cromwell* then committed Treaſon?
Suf. My Lord, your Matter ſhall be tried,
Mean time with patience content your ſelf.
Crom. Perforce I muſt with Patience be content:
O dear Friend *Bedford*, doſt thou ſtand ſo near?
Cromwell rejoyceth, one Friend ſheds a Tear:
And whither is't? which way muſt *Cromwell* now?

Gard.

Gard. My Lord, you muſt unto the *Tower*:
Lieutenant, take him to your Charge.
Crom. Well, where you pleaſe, yet before I part,
Let me confer a little with my Men.
Gard. As you go by Water ſo you ſhall.
Crom. I have ſome Buſineſs preſent to impart.
Nor. You may not ſtay, Lieutenant, take your Charge.
Crom. Well, well, my Lord, you ſecond *Gardiner*'s Text.
Norfolk, farewel, thy turn will be the next.
[*Exit* Cromwell *and the Lieutenant.*
Gard. His guilty Conſcience makes him rave, my Lord.
Nor. Ay, let him talk, his time is ſhort enough.
Gard. My Lord of *Bedford*, come, you weep for him,
That would not ſhed a Tear for you.
Bed. It grieves me for to ſee his ſudden Fall.
Gard. Such Succeſs wiſh I unto Traitors all. [*Exeunt.*

Enter two Citizens.

1 *Cit.* Why? can this News be true? is't poſſible?
The great Lord *Cromwell* arreſted upon High Treaſon,
I hardly will believe it can be ſo.
2 *Cit.* It is too true, Sir, would it were otherwiſe,
Condition I ſpent half the Wealth I have;
I was at *Lambeth*, ſaw him there arreſted,
And afterward committed to the *Tower*.
1 *Cit.* What was't for Treaſon that he was committed?
2 *Cit.* Kind Noble Gentleman: I may rue the time;
All that I have, I did enjoy by him,
And if he die, then all my State is gone.
1 *Cit.* It may be hoped that he ſhall not dye,
Becauſe the King did favour him ſo much.
2 *Cit.* O Sir, you are deceiv'd in thinking ſo:
The Grace and Favour he had with the King,
Hath caus'd him have ſo many Enemies:
He that in Court ſecure will keep himſelf,
Muſt not be Great, for then he is envied at.
The Shrub is ſafe, when as the Cedar ſhakes,
For where the King doth love above compare,
Of others they as much more envied are.
1 *Cit.* 'Tis pity that this Nobleman ſhould fall,
He did ſo many charitable Deeds.

2 *Cit.* 'Tis true, and yet you see in each estate,
There's none so good, but some one doth him hate,
And they before would smile him in the Face,
Will be the foremost to do him disgrace:
What, will you go along unto the Court?

1 *Cit.* I care not if I do, and hear the News,
How Men will judge what shall become of him.

2 *Cit.* Some Men will speak hardly, some will speak in pity,
Go you to the Court. I'll go into the City,
There I am sure to hear more News than you.

1 *Cit.* Why then soon will we meet again. [*Exeunt.*

Enter Cromwell *in the* Tower.

Crom. Now, *Cromwell*, hast thou time to meditate,
And think upon thy state, and of the time:
Thy Honours came unsought, ay, and unlook'd for;
They Fall as sudden, and unlook'd for too:
What Glory was in *England* that had I not?
Who in this Land commanded more than *Cromwell?*
Except the King, who greater than my self?
But now I see what after Ages shall,
The greater Men, more sudden is their Fall.
And now I do remember, the Earl of *Bedford*
Was very desirous for to speak to me:
And afterward sent unto me a Letter,
The which I think I have still in my Pocket,
Now may I read it, for I now have leisure,
And this I take it is. [*He reads the Letter.*

My Lord, come not this Night to Lambeth,
For if you do, your State is overthrown.
And much I doubt your Life, and if you come:
Then if you love your self, stay where you are.

O God, had I but read this Letter,
Then had I been free from the Lion's Paw:
Deferring this to read until to Morrow,
I spurn'd at Joy, and did embrace my Sorrow.

Enter the Lieutenant of the Tower *and Officers.*

Now, Master Lieutenant, when's this Day of Death?

Lieu. Alas, my Lord, would I might never see it:
Here are the Dukes of *Suffolk* and of *Norfolk*,

Winchester.

Winchester, *Bedford*, and Sir *Richard Ratcliff*,
With others, but why they come I know not.
Crom. No matter wherefore, *Cromwell* is prepar'd,
For *Gardiner* has my Life and State inſnar'd:
Bid them come in, or you ſhall do them wrong,
For here ſtands he, whom ſome think lives too long,
Learning kills Learning, and, inſtead of Ink
To dip his Pen, *Cromwell*'s Heart-blood doth drink.

Enter all the Nobles.

Nor. Good Morrow, *Cromwell*, what, alone ſo ſad?
Crom. One good among you, none of you are bad:
For my part, it beſt fits me be alone,
Sadneſs with me, not I with any one.
What, is the King acquainted with my cauſe?
Nor. We have, and he hath anſwered us, my Lord.
Crom. How ſhall I come to ſpeak with him my ſelf?
Gard. The King is ſo advertiſed of your Gilt,
He will by no means admit you to his preſence.
Crom. No way admit me, am I ſo ſoon forgot?
Did he but yeſterday embrace my Neck,
And ſaid that *Cromwell* was even half himſelf,
And are his Princely Ears ſo much bewitch'd
With ſcandalous Ignominy, and ſland'rous Speeches,
That now he doth deny to look on me?
Well, my Lord of *Winchester*, no doubt but you
Are much in favour with his Majeſty,
Will you bear a Letter from me to his Grace?
Gard. Pardon me, I'll bear no Traitor's Letters.
Crom. Ha, will you do this kindneſs then?
Tell him by Word of Mouth what I ſhall ſay to you.
Gard. That will I.
Crom. But on your Honour will you?
Gard. Ay, on my Honour.
Crom. Bear witneſs, Lords.
Tell him, when he hath known you,
And try'd your Faith but half ſo much as mine,
He'll find you to be the falſeſt hearted Man
In *England*: Pray tell him this.
Bed. Be patient, good my Lord, in theſe Extremities.
Crom. My kind and honourable Lord of *Bedford*,
I know your Honour always lov'd me well,

But, pardon me, this ſtill ſhall be my Theme,
Gardiner's the cauſe makes *Cromwell* ſo extream:
Sir *Ralph Sadler*, pray a Word with you;
You were my Man, and all that you poſſeſs
Came by my means, to requite all this,
Will you take this Letter here of me,
And give it with your own Hands to the King.
Sad. I kiſs your Hand, and never will I reſt,
E'er to the King this be delivered. [*Exit* Sadler.
Crom. Why yet *Cromwell* hath one Friend in ſtore.
Gard. But all the haſte he makes ſhall be but vain;
Here's a diſcharge for your Priſoner,
To ſee him executed preſently:
My Lord, you hear the tenor of your Life.
Crom. I do embrace it, welcome my laſt date,
And of this gliſtering World I take laſt leave,
And, Noble Lords, I take my leave of you:
As willingly I go to meet with Death,
As *Gardiner* did pronounce it with his Breath;
From Treaſon is my Heart as white as Snow,
My Death only procured by my Foe:
I pray commend me to my Sovereign King,
And tell him in what ſort his *Cromwell* dy'd,
To loſe his Head before his Cauſe was try'd;
But let his Grace, when he ſhall hear my Name,
Say only this, *Gardiner* procur'd the ſame.

Enter young Cromwell.

Lieu. Here is your Son come to take his leave.
Crom. To take his leave? Come hither, *Harry Cromwell*;
Mark, Boy, the laſt Words that I ſpeak to thee;
Flatter not Fortune, neither fawn upon her;
Gape not for State, yet loſe no ſpark of Honour;
Ambition, like the Plague, ſee thou eſchew it;
I die for Treaſon, Boy, and never knew it;
Yet let thy Faith as ſpotleſs be as mine,
And *Cromwell*'s Virtues in thy Face ſhall ſhine:
Come, go along and ſee me leave my Breath,
And I'll leave thee upon the floor of Death.
Son. O Father, I ſhall die to ſee that Wound,
Your Blood being ſpilt will make my Heart to ſound.

Crom.

Crom. How, Boy, not look upon the Axe?
How ſhall I do then to have my Head ſtrook off?
Come on, my Child, and ſee the end of all,
And after ſay, that *Gardiner* was my Fall.
Gard. My Lord you ſpeak it of an envious Heart,
I have done no more than Law and Equity.
Bed. O, my good Lord of *Wincheſter*, forbear;
It would better ſeemed you to been abſent,
Than with your Words diſturb a dying Man.
Crom. Who me, my Lord? no: he diſturbs not me,
My Mind he ſtirs not, tho' his mighty Shock
Hath brought more Peers Heads down to the Block.
Farewel, my Boy, all *Cromwell* can bequeath,
Hy hearty Bleſſing, ſo I take my leave.
Hang. I am your Death's Man, pray my Lord forgive me.
Crom. Ev'n with my Soul, why Man thou art my Doctor,
And bring'ſt me precious Phyſick for my Soul;
My Lord of *Bedford*, I deſire of you,
Before my Death a corporal embrace.
[Bedford *comes to him*, Cromwell *embraces him.*
Farewel, great Lord, my Love I do commend:
My Heart to you, my Soul to Heaven I ſend;
This is my Joy, that e'er my Body fleet,
Your honour'd Arms is my true Winding-ſheet;
Farewel, dear *Bedford*, my Peace is made in Heav'n;
Thus falls great *Cromwell* a poor Ell in length,
To riſe to unmeaſur'd height, wing'd with new ſtrength.
The Lands of Worms, which dying Men diſcover.
My Soul is ſhrin'd with Heaven's Celeſtial cover.
[*Exeunt* Cromwell *and the Officers, and others.*
Bed. Well, farewel *Cromwell*, the trueſt Friend
That ever *Bedford* ſhall poſſeſs again,
Well, Lords, I fear when this Man is dead,
You'll wiſh in vain that *Cromwell* had a Head.

Enter one with Cromwell's *Head.*

Offi. Here is the Head of the deceaſed *Cromwell.*
Bed. Pray thee go hence, and bear his Head away,
Unto his Body, inter them both in Clay.

Enter

Enter Sir Ralph Sadler.

Sad. How now my Lords, what is Lord *Cromwell* dead?

Bed. Lord *Cromwell*'s Body now doth want a Head.

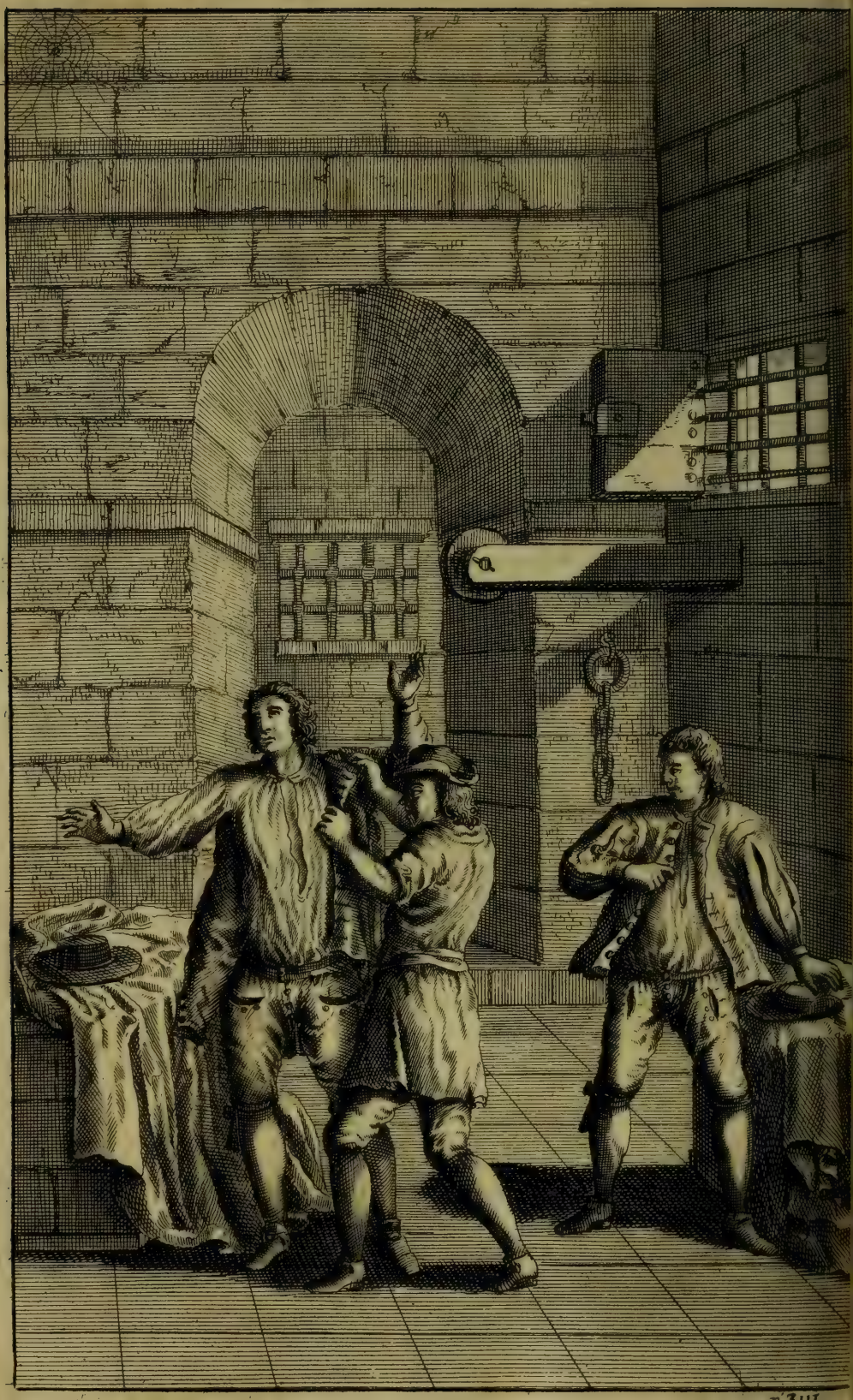
Sad. O God, a little ſpeed had ſav'd his Life,
Here is a kind Reprieve come from the King,
To bring him ſtraight unto his Majeſty.

Suf. Ay, ay, Sir *Ralph*, Reprieves come now too late.

Gard. My Conſcience now tells me this Deed was ill;
Would Chriſt that *Cromwell* were alive again.

Nor. Come let us to the King, whom well I know,
Will grieve for *Cromwell*, that his Death was ſo.

[*Exeunt omnes.*



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THE HISTORY OF Sir *John Oldcastle*, THE GOOD LORD *COBHAM*.

Printed in the YEAR 1709.

THE PROLOGUE.

THE doubtful Title, Gentlemen, prefixt
Upon the Argument we have in Hand,
May breed ſuſpence, and wrongfully diſturb
The peaceful Quiet of your ſetled Thoughts:
To ſtop which Scruple, let this brief ſuffice,
It is no pamper'd Glutton we preſent,
Nor aged Counſellor to youthful Sin;
But one, whoſe Virtue ſhone above the reſt,
A valiant Martyr, and a virtuous Peer,
In whoſe true Faith and Loyalty expreſt
Unto his Sovereign, and his Country's weal:
We ſtrive to pay that Tribute of our Love
Your Favours Merit; let fair Truth be grac'd,
Since forg'd Invention former Time defac'd.

Dramatis

Dramatis Perſonæ.

KING Henry *the Fifth.*
Sir John Oldcaſtle, *Lord* Cobham.
Harpool, *Servant to the Lord* Cobham.
Lord Herbert, *with* Gough *his Man.*
Lord Powis, *with* Owen, *and* Davy, *his Men.*
The Mayor of Hereford, *and Sheriff of* Hereford-ſhire, *with Bayliffs and Servants.*
Two Judges of Aſſize.
The Biſhop of Rocheſter, *and* Clun *his Sumner.*
Sir John *the Parſon of* Wrotham, *and* Doll *his Concubine.*
The Duke of Suffolk.
The Earl of Huntington.
The Earl of Cambridge.
Lord Scroop.
Lood Grey.
Chartres *the* French *Agent.*
Sir Roger Acton.
Sir Richard Lee.
Maſter Bourn,
Maſter Beverley,
Murley *the Brewer of* Dunſtable, } *Rebels.*
Maſter Butler, *Gentleman of the Privy-Chamber.*
Lady Cobham.
Lady Powis.
Cromer, *Sheriff of* Kent.
Lord Warden *of the* Cinque-Ports.
Lieutenant of the Tower.
The Mayor, Conſtable, and Goaler of St. Albans.
A Kentiſh *Conſtable and an Ale-man.*
Soldiers and old Men begging.
Dick *and* Tom, *Servants to* Murley.
An Iriſhman.
An Hoſt, Hoſtler, a Carrier and Kate.

THE

THE HISTORY OF Sir *John Oldcaſtle.*

ACT I. SCENE I.

Enter Sheriff, Lord Herbert, *Lord* Powis, Owen, *Bailiff,* Gough, *and* Davy.

SHERIFF.

MY Lords I charge ye in his Highneſs Name, to keep the Peace, you and your Followers.

Her. Good Maſter Sheriff, look unto your ſelf.

Pow. Do ſo, for we have other Buſineſs. [*Proffer to fight again.*

Sher. Will ye diſturb the Judges, and the Aſſize? Hear the King's Proclamation, ye were beſt.

Pow. Hold then, let's hear it.

Her. But be brief, ye were beſt.

Bail. O yes.

Davy. Coſſone, make ſhorter O, or ſhall mar your Yes.

Bail. O yes. *Owen.*

Owen. What, has her nothing to ſay, but O yes?

Bail. O Yes.

Davy. O nay, py coſs plut, down with her, down with her. A *Powis*, a *Powis.*

Gough. A *Herbert*, a *Herbert*, and down with *Powis.*

[*Helter skelter again.*

Sher. Hold in the King's Name, hold,

Owen. Down with a Kanaves Name, down.

[*In this fight the Bailiff is knock'd down, and the Sheriff and the other run away.*

Her. Powis, I think thy Welſh and thou do ſmart.

Pow. Herbert, I think my Sword came near thy Heart.

Her. Thy Heart's beſt Blood ſhall pay the loſs of mine.

Gough. A *Herbert*, a *Herbert.*

Davy. A *Powis*, a *Powis.*

As they are fighting, Enter the Mayor of Hereford, *his Officers and Townſmen with Clubs.*

May. My Lords, as you are Liegemen to the Crown,
True Noblemen, and Subjects to the King,
Attend his Highneſs Proclamation.
Commanded by the Judges of Aſſize,
For keeping Peace at this Aſſembly.

Her. Good Maſter Mayor of *Hereford*, be brief.

May. Serjeant, without the Ceremonies of O yes,
Pronounce aloud the Proclamation.

Ser. The King's Juſtices, perceiving what publick Miſchief may enſue this private Quarrel; in his Majeſty's Name, do ſtraitly charge and command all Perſons, of what Degree ſoever, to depart this City of *Hereford*, except ſuch as are bound to give attendance at this Aſſize, and that no Man preſume to wear any Weapon, eſpecially Welſh-Hooks, Foreſt Bills.

Owen. Haw? No pill nor Wells hoog? ha?

May. Peace, and hear the Proclamation.

Ser. And that the Lord *Powis* do preſently diſperſe and diſcharge his Retinue, and depart the City in the King's Peace, he and his Followers, on pain of Impriſonment.

Davy. Haw? pud her Lord *Powis* in Priſon? A *Powis*, a *Powis.* Coſſoon, her will live and tye with her Lord.

Gough. A *Herbert*, a *Herbert.*

In

In this fight the Lord Herbert *is wounded, and falls to the Ground, the Mayor and his Company cry for Clubs:* Powis *runs away,* Gough *and* Herbert's *Faction are busie about him. Enter the two Judges, the Sheriff and his Bailiffs afore them,* &c.

1 *Judge.* Where's the Lord *Herbert*? Is he hurt or slain?
Sher. He's here, my Lord.
2 *Judge.* How fares his Lordship, Friends?
Gough. Mortally wounded, speechless, he cannot live.
1 *Judge.* Convey him hence, let not his Wounds take Air,
And get him drest with Expedition.
[*Exit L.* Herbert *and* Gough.
Master Mayor of *Hereford*, Master Sheriff o'th' Shire,
Commit Lord *Powis* to safe Custody,
To answer the disturbance of the Peace,
Lord *Herbert*'s Peril, and his high contempt
Of us, and you the King's Commissioners,
See it be done with Care and Diligence.
Sher. Please it your Lordship, my Lord *Powis* is gone past all recovery.
2 *Judge.* Yet let search be made,
To apprehend his Followers that are left.
Sher. There are some of them: Sirs, lay hold of them.
Owen. Of us? and why? what has her done, I pray you?
Sher. Disarm them, Bailiffs.
May. Officers assist.
Davy. Hear you, Lord Shudge, what reason for this?
Owen. Cossoon, pe puse for fighting for our Lord?
1 *Judge.* Away with them.
Davy. Harg you, my Lord.
Owen. *Gough* my Lord *Herbert*'s Man's a shitten Karave.
Davy. Ice live and tye in good Quarrel.
Owen. Pray you do shustice, let awl be Prison.
Davy. Prison, no,
Lord Shudge, I wool give you Pale, good Surety.

2 *Judge.* What Bail? what Sureties?

Davy. Her Cozen ap *Rice*, ap *Evan*, ap *Morice*, ap *Morgan*, ap *Lluellyn*, ap *Madoc*, ap *Meredith*, ap *Griffin*, ap *Davy*, ap *Owen*, ap *Shinken Shones.*

2 *Judge.* Two of the most sufficient are enow.

Sher. And't please your Lordship these are all but one.

1 *Judge.* To Goal with them, and the Lord *Herbert*'s Men.
We'll talk with them, when the Assize is done. [*Exeunt.*
Riotous, audacious, and unruly Grooms,
Must we be forced to come from the Bench,
To quiet Brawls, which every Constable
In other civil Places can suppress?

2 *Judge.* What was the quarrel that caus'd all this stir?

Sher. About Religion, as I heard, my Lord.
Lord *Powis*'s detracted from the Pow'r of *Rome*,
Affirming *Wickliff*'s Doctrine to be true,
And *Rome*'s Erroneous: Hot reply was made
By the Lord *Herbert*, they were Traitors all
That would maintain it. *Powis* answer'd,
They were as true, as noble, and as wise
As he, that would defend it with their Lives,
He nam'd for instance Sir *John Oldcastle*
The Lord *Cobham: Herbert* reply'd again,
He, thou, and all are Traitors that so hold.
The Lie was giv'n, the several Factions drawn,
And so enrag'd, that we could not appease it.

1 *Judge.* This case concerns the King's Prerogative,
And 'tis dangerous to the State and Commonwealth.
Gentlemen, Justices, Master Mayor, and Master Sheriff,
It doth behove us all, and each of us
In general and particular, to have care
For the suppressing of all Mutinies,
And all Assemblies, except Soldiers Musters,
For the King's Preparation into *France.*
We hear of secret Conventicles made,
And there is doubt of some Conspiracies,
Which may break out into rebellious Arms
When the King's gone, perchance before he go:
Note as an instance, this one perillous Fray,

What

What Factions might have grown on either part,
To the destruction of the King and Realm:
Yet, in my Conscience, Sir *John Oldcastle*'s
Innocent of it, only his Name was us'd.
We therefore from his Highness give this charge:
You Master Mayor, look to your Citizens,
You Master Sheriff, unto your Shire, and you
As Justices in every ones Precinct
There be no Meetings. When the vulgar Sort
Sit on their Ale-Bench, with their Cups and Cans,
Matters of State be not their common talk,
Nor pure Religion by their Lips prophan'd.
Let us return unto the Bench again,
And there examine further of this Fray.

Enter a Bailiff and a Serjeant.

Sher. Sirs, have ye taken the Lord *Powis* yet?

Bail. No, nor heard of him.

Ser. No, he's gone far enough.

2 *Judge.* They that are left behind, shall answer all.

[*Exeunt.*

Enter the Duke of Suffolk, *Bishop of* Rochester, *Master* Butler, *Sir* John *the Parson of* Wrotham.

Suf. Now, my Lord Bishop, take free Liberty
To speak your Mind; what is your Suit to us?

Roch. My noble Lord, no more than what you know,
And have been oftentimes invested with:
Grievous Complaints have past between the Lips
Of envious Persons to upbraid the Clergy,
Some carping at the Livings which we have;
And others spurning at the Ceremonies
That are of ancient Custom in the Church.
Amongst the which, Lord *Cobham* is a Chief:
What Inconvenience may proceed hereof,
Both to the King, and to the Commonwealth,
May easily be discern'd, when like a frensie
This Innovation shall possess their Minds.
These Upstarts will have Followers to uphold
Their damn'd Opinion, more than *Harry* shall,
To undergo his quarrel 'gainst the *French*.

Suf. What proof is there against them to be had,
That what you say the Law may justifie?

Roch. They give themſelves the Names of Proteſtants,
And meet in Fields and ſolitary Groves.
S. John. Was ever heard, my Lord, the like 'till now?
That Thieves and Rebels, 'sbloud Hereticks,
Plain Hereticks, I'll ſtand to't to their Teeth,
Should have, to colour their vile Practices,
A Title of ſuch worth, as Proteſtant?
Enter one with a Letter.
Suf. O but you muſt not ſwear, it ill becomes
One of your Coat, to rap out bloody Oaths.
Roch. Pardon him, good my Lord, it is his Zeal.
An honeſt Country Prelate, who laments
To ſee ſuch foul diſorder in the Church.
S. John. There's one they call him Sir *John Oldcaſtle.*
He has not his Name for nought: For like a Caſtle
Doth he encompaſs them within his Walls,
But 'till that Caſtle be ſubverted quite,
We ne'er ſhall be at quiet in the Realm.
Roch. This is our Suit, my Lord, that he be ta'en
And brought in queſtion for his Hereſie:
Beſide, two Letters brought me out of *Wales,*
Wherein my Lord of *Hertford* writes to me,
What tumult and ſedition was begun,
About the Lord *Cobham,* at the Sizes there,
For they had much ado to calm the Rage,
And that the valiant *Herbert* is there ſlain.
Suf. A Fire that muſt be quench'd. Well ſay no more,
The King anon goes to the Council Chamber,
There to debate of Matters touching *France,*
As he doth paſs by, I'll inform his Grace
Concerning your Petition. Maſter *Butler,*
If I forget, do you remember me.
But. I will my Lord.
Roch. Not as a Recompence,
But as a Token of our Love to you, [*Offers him a Purſe.*
By me, my Lords, the Clergy doth preſent
This Purſe, and in it full a thouſand Angels,
Praying your Lordſhip to accept their Gift.
Suf. I thank them, my Lord Biſhop, for their love,
But will not take their Mony, if you pleaſe
To give it to this Gentleman, you may.

Roch.

Roch. Sir, then we crave your furtherance herein.
But. The beſt I can, my Lord of *Rocheſter*.
Roch. Nay, pray take it, truſt me you ſhall.
S. John. Were ye all three upon *New Market* Heath,
You ſhould not need ſtrain curt'ſie who ſhould ha't,
Sir *John* would quickly rid ye of that care.
Suf. The King is coming: Fear ye not, my Lord,
The very firſt thing I will break with him
Shall be about your matter.

Enter the King, and Earl of Huntington *in talk.*

King. My Lord of *Suffolk*,
Was it not ſaid the Clergy did refuſe
To lend us Mony toward our Wars in *France*?
Suf. It was my Lord, but very wrongfully.
King. I know it was: For *Huntington* here tells me
They have been very bountiful of late.
Suf. And ſtill they vow, my gracious Lord, to be ſo,
Hoping your Majeſty will think on them
As of your loving Subjects, and ſuppreſs
All ſuch malicious Erors as begin
To ſpot their calling, and diſturb the Church.
King. God elſe forbid: why, *Suffolk*,
Is there any new Rupture to diſquiet them?
Suf. No new, my Lord, the old is great enough,
And ſo increaſing, as if not cut down,
Will breed a ſcandal to your Royal State,
And ſet your Kingdom quickly in an uproar.
The *Kentiſh* Knight, Lord *Cobham*, in deſpight
Of any Law, or ſpiritual Diſcipline,
Maintains this upſtart new Religion ſtill,
And divers great Aſſemblies by his means
And private Quarrels are commenc'd abroad,
As by this Letter more at large, my Liege, is made apparent.
King. We do find it here,
There was in *Wales* a certain Fray of late
Between two Noblemen. But what of this?
Follows it ſtraight Lord *Cobham* muſt be he
Did cauſe the ſame? I dare be ſworn, good Knight,
He never dream'd of any ſuch contention.
Roch. But in his Name the quarrel did begin,
About the Opinion which he held, my Liege.

King. What if he did? was either he in place
To take part with them? or abett them in it?
If brabling Fellows, whoſe enkindled Blood
Seeths in their fiery Veins, will needs go fight,
Making their Quarrels of ſome words that paſt
Either of you, or you, amongſt their Cups,
Is the Fault yours? or are they guilty of it?

Suf. With pardon of your Highneſs, my dread Lord,
Such little ſparks neglected, may in time
Grow to a mighty Flame. But that's not all,
He doth beſide maintain a ſtrange Religion,
And will not be compell'd to come to Maſs.

Roch. We do beſeech you therefore, gracious Prince,
Without Offence unto your Majeſty,
We may be bold to uſe Authority.

King. As how?

Roch. To ſummon him unto the Arches,
Where ſuch Offences have their Puniſhment.

King. To anſwer perſonally, is that your meaning?

Roch. It is, my Lord.

King. How if he appeal?

Roch. My Lord, he cannot in ſuch a caſe as this.

Suf. Not where Religion is the Plea, my Lord.

King. I took it always, that our ſelf ſtood on't
As a ſufficient Refuge: Unto whom
Not any but might lawfully Appeal.
But we'll not argue now upon that point.
For Sir *John Oldcaſtle*, whom you accuſe,
Let me intreat you to diſpence a while
With your high Title of Preheminence. [*In ſcorn.*
Report did never yet condemn him ſo,
But he hath always been reputed Loyal:
And in my Knowledge I can ſay thus much,
That he is virtuous, wiſe, and honourable.
If any way his Conſcience be ſeduc'd
To waver in his Faith, I'll ſend for him,
And ſchool him privately: If that ſerve not,
Then afterward you may proceed againſt him.
Butler, be you the Meſſenger for us,
And will him preſently repair to Court. [*Exeunt.*

S. John.

S. John. How now my Lord? why ſtand you diſcontent?
Inſooth, methinks, the King hath well decreed.
Roch. Ay, ay, Sir *John*, if he would keep his Word:
But I perceive he favours him ſo much
As this will be to ſmall Effect, I fear.
S. John. Why then I'll tell you what you're beſt to do:
If you ſuſpect the King will be but cold
In reprehending him, ſend you a Proceſs too
To ſerve upon him, ſo ye may be ſure
To make him anſwer't, howſoever it fall.
Roch. And well remembred, I will have it ſo,
A *Sumner* ſhall be ſent about it ſtraight. [*Exit.*
S. John. Yea, do ſo. In the mean ſpace this remains
For kind Sir *John* of *Wrotham*, honeſt *Jack*.
Methinks the Purſe of Gold the Biſhop gave
Made a good ſhew, it had a tempting Look:
Beſhrew me, but my Fingers ends do itch
To be upon thoſe golden Ruddocks. Well 'tis thus;
I am not as the World doth take me for:
If ever Wolf were cloathed in Sheep's Coat,
Then I am he; old huddle and twang 'ifaith:
A Prieſt in ſhew, but, in plain Terms, a Thief:
Yet let me tell you too, an honeſt Thief;
One that will take it where it may be ſpar'd,
And ſpend it freely in good Fellowſhip.
I have as many Shapes as *Proteus* had,
That ſtill when any Villany is done,
There may none ſuſpect it was Sir *John*.
Beſides, to comfort me, (for what's this Life,
Except the crabbed Bitterneſs thereof
Be ſweetned now and then with Letchery?)
I have my *Doll*, my Concubine as 'twere,
To frolick with, a luſty bouncing Girl.
But whilſt I loiter here, the Gold may ſcape,
And that muſt not be ſo: It is mine own.
Therefore I'll meet him on his way to Court,
And ſhrive him of it, there will be the ſport. [*Exit.*
Enter four poor People, ſome Soldiers, ſome old Men.
1. God help, God help, there's Law for puniſhing,
But there's no Law for our Neceſſity:

There be more Stocks to ſet poor Soldiers in,
Than there be Houſes to relieve them at.

Old Man. Ay, Houſe-keeping decays in every place,
Even as St. *Peter* writ, ſtill worſe and worſe.

2. Maſter Mayor of *Rocheſter* has given command, That none ſhall go abroad out of the Pariſh, and has ſet down an Order forſooth, what every poor Houſholder muſt give for our relief; where there be ſome ſeſſed, I may ſay to you, had almoſt as much need to beg as we.

1. It is a hard World the while.

Old Man. If a poor Man ask at Door for God's ſake, they ask him for a Licence or a Certificate from a Juſtice.

2. Faith we have none, but what we bear upon our Bodies, our maim'd Limbs, God help us.

4. And yet as lame as I am, I'll with the King into *France*, if I can but crawl a Ship-board, I had rather be ſlain in *France*, than ſtarve in *England*.

Old Man. Ha, were I but as luſty as I was at *Shrewsbury* Battel, I would not do as I do; but we are now come to the good Lord *Cobham*'s Houſe, the beſt Man to the Poor in all *Kent*.

4. God bleſs him, there be but few ſuch.

Enter Cobham *with* Harpool.

Cob. Thou peeviſh froward Man, what wouldſt thou have?

Har. This Pride, this Pride, brings all to beggary,
I ſerv'd your Father, and your Grandfather,
Shew me ſuch two Men now: No, no,
Your Backs, your Backs; the Devil and Pride
Has cut the Throat of all good Houſe-keeping,
They were the beſt Yeomens Maſters that
Ever were in *England*.

Cob. Yea, except thou have a crew of filthy Knaves
And ſturdy Rogues ſtill feeding at my Gate,
There is no Hoſpitality with thee.

Har. They may ſit at the Gate well enough, but the Devil of any thing you give them, except they'll eat Stones.

Cob. 'Tis long then of ſuch hungry Knaves as you:
Yea, Sir, here's your Retinue, your Gueſts be come,
They know their Hours, I warrant you.

Old

Old Man. God bleſs your Honour, God ſave the good Lord *Cobham*, and all his Houſe.

Sold. Good your Honour, beſtow your bleſſed Alms Upon poor Men.

Cob. Now, Sir, here be your alms Knights:
Now are you as ſafe as the *Emperor*.

Har. My alms Knights? Nay, they're yours:
It is a ſhame for you, and I'll ſtand to't,
Your fooliſh Alms maintains more Vagabonds
Than all the Noblemen in *Kent* beſide.
Out you Rogues, you Knaves, work for you Livings.
Alas, poor Men, they may beg their Hearts out,
There's no more Charity among Men
Than amongſt ſo many Maſtive Dogs.
What make you here, you needy Knaves?
Away, away, you Villains.

2 *Sold.* I beſeech you, Sir, be good.

Cob. Nay, nay, they know thee well enough, I think that all the Beggars in this Land are thy Acquaintance: go beſtow your Alms, none will controul you, Sir.

Har. What ſhould I give them? you are grown ſo Beggarly, that you can ſcarce give a bit of Bread at your Door: you talk of your Religion ſo long, that you have baniſh'd Charity from you: a Man may make a Flax-ſhop in your Kitching Chimnies, for any Fire there is ſtirring.

Cob. If thou wilt give them nothing, ſend them hence: Let them not ſtand here ſtarving in the Cold.

Har. Who, I drive them hence? If I drive poor Men from the Door, I'll be hang'd: I know not what I may come to my ſelf: God help ye poor Knaves, ye ſee the World. Well, you had a Mother: O God be with thee good Lady, thy Soul's at reſt: ſhe gave more in Shirts and Smocks to poor Children, than you ſpend in your Houſe, and yet you live a Beggar too.

Cob. Ev'n the worſt deed that ever my Mother did,
Was in relieving ſuch a Fool as thou.

Har. Ay, I am a Fool ſtill: with all your Wit you'll die a Beggar, go too.

Cob. Go, you old Fool, give the poor People ſomething: Go in poor Men into the inner Court, and take ſuch Alms as there is to be had.

Sold.

Sold. God bleſs your Honour.

Har. Hang you Rogues, hang you, there's nothing but Miſery amongſt you, you fear no Law, you. [*Exit.*

Oldm. God bleſs you good Maſter *Ralph,* God ſave your Life, you are good to the Poor ſtill.

Enter the Lord Powis *diſguiſed.*

Cob. What Fellow's yonder comes along the Grove?
Few Paſſengers there be that know this way:
Methinks he ſtops as though he ſtaid for me,
And meant to ſhroud himſelf among the Buſhes,
I know the Clergy hates me to the Death,
And my Religion gets me many Foes:
And this may be ſome deſperate Rogue
Suborn'd to work me Miſchief: as pleaſeth God.
If he come toward me, ſure I'll ſtay his coming,
Be he but one Man, whatſoe'er he be. [*Lord* Powis *comes on.*
I have been well acquainted with that Face.

Pow. Well met, my Honourable Lord and Friend.

Cob. You are welcome, Sir, whate'er you be;
But of this ſudden, Sir, I do not know you.

Pow. I am one that wiſheth well unto your Honour,
My Name is *Powis,* an old Friend of yours.

Cob. My Honourable Lord, and worthy Friend,
What makes your Lordſhip thus alone in *Kent?*
And thus diſguiſed in this ſtrange Attire?

Pow. My Lord, an unexpected accident
Hath at this time enforc'd me to theſe Parts,
And thus it hapt. Not yet full five Days ſince,
Now at the laſt Aſſize at *Hereford,*
It chanc'd that the Lord *Herbert* and my ſelf,
'Mongſt other things diſcourſing at the Table,
To fall in Speech about ſome certain Points
Of *Wickliff*'s Doctrine 'gainſt the Papacy,
And the Religion Catholick maintain'd
Through the moſt part of *Europe* at this day,
This wilful teſty Lord ſtuck not to ſay,
That *Wickliff* was a Knave, a Schiſmatick,
His Doctrine deviliſh and Heretical:
And whatſoever he was maintain'd the ſame,
Was Traitor both to God, and to his Country.
Being moved at his peremptory Speech

I told him, ſome maintain'd thoſe Opinions,
Men, and truer Subjects than Lord *Herbert* was:
And he replying in compariſons,
Your Name was urg'd, my Lord, againſt this challenge,
To be a perfect favourer of the Truth.
And to be ſhort, from words we fell to blows,
Our Servants, and our Tenants taking parts.
Many on both ſides hurt: and for an Hour
The broil by no means could be pacified,
Until the Judges riſing from the Bench,
Were in their Perſons forc'd to part the fray.

Cob. I hope no Man was violently ſlain.

Pow. Faith none I truſt, but the Lord *Herbert*'s ſelf,
Who is in truth ſo dangerouſly hurt,
As it is doubted he can hardly ſcape.

Cob. I am ſorry, my good Lord, of theſe ill News.

Pow. This is the cauſe that drives me into *Kent*,
To ſhroud my ſelf with you ſo good a Friend,
Until I hear how things do ſpeed at home.

Cob. Your Lordſhip is moſt welcome unto *Cobham*:
But I am very ſorry, my good Lord,
My Name was brought in queſtion in this matter,
Conſidering I have many Enemies,
That threaten Malice, and do lie in wait
To take the vantage of the ſmalleſt thing.
But you are welcome, and repoſe your Lordſhip,
And keep your ſelf here ſecret in my Houſe,
Until we hear how the Lord *Herbert* ſpeeds.

Enter Harpool.

Here comes my Man: Sirrah, what News?

Har. Yonder's one Mr. *Butler* of the Privy Chamber, is ſent unto you from the King.

Pow. Pray God the Lord *Herbert* be not dead, and the King hearing whither I am gone, hath ſent for me.

Cob. Comfort your ſelf, my Lord, I warrant you.

Har. Fellow, what ails thee? do'ſt thou quake? do'ſt thou ſhake? do'ſt thou tremble? ha?

Cob. Peace, you old Fool: Sirrah, convey this Gentleman in the back way, and bring the other into the walk.

Har. Come, Sir, you're welcome, if you love my Lord.

Pow. Gramercy, gentle Friend. [*Exeunt:*

Cob.

Cob. I thought as much, that it would not be long
Before I heard of ſomething from the King,
About this matter.

Enter Harpool, *with Maſter* Butler.

Har. Sir, yonder my Lord walks, you ſee him;
I'll have your Men into the Sellar the while.

Cob. Welcome, good Maſter *Butler.*

But. Thanks, my good Lord: his Majeſty doth commend his Love unto your Lordſhip, and wills you to repair unto the Court.

Cob. God bleſs his Highneſs, and confound his Enemies, I hope his Majeſty is well?

But. In good Health, my Lord.

Cob. God long continue it: methinks you look as though you were not well, what ails ye, Sir?

But. Faith I have had a fooliſh odd miſchance, that angers me: coming over *Shooter*'s-*Hill*, there came one to me like a Sailor, and askt me Mony; and whilſt I ſtaid my Horſe to draw my Purſe, he takes th' advantage of a little Bank, and leaps behind me, whips my Purſe away, and with a ſudden jerk, I know not how, threw me at leaſt three Yards out of my Saddle; I never was ſo robb'd in all my Life.

Cob. I am very ſorry, Sir, for your miſchance; we will ſend our Warrant forth, to ſtay ſuch ſuſpicious Perſons as ſhall be found, then Mr. *Butler* we'll attend you.

But. I humbly thank your Lordſhip, I will attend you.

Enter the Sumner.

Sum. I have the Law to warrant what I do, and though the Lord *Cobham* be a Nobleman, that diſpenſes not with Law, I dare ſerve a Proceſs were he five Noblemen, though we *Sumners* make ſometimes a mad ſlip in a corner with a pretty Wench, a *Sumner* muſt not go always by ſeeing: a Man may be content to hide his Eyes where he may feel his Profit. Well, this is Lord *Cobham*'s Houſe, if I cannot ſpeak with him, I'll clap my Citation upon's Door, ſo my Lord of *Rocheſter* bad me; but methinks here comes one of his Men.

Har. Welcome Good-fellow, welcome, who would'ſt thou ſpeak with?

Sum. With my Lord *Cobham* I would ſpeak, if thou be one of his Men.

Har.

Har. Yes, I am one of his Men, but thou canſt not ſpeak with my Lord.

Sum. May I ſend to him then?

Har. I'll tell thee that, when I know thy Errand.

Sum. I will not tell my Errand to thee.

Har. Then keep it to thy ſelf, and walk like a Knave as thou cam'ſt

Sum. I tell thee, my Lord keeps no Knaves, Sirrah.

Har. Then thou ſerveſt him not, I believe. What Lord is thy Maſter?

Sum. My Lord of *Rocheſter.*

Har. In good time: and what would'ſt thou have with my Lord *Cobham?*

Sum. I come by vertue of a Proceſs, to cite him to appear before my Lord in the Court at *Rocheſter.*

Har. aſide. Well, God grant me Patience, I could eat this Counger. My Lord is not at home, therefore it were good, *Sumner*, you carried your Proceſs back.

Sum. Why, if he will not be ſpoken withal, then will I leave it here, and ſee that he take Knowledge of it.

Har. 'Zounds you Slave, do you ſet up your Bills here: go too, take it down again. Doſt thou know what thou doſt? Doſt thou know on whom thou ſerveſt a Proceſs?

Sum. Yes, marry do I, on Sir *John Oldcaſtle*, Lord *Cobham.*

Har. I am glad thou knoweſt him yet: and Sirrah, doſt not know that the Lord *Cobham* is a brave Lord, that keeps good Beef and Beer in his Houſe, and every Day feeds a hundred poor People at's Gate, and keeps a hundred tall Fellows?

Sum. What's that to my Proceſs?

Har. Marry this, Sir, is this Proceſs Parchment?

Sum. Yes marry is it.

Har. And this Seal Wax?

Sum. It is ſo.

Har. If this be Parchment, and this Wax, eat you this Parchment and this Wax, or I will make Parchment of your Skin, and beat your Brains into Wax. Sirrah, *Sumner*, diſpatch, devour, Sirrah, devour.

Sum. I am my Lord of *Rocheſter*'s *Sumner*, I came to do my Office, and thou ſhalt anſwer it.

Har.

Har. Sirrah, no railing; but betake your ſelf to your Teeth, thou ſhalt eat no worſe than thou bring'ſt with thee, thou bring'ſt it for my Lord, and wilt thou bring my Lord worſe than thou wilt eat thy ſelf?

Sum. Sir, I brought it not my Lord to eat.

Har. O, do you Sir me now; all's one for that, I'll make you eat it, for bringing it.

Sum. I cannot eat it.

Har. Can you not? 'sblood I'll beat you till you have a Stomach. [*Beats him.*

Sum. O hold, hold, good Mr. Servingman, I will eat it.

Har. Be champing, be chawing, Sir, or I'll chaw you, you Rogue, the pureſt of the Hony.

Sum. Tough Wax is the pureſt Hony.

Har. O Lord, Sir, oh, oh,
Feed, feed, 'tis wholſome, Rogue, wholſome.
Cannot you, like an honeſt *Sumner*, walk with the Devil your Brother, to fetch in your Bailiff's Rents; but you muſt come to a Noble Man's Houſe with Proceſs? If thy Seal were as broad as the Lead that covers *Rocheſter* Church, thou ſhould'ſt eat it.

Sum. O, I am almoſt choak'd, I am almoſt choak'd.

Har. Who's within there? will you ſhame my Lord, is there no Beer in the Houſe? Butler, I ſay.

Enter Butler.

But. Here, here.

Har. Give him Beer. [*He drinks.*
There: tough old Sheepskins, bare dry Meat.

Sum. O, Sir, let me go no further, I'll eat my word.

Har. Yea marry, Sir, I mean ye ſhall eat more than your own word, for I'll make you eat all the words in the Proceſs. Why you Drab-monger, cannot the Secrets of all the Wenches in a Shire ſerve your turn, but you muſt come hither with a Citation with a Pox? I'll cite you.
A Cup of Sack for the *Sumner*.

But. Here, Sir, here.

Har. Here, Slave, I drink to thee.

Sum. I thank you, Sir.

Har. Now if thou find'ſt thy Stomach well, becauſe thou ſhalt ſee my Lord keeps Meat in's Houſe, if thou wilt go in thou ſhalt have a piece of Beef to thy Break-faſt.

Sum.

Sum. No, I am very well, good Maſter Servingman, I thank you, very well, Sir.

Har. I am glad on't, then be walking towards *Rocheſter* to keep your Stomach warm. And *Sumner*, if I do know you diſturb a good Wench within this Dioceſs, if I do not make thee eat her Petticoat, if there were four Yards of *Kentiſh* Cloth in't, I am a Villain.

Sum. God be w'ye, Maſter Servingman. [*Exit.*

Har. Farewel, *Sumner.*

Enter Conſtable.

Con. Save you, Maſter *Harpool.*

Har. Welcome Conſtable, welcome Conſtable, what News with thee?

Con. An't pleaſe you, Maſter *Harpool*, I am to make Hue and Cry for a Fellow with one Eye, that has rob'd two Clothiers, and am to crave your hindrance to ſearch all ſuſpected Places; and they ſay there was a Woman in the Company.

Har. Haſt thou been at the Ale-houſe? haſt thou ſought there?

Con. I durſt not ſearch in my Lord *Cobham*'s Liberty, except I had ſome of his Servants for my Warrant.

Har. An honeſt Conſtable, call forth him that keep the Ale-houſe there.

Con. Ho, who's within there?

Ale-man. Who calls there? Oh, is't you, Mr. Conſtable, and Mr. *Harpool?* you're welcome with all my Heart, what make you here ſo early this Morning?

Har. Sirrah, what Strangers do you lodge? there is a Robbery done this Morning, and we are to ſearch for all ſuſpected Perſons.

Ale-man. Gods-bores, I am ſorry for't. I'faith, Sir, I lodge no body, but a good honeſt Prieſt, call'd Sir *John* a *Wrotham*, and a handſome Woman that is his Neece, that he ſays he has ſome Suit in Law for, and as they go up and down to *London*, ſometimes they lie at my Houſe.

Har. What, is ſhe here in thy Houſe now?

Ale-man. She is, Sir: I promiſe you, Sir, he is a quiet Man, and becauſe he will not trouble too many Rooms, he makes the Woman lie every Night at his Beds Feet.

Har. Bring her forth, Conſtable, bring her forth, let's ſee her, let's ſee her.

Ale-

Ale-man. *Dorothy*, you must come down to Master Constable.

Doll. A-non forsooth. [*She enters.*

Har. Welcome, sweet Lass, welcome.

Doll. I thank you, good Sir, and Master Constable also.

Har. A plump Girl by the Mass, a plump Girl; ha, *Doll*, ha. Wilt thou forsake the Priest, and go with me, *Doll*?

Con. Ah! well said, Master *Harpool*, you are a merry old Man i'faith; you will never be old now by the Mack, a pretty Wench indeed.

Har. Ye old mad merry Constable, art thou advis'd of that? Ha, well said *Doll*, fill some Ale here.

Doll aside. Oh, if I wist this old Priest would not stick to me, by *Jove* I would ingle this old Serving-man.

Har. O you old mad Colt, i'faith I'll ferk you: fill all the Pots in the House there.

Con. Oh! well said, Master *Harpool*, you are a Heart of Oak when all's done.

Har. Ha *Doll*, thou hast a sweet pair of Lips by the Mass.

Doll. Truly you are a most sweet old Man, as ever I saw; by my Troth, you have a Face able to make any Woman in Love with you.

Har. Fill, sweet *Doll*, I'll drink to thee.

Doll. I pledge you, Sir, and thank you therefore, and I pray you let it come.

Har. [*Imbracing her*] *Doll*, canst thou love me? a mad merry Lass, would to God I had never seen thee.

Doll. I warrant you, you will not out of my Thoughts this Twelvemonth, truly you are as full of Favour, as any Man may be. Ah these sweet Gray Locks, by my Troth they are most lovely.

Con. Cuds bores, Master *Harpool*, I'll have one Buss too.

Har. No licking for you, Constable, hand off, hand off.

Con. Berlady I love Kissing as well as you.

Doll. Oh, you are an odd Boy, you have a wanton Eye of your own: ah you sweet Sugar-lipt wanton, you will win as many Womens Hearts as come in your Company.

Enter

Enter Prieſt.

Prieſt. *Doll*, come hither.

Har. Prieſt, ſhe ſhall not.

Doll. I'll come anon, ſweet Love.

Prieſt. Hand off, old Fornicator.

Har. Vicar, I'll ſit here in ſpight of thee, is this ſtuff for a Prieſt to carry up and down with him?

Prieſt. Sirrah, doſt thou not know that a good Fellow Parſon may have a Chappel of Eaſe, where his Pariſh Church is far off?

Har. You Whorſon ſton'd Vicar.

Prieſt. You old ſtale Ruffin, you Lion of *Cotſol.*

Har. 'Zounds, Vicar, I'll geld you. [*Flies upon him.*

Con. Keep the King's Peace.

Doll. Murder, murder, murder!

Ale-man. Hold, as you are Men, hold; for God's ſake be quiet: put up your Weapons, you draw not in my Houſe.

Har. You Whorſon Bawdy Prieſt.

Prieſt. You old Mutton-monger.

Con. Hold, Sir *John*, hold.

Doll. I pray thee, ſweet Heart, be quiet, I was but ſitting to drink a Pot of Ale with him, even as kind a Man as ever I met with.

Har. Thou art a Thief, I warrant thee.

Prieſt. Then I am but as thou haſt been in thy Days, let's not be aſham'd of our Trade, the King has been a Thief himſelf.

Doll. Come, be quiet, haſt thou ſped?

Prieſt. I have, Wench, here be Crowns i'faith.

Doll. Come, let's be all Friends then.

Con. Well ſaid, Miſtreſs *Dorothy.*

Har. Thou art the maddeſt Prieſt that ever I met with.

Prieſt. Give me thy Hand, thou art as good a Fellow: I am a Singer, a Drinker, a Bencher, a Wencher; I can ſay a Maſs, and kiſs a Laſs: Faith, I have a Parſonage, and becauſe I would not be at too much Charges, this Wench ſerveth me for a Sexton.

Har. Well ſaid, mad Prieſt, we'll in and be Friends.

[*Exeunt.*

Enter Sir Roger Acton, *Master* Bourn, *Master* Beverley, *and* William Murley *the Brewer of* Dunstable.

Act. Now Master *Murley*, I am well assur'd
You know our Errand, and do like the Cause,
Being a Man affected as we are.

Mur. Marry God dild ye dainty my dear: No Master, good Sir *Roger Acton*, Master *Bourn*, and Master *Beverley*, Gentlemen and Justices of the Peace, no Master, I, but plain *William Murley* the Brewer of *Dunstable*, your honest Neighbour and your Friend, if ye be Men of my Profession.

Bev. Professed Friends to *Wickliff*; Foes to *Rome*.

Mur. Hold by me, Lad, lean upon that Staff, good Master *Beverley*, all of a House, say your Mind, say your Mind.

Act. You know our Faction now is grown so great
Throughout the Realm, that it begins to smoak
Into the Clergies Eyes, and the King's Ears;
High time it is that we were drawn to head,
Our General and Officers appointed.
And Wars ye wot, will ask great store of Coin,
Able to strength our action with your Purse,
You are Elected for a Colonel
Over a Regiment of fifteen Bands.

Mur. Fue, paltry, paltry, in and out, to and fro, be it more or less upon occasion, Lord have Mercy upon us, what a World is this! Sir *Roger Acton*, I am but a *Dunstable* Man, a plain Brewer, ye know: Will lusty Caveliering Captains (Gentlemen) come at my calling, go at my bidding? dainty my Dear, they'll do a Dog of Wax, a Horse of Cheese, a Prick and a Pudding; no, no, ye must appoint some Lord or Knight at least, to that place.

Bour. Why, Master *Murley*, you shall be a Knight:
Were you not in Election to be Sheriff?
Have ye not pass'd all Offices but that?
Have ye not Wealth to make your Wife a Lady?
I warrant you, my Lord, our General
Bestows that Honour on you, at first sight.

Mur. Marry God dild ye dainty my Dear:
But tell me, who shall be our General.
Where's the Lord *Cobham*, Sir *John Oldcastle*,

That

That noble Alms-giver, Houſe-keeper, virtuous,
Religious Gentleman? Come to me there, Boys,
Come to me there.

Act. Why, who but he ſhall be our General?

Mur. And ſhall he Knight me, and make me Colonel?

Act. My word for that, Sir *William Murley* Knight.

Mur. Fellow, Sir *Roger Acton* Knight, all Fellows I mean in Arms, how ſtrong are we? how many Partners? Our Enemies beſide the King are mighty, be it more or leſs upon occaſion, reckon our Force.

Act. There are of us, our Friends, and Followers,
Three thouſand and three hundred at the leaſt:
Of Northern Lads four thouſand, beſide Horſe;
From *Kent* there comes with Sir *John Oldcaſtle*
Seven thouſand: then from *London* iſſue out,
Of Maſters, Servants, Strangers, Prentices,
Forty odd thouſand into *Ficket* Field,
Where we appoint our ſpecial Randevouz.

Mur. Fue, paltry, paltry, in and out, to and fro, Lord have Mercy upon us, what a World is this! Where's that *Ficket* Field, Sir *Roger*?

Act. Behind St. *Giles*'s in the Field, near *Holbourn*.

Mur. Newgate, up *Holbourn*, St. *Giles*'s in the Field, and to *Tyburn*, an old ſay. For the Day, for the Day?

Act. On *Friday* next, the Fourteenth day of *January*.

Mur. Tilly vally, truſt me never if I have any liking of that Day. Fue, paltry, paltry, *Friday*, quoth a, diſmal day, *Childermas-day* this Year was *Friday*.

Bev. Nay Maſter *Murley*, if you obſerve ſuch days,
We make ſome queſtion of your Conſtancy,
All Days are alike to Men reſolv'd in Right.

Mur. Say Amen, and ſay no more, but ſay and hold Maſter *Beverley*: *Friday* next, and *Ficket* Field, and *William Murley* and his merry Men ſhall be all one: I have half a ſcore Jades that draw my Beer Carts, and every Jade ſhall bear a Knave, and every Knave ſhall wear a Jack, and every Jack ſhall have a Scull, and every Scull ſhall ſhew a Spear, and every Spear ſhall kill a Foe at *Ficket* Field, at *Ficket* Field: *John* and *Tom*, *Dick* and *Hodge*, *Ralph* and *Robin*, *William* and *George*, and all my Knaves ſhall fight like Men, at *Ficket* Field, on *Friday* next.

Bourn. What Sum of Mony mean you to disburse?

Mur. It may be modestly, decently, and soberly, and handsomely, I may bring five hundred Pound.

Act. Five hundred, Man? five thousand's not enough,
A hundred thousand will not pay our Men
Two Months together; either come prepar'd
Like a brave Knight, and Martial Colonel,
In glittering Gold, and gallant Furniture,
Bringing in Coin, a Cart-load at least,
And all your Followers mounted on good Horse,
Or never come disgraceful to us all.

Bev. Perchance you may be chosen Treasurer,
Ten thousand Pound's the least that you can bring.

Mur. Paltry, paltry, in and out, to and fro: upon occasion I have ten thousand Pound to spend, and ten too. And rather than the Bishop shall have his will of me for my Conscience, it shall all go. Flame and Flax, Flax and Flame. It was got with Water and Malt, and it shall fly with Fire and Gun-powder. Sir *Roger*, a Cart-load of Mony 'till the Axletree crack; my self and my Men in *Ficket* Field on *Friday* next: remember my Knight-hood and my Place: there's my Hand, I'll be there. [*Exit.*

Act. See what Ambition may perswade Men to,
In hope of Honour he will spend himself.

Bourn. I never thought a Brewer half so rich.

Bev. Was never Bankrupt Brewer yet but one,
With using too much Malt, too little Water.

Act. That's no fault in Brewers now adays:
Come, away about our Business. [*Exeunt.*

Enter King, Duke of Suffolk, *Master* Butler, Oldcastle *Kneeling to the King.*

King. 'Tis not enough, Lord *Cobham*, to submit,
You must forsake your gross Opinion:
The Bishops find themselves much injured,
And though for some good Service you have done,
We for our part are pleas'd to pardon you,
Yet they will not so soon be satisfy'd.

Cob. My gracious Lord, unto your Majesty,
Next unto my God, I owe my Life;
And what is mine, either by Nature's gift,
Or Fortune's bounty, all is at your Service.

But

But for Obedience to the Pope of *Rome*,
I owe him none; nor ſhall his ſhaveling Prieſts
That are in *England*, alter my belief.
If out of Holy Scripture they can prove
That I am in an Error, I will yield,
And gladly take Inſtruction at their Hands:
But otherwiſe, I do beſeech your Grace,
My Conſcience may not be incroach'd upon.

King. We would be loth to preſs our Subjects Bodies,
Much leſs their Souls, the dear redeemed part
Of him that is the Ruler of us all:
Yet let me Counſel you, that might command;
Do not preſume to tempt them with ill words,
Nor ſuffer any meetings to be had
Within your Houſe, but to the uttermoſt
Diſperſe the Flocks of this new gathering Sect.

Cob. My Liege, if any Breath that dares come forth,
And ſay, my Life in any of theſe Points
Deſerves th' attainder of ignoble Thoughts:
Here ſtand I, craving no remorſe at all,
But even the utmoſt Rigour may be ſhown.

King. Let it ſuffice, we know your Loyalty,
What have you there?

Cob. A Deed of Clemency,
Your Highneſs Pardon for Lord *Powis* Life,
Which I did beg, and you, my Noble Lord,
Of gracious Favour did vouchſafe to grant.

King. But yet it is not ſigned with our Hand.

Cob. Not yet, my Liege.

King. The Fact you ſay was done
Not of propenſed malice, but by chance.

Cob. Upon mine Honour ſo, no otherwiſe. [*Writes.*

King. There is his Pardon, bid him make amends,
And cleanſe his Soul to God for his offence,
What we remit, is but the Body's ſcourge.
How now, Lord Biſhop?

Enter Biſhop of Rocheſter.

Roch. Juſtice, dread Soveraign,
As thou art King, ſo grant I may have Juſtice.

King. What means this Exclamation? let us know.

Roch. Ah, my good Lord, the State's abus'd,

And our Decrees moſt ſhamefully prophan'd.
King. How? Or by whom?
Roch. Even by this Heretick,
This *Jew*, this Traitor to your Majeſty.
Cob. Prelate, thou lyeſt, even in thy greaſie Maw,
Or whoſoever twits me with the Name
Of either Traitor, or of Heretick.
King. Forbear, I ſay: and Biſhop, ſhew the Cauſe
From whence this late abuſe hath been deriv'd.
Roch. Thus, mighty King: by general conſent
A Meſſenger was ſent to cite this Lord
To make appearance in the Conſiſtory:
And coming to his Houſe, a Ruffian Slave,
One of his daily Followers, met the Man,
Who knowing him to be a Parator
Aſſaults him firſt, and after in contempt
Of us, and our proceedings, makes him eat
The written Proceſs, Parchment, Seal and all:
Whereby this Matter neither was brought forth,
Nor we but ſcorn'd for our Authority.
King. When was this done?
Roch. At ſix a Clock this Morning.
King. And when came you to Court?
Cob. Laſt Night, my Liege.
King. By this it ſeems he is not guilty of it,
And you have done him wrong t' accuſe him ſo.
Roch. But it was done, my Lord, by his appointment,
Or elſe his Man durſt not have been ſo bold.
King. Or elſe you durſt be bold to interrupt
And fill our Ears with frivolous Complaints.
Is this the Duty you do bear to us?
Was't not ſufficient we did paſs our word
To ſend for him, but you miſdoubting it,
Or which is worſe, intending to foreſtal
Our Regal Power, muſt likewiſe ſummon him?
This ſavours of Ambition, not of Zeal,
And rather proves you malice his Eſtate,
Than any way that he offends the Law.
Go too, we like it not: and he your Officer
Had his deſert for being Inſolent,

Enter

Enter Lord Huntington.

That was imploy'd ſo much amiſs herein.
So *Cobham* when you pleaſe, you may depart.
Cob. I humbly bid farewel unto my Liege. [*Exit.*
King. Farewel; what's the News by *Huntington?*
Hun. Sir *Roger Acton*, and a Crew, my Lord,
Of bold Seditious Rebels, are in Arms,
Intending Reformation of Religion.
And with their Army they intend to pitch
In *Ficket* Field, unleſs they be repuls'd.
King. So near our Preſence? Dare they be ſo bold?
And will proud War and eager thirſt of Blood,
Whom we had thought to entertain far off,
Preſs forth upon us in our Native Bounds?
Muſt we be forc'd to hanſel our ſharp Blades
In *England* here, which we prepar'd for *France?*
Well, a Gods Name be it. What's their Number, ſay,
Or who's the chief Commander of this Row?
Hun. Their Number is not known as yet, my Lord,
But 'tis reported, Sir *John Oldcaſtle*
Is the chief Man, on whom they do depend.
King. How? the Lord *Cobham?*
Hun. Yes, my gracious Lord.
Roch. I could have told your Majeſty as much
Before he went, but that I ſaw your Grace
Was too much blinded by his Flattery.
Suff. Send Poſt, my Lord, to fetch him back again.
But. Traitor unto his Country, how he ſmooth'd
And ſeem'd as Innocent as Truth it ſelf?
King. I cannot think it yet he would be falſe:
But if he be, no matter, let him go,
We'll meet both him and them unto their woe.
Roch. This falls out well, and at the laſt I hope
To ſee this Heretick die in a Rope. [*Exeunt.*

Enter Earl of Cambridge, *Lord* Scroop, Gray, *and* Chartres *the* French *Factor.*

Scroop. Once more, my Lord of *Cambridge*, make Rehearſal
How you do ſtand Intituled to the Crown,
The deeper ſhall we print it in our Minds,
And every Man the better be reſolv'd,
When he perceives his Quarrel to be juſt.

Cam. Then thus, Lord *Scroop*, Sir *Thomas Gray*,
And you, Monſieur *de Chartres*, Agent for the *French*.
This *Lionel*, Duke of *Clarence*, (as I ſaid)
Third Son of *Edward* (*England*'s King) the Third,
Had Iſſue, *Philip* his ſole Daughter and Heir;
Which *Philip* afterward was given in Marriage
To *Edmund Mortimer* the Earl of *March*,
And by him had a Son call'd *Roger Mortimer*;
Which *Roger* likewiſe had of his Deſcent,
Edmund, *Roger*, *Ann* and *Elianor*,
Two Daughters and two Sons, but of thoſe, three
Dy'd without Iſſue: *Ann*, that did Survive,
And now was left her Father's only Heir,
By fortune was to marry, being too
By my Grandfather of King *Edward*'s Line:
So of his Sir-name, I am call'd you know.
Richard Plantaginet, my Father was,
Edward the Duke of *York*, and Son and Heir,
To *Edmund Langley*, *Edward* the Third's firſt Son.
Scroop. So that it ſeems your Claim comes by your Wife,
As lawful Heir to *Roger Mortimer*,
The Son of *Edmund*, which did marry *Philip*
Daughter and Heir to *Lionel* Duke of *Clarence*.
Cam. True, for this *Harry*, and his Father both,
Harry the firſt, as plainly doth appear,
Are falſe Intruders, and Uſurp the Crown.
For when Young *Richard* was at *Pomfret* ſlain,
In him the Title of Prince *Edward* dy'd,
That was the Eldeſt of King *Edward*'s Sons:
William of *Hatfield*, and their ſecond Brother,
Death in his Nonage had before bereft:
So that my Wife deriv'd from *Lionel*,
Third Son unto King *Edward*, ought proceed
And take Poſſeſſion of the Diadem
Before this *Harry*, or his Father King,
Who fetch their Title but from *Lancaſter*,
Forth of that Royal Line. And being thus
What reaſon is't, but ſhe ſhould have her Right?
Scroop. I am reſolv'd, our Enterprize is juſt.
Gray. *Harry* ſhall Die, or elſe reſign his Crown.
Char. Perform but that, and *Charles* the King of *France*

Shall

Shall aid you Lords, not only with his Men,
But send you Mony to maintain your Wars:
Five hundred thousand Crowns he bad me proffer,
If you can stop but *Harry*'s Voyage for *France*.
Scroop. We never had a fitter time than now,
The Realm in such division as it is.
Cam. Besides you must perswade you, there is due
Vengeance for *Richard*'s Murther, which although
It be deferr'd, yet will it fall at last,
And now as likely as another time.
Sin hath had many Years to ripen in,
And now the Harvest cannot be far off,
Wherein the Weeds of Usurpation
Are to be crop'd, and cast into the Fire.
Scroop. No more, Earl *Cambridge*, here I plight my Faith,
To set up thee and thy renowned Wife.
Gray. *Gray* will perform the same, as he is Knight.
Char. And to assist ye, as I said before,
Chartres doth 'gage the Honour of his King.
Scroop. We lack but now Lord *Cobham*'s Fellowship,
And then our Plot were absolute indeed.
Cam. Doubt not of him, my Lord; his Life's pursu'd
By the incensed Clergy, and of late
Brought in displeasure with the King, assures
He may be quickly won unto our Faction.
Who hath the Articles were drawn at large
Of our whole purpose?
Gray. That have I, my Lord.
Cam. We should not now be far off from his House,
Our serious Conference hath beguil'd the way:
See where his Castle stands, give me the writing.
When we are come unto the Speech of him,
Because we will not stand to make recount
Of that which hath been said, here he shall read
Our Minds at large, and what we crave of him.

Enter Lord Cobham.

Scroop. A ready way; here comes the Man himself
Booted and spurr'd, it seems he hath been riding.
Cam. Well met, Lord *Cobham*.
Cob. My Lord of *Cambridge*?
Your Honour is most welcome into *Kent*,

And

And all the reſt of this fair Company.
I am new come from *London*, gentle Lords:
But will ye not take *Cowling* for your Hoſt,
And ſee what entertainment it affords?
Cam. We were intended to have been your Gueſts:
But now this lucky Meeting ſhall ſuffice
To end our Buſineſs, and defer that kindneſs.
Cob. Buſineſs, my Lord? what Buſineſs ſhould
Let you to be merry? we have no delicates;
Yet this I'll promiſe you, a piece of Veniſon,
A Cup of Wine, and ſo forth, Hunters fare:
And if you pleaſe, we'll ſtrike the Stag our ſelves
Shall fill our Diſhes with his well-fed Fleſh.
Scroop. That is indeed the thing we all deſire.
Cob. My Lords, and you ſhall have your choice with me.
Cam. Nay, but the Stag which we deſire to ſtrike,
Lives not in *Cowling:* If you will conſent,
And go with us, we'll bring you to a Foreſt,
Where runs a luſty Herd; among the which
There is a Stag ſuperior to the reſt;
A ſtately Beaſt, that when his Fellows run
He leads the Race, and beats the ſullen Earth,
As though he ſcorn'd it with his trampling Hoofs,
Aloft he bears his Head, and with his Breaſt
Like a huge Bulwark counter-checks the Wind:
And when he ſtandeth ſtill, he ſtretcheth forth
His proud ambitious Neck, as if he meant
To wound the Firmament with forked Horns.
Cob. 'Tis pity ſuch a goodly Beaſt ſhould die.
Cam. Not ſo, Sir *John*, for he is Tyrannous,
And gores the other Deer, and will not keep
Within the limits are appointed him.
Of late he's broke into a ſeveral,
Which doth belong to me, and there he ſpoils
Both Corn and Paſture, two of his wild Race
Alike for ſtealth, and covetous incroaching,
Already are remov'd; if he were dead,
I ſhould not only be ſecure from hurt,
But with his Body make a Royal Feaſt.
Scroop. How ſay you then, will you firſt hunt with us

Cob.?

Cob. Faith, Lords, I like the Paſtime, where's the place?
Cam. Peruſe this writing, it will ſhew you all,
And what occaſion we have for the ſport. [*He reads.*
Cob. Call ye this Hunting, my Lords? Is this the Stag
You fain would chaſe, *Harry* our dread King?
So we may make a Banquet for the Devil?
And in the ſtead of wholſome Meat, prepare
A Diſh of Poiſon to confound our ſelves.
Cam. Why ſo, Lord *Cobham?* See you not our claim?
And how imperiouſly he holds the Crown?
Scroop. Beſides, you know your ſelf is in diſgrace,
Held as a Recreant, and purſu'd to Death.
This will defend you from your Enemies,
And ſtabliſh your Religion through the Land.
Cob. Notorious Treaſon! yet I will conceal [*Aſide.*
My ſecret Thoughts to ſound the Depth of it.
My Lord of *Cambridge*, I do ſee your claim,
And what good may redound unto the Land,
By proſecuting of this enterpriſe.
But where are Men? where's pow'r and furniture
To order ſuch an Action? we are weak,
Harry, you know's a mighty Potentate.
Cam. Tut, we are ſtrong enough; you are belov'd,
And many will be glad to follow you,
We are the like, and ſome will follow us:
Nay, there is hope from *France:* Here's an Ambaſſador
That promiſeth both Men and Mony too.
The Commons likewiſe, as we hear, pretend
A ſudden Tumult, we will join with them.
Cob. Some likelihood, I muſt confeſs, to ſpeed:
But how ſhall I believe this in plain truth?
You are, my Lords, ſuch Men as live in Court,
And have been highly favour'd of the King,
Eſpecially Lord *Scroop*, whom oftentimes
He maketh choice of for his Bed-fellow.
And you, Lord *Gray*, are of his Privy-Council:
Is not this a train laid to intrap my Life?
Cam. Then periſh may my Soul; what, think you ſo?
Scroop. We'll ſwear to you.

Gray.

Gray. Or take the Sacrament.

Cob. Nay you are Noblemen, and I imagine,
As you are honourable by Birth, and Blood,
So you will be in Heart, in Thought, in Word.
I crave no other Teſtimony but this:
That you would all ſubſcribe, and ſet your Hands
Unto this writing which you gave to me.

Cam. With all our Hearts: Who hath any Pen and Ink?

Scroop. My Pocket ſhould have one; O, here it is.

Cam. Give it me, Lord *Scroop.* There is my Name.

Scroop. And there is my Name.

Gray. And mine.

Cob. Sir, let me crave that you would likewiſe write your Name with theirs, for Confirmation of your Maſter's words, the King of *France.*

Char. That will I, noble Lord.

Cob. So, now this Action is well knit together,
And I am for you; where's our Meeting, Lords?

Cam. Here, if you pleaſe, the tenth of *July* next.

Cob. In *Kent?* agreed. Now let us in to Supper,
I hope your Honours will not away to Night.

Cam. Yes preſently, for I have far to ride,
About ſolliciting of other Friends.

Scroop. And we would not be abſent from the Court,
Leſt thereby grow ſuſpicion in the King.

Cob. Yet taſte a Cup of Wine before ye go.

Cam. Not now, my Lord, we thank you; ſo farewell.

[*Exeunt all but* Cobham.

Cob. Farewel, my noble Lords. My noble Lords?
My noble Villains, baſe Conſpirators,
How can they look his Highneſs in the Face,
Whom they ſo cloſely ſtudy to betray?
But I'll not ſleep until I make it known,
This Head ſhall not be burthen'd with ſuch Thoughts,
Nor in this Heart will I conceal a Deed
Of ſuch impiety againſt my King.
Madam, how now?

Enter Lady Cobham, *Lord* Powis, *Lady* Powis *and* Harpool.

L. Cob. You're welcome home, my Lord:
Why ſeem ye ſo unquiet in your Looks?

What

What hath befall'n you that disturbs your Mind?

L. Pow. Bad News I am afraid touching my Husband.

Cob. Madam, not so; there is your Husband's Pardon; Long may ye live, each joy unto the other.

L. Pow. So great a Kindness, as I know not how to reply, my Sense is quite confounded.

Cob. Let that alone; and, Madam, stay me not, For I must back unto the Court again, With all the speed I can: *Harpool*, my Horse.

L. Cob. So soon my Lord? what will you ride all Night?

Cob. All Night or Day, it must be so sweet Wife; Urge me not why, or what my Business is, But get you in: Lord *Powis*, bear with me. And, Madam, think your welcome ne'er the worse, My House is at your Use. *Harpool*, away.

Har. Shall I attend your Lordship to the Court?

Cob. Yea Sir, your Gelding, mount you presently. [*Exit.*

L. Cob. I prithee *Harpool* look unto thy Lord, I do not like this sudden posting back.

Pow. Some earnest Business is a-foot belike, Whate'er it be, pray God be his good Guide.

L. Pow. *Amen*, that hath so highly us bested.

L. Cob. Come, Madam, and my Lord, we'll hope the best, You shall not into *Wales* 'till he return.

Pow. Though great Occasion be we should depart, Yet, Madam, will we stay to be resolv'd Of this unlook'd for doubtful Accident. [*Exeunt.*

Enter Murley *and his Men, prepar'd in some filthy Order for War.*

Mur. Come my Hearts of flint, modestly, decently, soberly, and handsomly; no Man afore his Leader: Follow your Master, your Captain, your Knight that shall be, for the honour of Meal-men, Millers, and Malt-men, Dun is the Mouse: *Dick* and *Tom* for the credit of *Dunstable*, ding down the Enemy to Morrow. Ye shall not come into the Field like Beggars. Where be *Leonard* and *Lawrence* my two Loaders? Lord have mercy upon us, what a World is this? I would give a couple of Shillings for a dozen of good Feathers for ye, and forty Pence for as many

many Scarfs to ſet you out withal. Froſt and Snow, a Man has no Heart to fight 'till he be brave.

Dick. Maſter, we are no Babes, our Town Foot-Balls can bear witneſs; this little 'parrel we have ſhall off, and we'll fight naked before we run away.

Tom. Nay, I'm of *Lawrence* mind for that, for he means to leave his Life behind him, he and *Leonard*, your two Loaders are making their Wills becauſe they have Wives, now we Batchelors bid our Friends ſcramble for our Goods if we die: But Maſter, pray let me ride upon *Cut*.

Mur. Meal and Salt, Wheat and Malt, Fire and Tow, Froſt and Snow, why *Tom* thou ſhalt. Let me ſee, here are you, *William* and *George* are with my Cart, and *Robin* and *Hodge* holding my own two Horſes; proper Men, handſome Men, tall Men, true Men.

Dick. But Maſter, Maſter, methinks you are mad to hazard your own Perſon, and a Cart-Load of Mony too.

Tom. Yea, and Maſter there's a worſe matter in't; if it be as I heard ſay, we go fight againſt all the learned Biſhops, that ſhould give us their bleſſing, and if they Curſe us, we ſhall ſpeed ne'er the better.

Dick. Nay Birlady, ſome ſay the King takes their part, and Maſter dare you fight againſt the King?

Mur. Fie paltry, paltry, in and out, to and fro upon occaſion, if the King be ſo unwiſe to come there, we'll fight with him too.

Tom. What if ye ſhould kill the King?

Mur. Then we'll make another.

Dick. Is that all? do ye not ſpeak Treaſon?

Mur. If we do, who dare trip us? We come to fight for our Conſcience, and for Honour; little know you what is in my Boſom, look here mad Knaves, a pair of gilt Spurs.

Tom. A pair of Golden Spurs? Why do you not put them on your Heels? Your Boſom's no place for Spurs.

Mur. Be't more or leſs upon occaſion, Lord have mercy upon us, *Tom* thou'rt a Fool, and thou ſpeak'ſt Treaſon to Knight-hood: Dare any wear Gold or Silver Spurs, 'till he be a Knight? No, I ſhall be Knighted to morrow, and

and then they ſhall on: Sirs, was it ever read in the Church-book of *Dunſtable*, that ever Malt-man was made Knight?

Tom. No, but you are more: You are Meal-man, Malt-man, Miller, Corn-maſter, and all.

Dick. Yea, and half a Brewer too, and the Devil and all for Wealth: You bring more Mony with you than all the reſt.

Mur. The more's my Honour, I ſhall be a Knight to morrow. Let me 'ſpoſe my Men, *Tom* upon *Cut*, *Dick* upon *Hob*, *Hodge* upon *Ball*, *Ralph* upon *Sorrel*, and *Robin* upon the Fore-horſe.

Enter Acton, Bourn *and* Beverley.

Tom. Stand, who comes there?

Act. All Friends, good Fellow.

Mur. Friends and Fellows indeed, Sir *Roger*.

Act. Why, thus you ſhew your ſelf a Gentleman,
To keep your Day, and come ſo well prepar'd.
Your Cart ſtands yonder guarded by your Men,
Who tell me it is loaden well with Coin,
What Sum is there?

Mur. Ten thouſand Pound, Sir *Roger*, and modeſtly, decently, ſoberly, and handſomely, ſee what I have here againſt I be Knighted.

Act. Gilt Spurs? 'Tis well.

Mur. Where's our Army, Sir?

Act. Diſperſt in ſundry Villages about;
Some here with us in *High-gate*, ſome at *Finchley*,
Totnam, *Enfield*, *Edmunton*, *Newington*,
Iſlington, *Hogſdone*, *Pancredge*, *Kenſington*,
Some nearer, *Thames*, *Ratcliff*, *Blackwall*, and *Bow*:
But our chief Strength muſt be the *Londoners*,
Which, e'er the Sun to morrow ſhine,
Will be near fifty thouſand in the Field.

Mur. Marry, God dild ye, dainty my Dear, but upon occaſion, Sir *Roger Acton*, doth not the King know of it, and gather his Power againſt us?

Act. No, he's ſecure at *Eltham*.

Mur. What do the Clergy?

Act. Fear extreamly, yet prepare no force.

Mur.

Mur. In and out, to and fro, bully my boykin, we ſhall carry the World afore us, I vow, by my worſhip, when I am Knighted, we'll take the King napping, if he ſtand on their part.

Act. This Night we few in *High-gate* will repoſe,
With the firſt Cock we'll riſe and arm our ſelves,
To be in *Ficket-field* by break of Day,
And there expect our General.

Mur. Sir *John Oldcaſtle*, what if he comes not?

Bourn. Yet our Action ſtands,
Sir *Roger Acton* may ſupply his place.

Mur. True, Mr. *Bourn*, but who ſhall make me Knight?

Bev. He that hath pow'r to be our General.

Act. Talk not of trifles, come let us away,
Our Friends of *London* long 'till it be Day. [*Exeunt.*

Enter Prieſt and Doll.

Doll. By my troth, thou art as jealous a Man as lives.

Prieſt. Canſt thou blame me, *Doll*, thou art my Lands, my Goods, my Jewels, my Wealth, my Purſe, none walks within forty Miles of *London*, but a plies thee as truly, as the Pariſh does the poor Man's Box.

Doll. I am as true to thee, as the Stone is in the Wall, and thou know'ſt well enough, I was in as good doing, when I came to thee, as any Wench need to be; and therefore thou haſt tryed me that thou haſt; and I will not be kept as I ha bin, that I will not.

Prieſt. Doll, if this blade hold, there's not a Pedler walks with a pack, but thou ſhalt as boldly chuſe of his Wares, as with thy ready Mony in a Merchant's Shop, we'll have as good Silver as the King Coins any.

Doll. What, is all the Gold ſpent you took the laſt Day from the Courtier?

Prieſt. 'Tis gone *Doll*, 'tis flown; merrily come, merrily gone; he comes a Horſe-back that muſt pay for all; we'll have as good Meat as Mony can get, and as good Gowns as can be brought for Gold, be merry Wench, the Malt-man comes on *Monday*.

Doll. You might have left me at *Cobham*, until you had been better provided for.

Prieſt.

Prieſt. No, ſweet *Doll*, no, I like not that, yon old Ruffian is not for the Prieſt; I do not like a new Clerk ſhould come in the old Belfrey.

Doll. Thou art a mad Prieſt i'faith.

Prieſt. Come *Doll*, I'll ſee thee ſafe at ſome Ale-houſe here at *Cray*, and the next Sheep that comes ſhall leave behind his Fleece. [*Exeunt.*

Enter the King, Suffolk, *and* Butler.

King, in great haſte. My Lord of *Suffolk*, poſt away for life,
And let our Forces of ſuch Horſe and Foot,
As can be gathered up by any means,
Make ſpeedy Randevouz in *Tuttle-fields.*
It muſt be done this Evening, my Lord,
This Night the Rebels mean to draw to Head
Near *Iſlington*, which if your ſpeed prevent not,
If once they ſhould unite their ſeveral Forces,
Their Power is almoſt thought invincible,
Away, my Lord, I will be with you ſoon.

Suf. I go, my Soveraign, with all happy ſpeed. [*Exit.*

King. Make haſte, my Lord of *Suffolk*, as you love us.
Butler, poſt you to *London* with all ſpeed:
Command the Mayor and Sheriffs on their Allegiance,
The City Gates be preſently ſhut up,
And guarded with a ſtrong ſufficient Watch,
And not a Man be ſuffered to paſs,
Without a ſpecial Warrant from our ſelf.
Command the Poſtern by the Tower be kept,
And Proclamation on the pain of Death,
That not a Citizen ſtir from his Doors,
Except ſuch as the Mayor and Sheriffs ſhall chuſe
For their own Guard, and ſafety of their Perſons:
Butler away, have care unto my Charge.

But. I go, my Sovereign.

King. Butler.

But. My Lord.

King. Go down by *Greenwitch*, and command a Boat,
At the *Fryars Bridge* attend my coming down.

But. I will, my Lord [*Exit* Butler.

King. It's time I think to look unto Rebellion,
When *Acton* doth expect unto his aid,
No leſs than fifty thouſand *Londoners.*

Well, I'll to *Weſtminſter* in this Diſguiſe,
To hear what News is ſtirring in theſe Brawls.

Enter Prieſt.

Prieſt. Stand true Man, ſays a Thief.

King. Stand Thief, ſays a true Man: how if a Thief?

Prieſt. Stand Thief too.

King. Then Thief or true Man, I muſt ſtand I ſee, howſoever the World wags, the Trade of thieving yet will never down. What art thou?

Prieſt. A good Fellow.

King. So I am too, I ſee thou doſt know me.

Prieſt. If thou be a good Fellow, play the good Fellows part, deliver thy Purſe without more ado.

King. I have no Mony.

Prieſt. I muſt make you find ſome before we part, if you have no Mony you ſhall have ware, as many ſound Blows as your Skin can carry.

King. Is that the plain Truth?

Prieſt. Sirrah, no more ado; come, come, give me the Mony you have. Diſpatch, I cannot ſtand all Day.

King. Well, if thou wilt needs have it, there it is; juſt the Proverb, one Thief robs another. Where the Devil are all my old Thieves? *Falſtaffe* that Villain is ſo fat, he cannot get on's Horſe, but methinks *Poins* and *Peto* ſhould be ſtirring hereabouts.

Prieſt. How much is there on't of thy word?

King. A hundred Pound in Angels, on my word.
The time has been I would have done as much
For thee, if thou hadſt paſt this way, as I have now.

Prieſt. Sirrah, what art thou? thou ſeem'ſt a Gentleman?

King. I am no leſs, yet a poor one now, for thou haſt all my Mony.

Prieſt. From whence cam'ſt thou?

King. From the Court at *Eltham.*

Prieſt. Art thou one of the King's Servants?

King. Yes, that I am, and one of his Chamber.

Prieſt. I am glad thou'rt no worſe; thou may'ſt the better ſpare thy Mony, and think thou might'ſt get a poor Thief his Pardon if he ſhould have need.

King. Yes that I can.

Prieſt.

Prieſt. Wilt thou do ſo much for me, when I ſhall have occaſion?

King. Yes faith will I, ſo it be for no murther.

Prieſt. Nay, I am a pitiful Thief, all the hurt I do a Man, I take but his Purſe, I'll kill no Man.

King. Then of my Word I'll do't.

Prieſt. Give me thy Hand of the ſame.

King. There 'tis.

Prieſt. Methinks the King ſhould be good to Thieves, becauſe he has been a Thief himſelf, although I think now he be turned a true Man.

King. Faith I have heard indeed h'as had an ill Name that way in's Youth; but how canſt thou tell that he has been a Thief?

Prieſt. How? becauſe he once robb'd me before I fell to the Trade my ſelf, when that foul Villanous Guts, that led him to all that Roguery, was in's Company there, that *Falſtaffe.*

King. Well, if he did rob thee then, thou art but even with him now I'll be ſworn [*Aſide*]: Thou knoweſt not the King now I think, if thou ſaweſt him?

Prieſt. Not I, i'faith.

King. So it ſhould ſeem. [*Aſide.*

Prieſt. Well, if old King *Harry* had liv'd, this King that is now, had made thieving the beſt Trade in *England.*

King. Why ſo?

Prieſt. Becauſe he was the chief Warden of our Company, it's pity that e'er he ſhould have been a King, he was ſo brave a Thief. But Sirrah, wilt remember my Pardon if need be?

King. Yes Faith will I.

Prieſt. Wilt thou? well then, becauſe thou ſhalt go ſafe, for thou may'ſt hap (being ſo early) be met with again, before thou come to *Southwark*, if any Man when he ſhould bid thee good morrow, bid thee ſtand, ſay thou but Sir *John*, and they will let thee paſs.

King. Is that the word? then let me alone.

Prieſt. Nay, Sirrah, becauſe I think indeed I ſhall have ſome occaſion to uſe thee, and as thou com'ſt oft this way, I may light on thee another time not knowing thee,

here I'll break this Angel, take thou half of it, this is a Token betwixt thee and me.

King. God a mercy; farewel. [*Exit.*

Priest. O my fine golden Slaves, here's for thee, Wench, i'faith. Now, *Doll*, we will revel in our Bever, this is a Tythe Pig of my Vicarage. God a Mercy Neighbour *Shooters-Hill*, you ha paid your Tythe honestly. Well, I hear there is a Company of Rebels up against the King, got together in *Ficket field* near *Holborn*, and as it is thought, here in *Kent*, the King will be there to Night in's own Person: Well, I'll to the King's Camp, and it shall go hard, if there be any doings, but I'll make some good Boot among them. [*Exit.*

Enter King, Suffolk, Huntington, *and two with Lights.*

King. My Lords of *Suffolk* and of *Huntington*,
Who scouts it now? or who stand Sentinels?
What Men of Worth? what Lords do walk the round?

Suf. May't please your Highness.

King. Peace, no more of that,
The King's asleep, wake not his Majesty
With terms nor Titles; he's at rest in Bed,
Kings do not use to watch themselves, they sleep,
And let Rebellion and Conspiracy
Revel and havock in the Commonwealth.
Is *London* look'd unto?

Hunt. It is, my Lord,
Your noble Uncle *Exeter* is there.
Your Brother *Gloucester*, and my Lord of *Warwick*,
Who with the Mayor and the Aldermen
Do guard the Gates, and keep good Rule within.
The Earl of *Cambridge*, and Sir *Thomas Gray*
Do walk the round, Lord *Scroop* and *Butler* scout,
So though it please your Majesty to jest,
Were you in Bed, well might you take your rest.

King. I thank ye Lords; but you do know of old,
That I have been a perfect Night-walker:
London, you say, is safely lookt unto,
Alas, poor Rebels, there your Aid must fall,
And the Lord *Cobham* Sir *John Oldcastle*,
Quiet in *Kent*; *Action*, you are deceiv'd:

Reckon

Reckon again, you count without your Hoſt.
To morrow you ſhall give account to us,
'Till when, my Friends, this long cold Winter's Night
How can we ſpend? King *Harry* is aſleep,
And all his Lords, theſe Garments tell us ſo;
All Friends at Foot-Ball, Fellows all in Field,
Harry, and *Dick*, and *George*, bring us a Drum,
Give us ſquare Dice, we'll keep this Court of Guard,
For all good Fellows Companies that come.
Where's that mad Prieſt ye told me was in Arms
To Fight, as well as Pray, if need requir'd.

Suf. He's in the Camp, and if he knew of this,
I undertake he would not be long hence.

King. Trip *Dick*, trip *George*.

Hunt. I muſt have the Dice; what do we play at?

Suf. Paſſage, if ye pleaſe.

Hunt. Set round then; ſo at all.

King. *George*, you are out.
Give me the Dice, I paſs for twenty Pound,
Here's to our lucky Paſſage into *France*.

Hunt. *Harry*, you paſs indeed, for you ſweep all.

Suf. A Sign King *Harry* ſhall ſweep all in *France*.

Enter Prieſt.

Prieſt. Edge ye good Fellows, take a freſh Gameſter in.

King. Maſter Parſon, we play nothing but Gold?

Prieſt. And, Fellow, I tell thee that the Prieſt hath Gold, Gold; what? ye are but Beggarly Soldiers to me, I think I have more Gold than all you three.

Hunt. It may be ſo, but we believe it not.

King. Set, Prieſt, ſet, I paſs for all that Gold.

Prieſt. Ye paſs indeed.

King. Prieſt, haſt any more?

Prieſt. More? What a Queſtion's that?
I tell thee I have more than all you three,
At theſe ten Angels.

King. I wonder how thou com'ſt by all this Gold.
How many Benefices haſt thou, Prieſt?

Prieſt. Faith, but one, doſt wonder how I come by Gold? I wonder rather how poor Soldiers ſhould have Gold; for I'll tell thee, good Fellow, we have every Day Tythes, Offrings, Chriſtnings, Weddings, Burials; and you poor

Snakes come ſeldome to a Booty. I'll ſpeak a proud word, I have but one Parſonage, *Wrotham*, 'tis better than the Biſhoprick of *Rocheſter*: there's ne'er a Hill, Heath, nor Down in all *Kent*, but 'tis in my Pariſh, *Barrham-down*, *Cobham-down*, *Gads-hill*, *Wrotham-hill*, *Black-heath*, *Cocks-heath*, *Birchen-wood*, all pay me tythe, Gold quoth a? ye paſs not for that.

Suf. *Harry*, ye are out, now, Parſon, ſhake the Dice.

Prieſt. Set, ſet, I'll cover ye, at all: A plague on't I am out; the Devil, and Dice, and a Wench, who will truſt them?

Suf. Say'ſt thou ſo, Prieſt? ſet fair, at all for once.

King. Out, Sir, pay all.

Prieſt. Sir, pay me Angel Gold.
I'll none of your crack'd *French* Crowns nor Piſtolets,
Pay me fair Angel Gold, as I pay you.

King. No crack'd *French* Crowns? I hope to ſee more crack'd *French* Crowns e'er long.

Prieſt. Thou mean'ſt of *French* Mens Crowns, when the King's in *France*.

Hun. Set round, at all.

Prieſt. Pay all; this is ſome luck.

King. Give me the Dice, 'tis I muſt ſhred the Prieſt: At all, Sir *John*.

Prieſt. The Devil and all is yours: at that. 'Sdeath, what caſting's this?

Suf. Well thrown, *Harry*, I'faith.

King. I'll caſt better yet.

Prieſt. Then I'll be hang'd. Sirrah, haſt thou not giv'n thy Soul to the Devil for caſting?

King. I paſs for all.

Prieſt. Thou paſſeſt all that e'er I plaid withal:
Sirrah, doſt thou not cog, nor foiſt, nor ſlur?

King. Set, Parſon, ſet, the Dice die in my Hand.
When, Parſon, when? what, can ye find no more?
Already dry? was't you bragg'd of your Store?

Prieſt. All's gone but that.

Hun. What? half a broken Angel.

Prieſt. Why, Sir? 'tis Gold.

King. Yea, and I'll cover it.

Prieſt.

Prieſt. The Devil give ye good on't, I am blind; you have blown me up.

King. Nay, tarry, Prieſt, you ſhall not leave us yet, Do not theſe pieces fit each other well?

Prieſt. What if they do?

King. Thereby begins a Tale:
There was a Thief, in Face much like Sir *John*,
But 'twas not he. That Thief was all in green,
Met me laſt Day, on *Black-heath*, near the *Park*,
With him a Woman. I was all alone
And Weaponleſs, my Boy had all my Tools,
And was before providing me a Boat.
Short tale to make, Sir *John*, the Thief I mean,
Took a juſt hundred Pound in Gold from me.
I ſtorm'd at it, and ſwore to be reveng'd
If e'er we met; he like a luſty Thief,
Brake with his Teeth this Angel juſt in two,
To be a Token at our meeting next;
Provided I ſhould charge no Officer
To apprehend him, but at Weapons Point
Recover that, and what he had beſide.
Well met, Sir *John*, betake ye to your Tools
By Torch-light, for, Maſter Parſon, you are he
That had my Gold.

Prieſt. Zounds I won't in play, in fair ſquare Play, of the Keeper of *Eltham-Park*, and that I will maintain with this poor Whyniard; be you two honeſt Men to ſtand and look upon's, and let's alone, and neither part.

King. Agreed, I charge ye do not budge a Foot, Sir *John*, have at ye.

Prieſt. Soldier, ware your Sconce.

As they proffer, enter Butler, *and draws his Sword to part them.*

But. Hold, Villain, hold; my Lords, what d'ye mean, To ſee a Traitor draw againſt the King.

Prieſt. The King? Gods will, I am in a proper pickle.

King. Butler, what News? why doſt thou trouble us?

But. Pleaſe your Majeſty, it's break of Day,
And as I ſcouted near to *Iſlington*,
The Gray-ey'd Morning gave me glimmering;
Of armed Men coming down *Hygate-hill*,
Who by their Courſe are coaſting hitherward.

King. Let us withdraw, my Lords, prepare our Troops,
To charge the Rebels if there be ſuch Cauſe:
For this lewd Prieſt, this deviliſh Hypocrite,
That is a Thief, a Gameſter, and what not,
Let him be hang'd up for Example ſake.

Prieſt. Not ſo, my gracious Soveraign, I confeſs I am a frail Man, Fleſh and Blood as other are; but ſet my imperfections aſide, ye have not a taller Man, nor a truer Subject to the Crown and State, than Sir *John* of *Wrotham* is.

King. Will a true Subject rob his King?

Prieſt. Alas! 'twas ignorance and want, my gracious Liege.

King. 'Twas want of Grace. Why, you ſhould be as ſalt
To ſeaſon others with good document,
Your Lives as Lamps to give the People Light,
As Shepherds, not as Wolves to ſpoil the Flock;
Go hang him, *Butler.*

But. Didſt thou not rob me?

Prieſt. I muſt confeſs I ſaw ſome of your Gold, but, my dread Lord, I am in no humour for Death; God will that Sinners live, do not you cauſe me to die. Once in their Lives the beſt may go aſtray, and if the world ſay true, your ſelf, my Liege, have been a Thief.

King. I confeſs I have,
But I repent and have reclaim'd my ſelf.

Prieſt. So will I do if you will give me time.

King. Wilt thou? my Lords, will you be his Sureties?

Hunt. That when he robs again he ſhall be hang'd.

Prieſt. I ask no more.

King. And we will grant thee that,
Live and repent, and prove an honeſt Man,
Which when I hear, and ſafe return from *France*,
I'll give thee living. 'Till when, take thy Gold,
But ſpend it better than at Cards or Wine,
For better Virtues fit that Coat of thine.

Prieſt. Vivat Rex, & currat Lex. My Liege, if ye have cauſe of Battel, ye ſhall ſee Sir *John* beſtir himſelf in your Quarrel. [*Exeunt.*

An

An Alarum. Enter King, Suffolk, Huntingtor, *Sir* John *bringing forth* Acton, Beverly, *and* Murly, *Prisoners.*

King. Bring in those Traitors, whose aspiring Minds
Thought to have triumph'd in our Overthrow:
But now ye see, base Villains, what Success
Attends ill Actions wrongfully attempted.
Sir *Roger Acton*, thou retain'st the Name
Of Knight, and shouldst be more discreetly temper'd
Than join with Peasants, Gentry is Divine,
But thou hast made it more than popular.

Act. Pardon, my Lord, my Conscience urg'd me to it.

King. Thy Conscience, then Conscience is corrupt,
For in thy Conscience thou art bound to us,
And in thy Conscience thou shouldst love thy Country,
Else what's the difference 'twixt a Christian,
And the uncivil Manners of the *Turk*?

Bev. We meant no hurt unto your Majesty,
But Reformation of Religion.

King. Reform Religion? was it that you sought?
I pray who gave you that Authority?
Belike then we do hold the Scepter up,
And sit within the Throne but for a Cipher.
Time was, good Subjects would make known their Grief,
And pray Amendment, not enforce the same,
Unless their King were Tyrant, which I hope
You cannot justly say that *Harry* is.
What is that other?

Suf. A Malt-Man, my Lord,
And dwelling in *Dunstable*, as he says.

King. Sirrah, what made you leave your Barley-broth,
To come in Armour thus against your King?

Mur. Fie, paltry, paltry, to and fro, in and out upon occasion, what a World is this? Knighthood, my Liege, 'twas Knighthood brought me hither, they told me I had Wealth enough to make my Wife a Lady.

King. And so you brought those Horses which we saw
Trapt all in costly Furniture, and meant
To wear these Spurs when you were Knighted once.

Mur. In and out upon Occasion I did.

King. In and out upon Occasion, therefore you shall be hang'd, and in the stead of wearing these Spurs upon your Heels,

Heels, about your Neck they shall bewray your Folly to the World.

Priest. In and out upon Occasion, that goes hard.

Mur. Fie, paltry, paltry, to and fro; good my Liege, a Pardon, I am sorry for my Fault.

King. That comes too late; but tell me, went there none beside Sir *Roger Acton*, upon whom
You did depend to be your Governor.

Mur. None, my Lord, but Sir *John Oldcastle.*

Enter Bishop of Rochester.

King. Bears he a part in this Conspiracy.

Act. We look'd, my Lord, that he would meet us here.

King. But did he promise you that he would come.

Act. Such Letters we received forth of *Kent.*

Roch. Where is my Lord the King? Health to your Grace, Examining, my Lord, some of these Rebels,
It is a general Voice among them all,
That they had never come into this Place,
But to have met their valiant General,
The good Lord *Cobham*, as they title him:
Whereby, my Lord, your Grace may now perceive,
His Treason is apparent, which before
He sought to colour by his Flattery.

King. Now by my Royalty I would have sworn,
But for his Conscience, which I bear withal,
There had liv'd a more true hearted Subject.

Roch. It is but counterfeit, my gracious Lord,
And therefore may it please your Majesty,
To set your Hand unto this Precept here,
By which we'll cause him forthwith to appear,
And answer this by order of the Law.

King. Not only that, but take Commission
To search, attach, imprison, and condemn
This most notorious Traitor as you please.

Roch. It shall be done, my Lord, without delay:
So now I hold, Lord *Cobham*, in my Hand,
That which shall finish thy disdained Life.

King. I think the Iron Age begins but now,
Which learned Poets have so often taught,
Wherein there is no credit to be given
To either Words, or Looks, or solemn Oaths:

For

For if he were, how often hath he ſworn,
How gently tun'd the Muſick of his Tongue,
And with what aimable Face beheld he me,
When all, God knows, was but Hypocriſie.

Enter Lord Cobham.

Cob. Long Life and proſperous Reign unto my Lord.

King. Ah, Villain, canſt thou wiſh Proſperity,
Whoſe Heart includeth nought but Treachery?
I do arreſt thee here my ſelf, falſe Knight,
Of Treaſon capital againſt the State.

Cob. Of Treaſon, mighty Prince? your Grace miſtakes,
I hope it is but in the way of Mirth.

King. Thy Neck ſhall feel it is in earneſt ſhortly.
Dar'ſt thou intrude into our Preſence, knowing
How heinouſly thou haſt offended us?
But this is thy accuſtomed deceit,
Now thou perceiv'ſt thy Purpoſe is in vain,
With ſome excuſe or other thou wilt come
To clear thy ſelf of this Rebellion.

Cob. Rebellion, good my Lord, I know of none.

King. If you deny it, here is evidence,
See you theſe Men; you never counſelled,
Nor offered them aſſiſtance in their Wars?

Cob. Speak, Sirs, not one but all, I crave no favour,
Have ever I been converſant with you?
Or written Letters to incourage you?
Or kindled but the leaſt or ſmalleſt part
Of this your late unnatural Rebellion?
Speak, for I dare the uttermoſt you can.

Mur. In and out upon Occaſion, I know you not.

King. No, didſt thou not ſay, that Sir *John Oldcaſtle*
Was one with whom you purpos'd to have met?

Mur. True, I did ſay ſo, but in what reſpect,
Becauſe I heard it was reported ſo.

King. Was there no other Argument but that?

Act. I muſt confeſs we have no other Ground
But only rumour to accuſe this Lord,
Which now I ſee was meerly fabulous.

King. The more pernicious you to taint him then,
Whom you know was not faulty, yea or no.

Cob.

Cob. Let this, my Lord, which I preſent your Grace
Speak for my Loyalty, read theſe Articles,
And then give Sentence of my Life or Death.
King. Earl *Cambridge*, *Scroop* and *Gray* corrupted
With Bribes from *Charles* of *France*, either to win
My Crown from me, or ſecretly contrive
My Death by Treaſon? Is't poſſible?
Cob. There is the Platform, and their Hands, my Lord,
Each ſeverally ſubſcribed to the ſame.
King. Oh never heard of baſe Ingratitude!
Even thoſe I hug within my Boſom moſt,
Are readieſt evermore to ſting my Heart.
Pardon me, *Cobham*, I have done thee wrong,
Hereafter I will live to make amends.
Is then their time of meeting ſo near hand?
We'll meet with them but little for their eaſe,
If God permit. Go take theſe Rebels hence,
Let them have Martial Law? but as for thee,
Friend to thy King and Country, ſtill be free. [*Exeunt.*
Mur. Be it more or leſs, what a World is this?
Would I had continued ſtill of the Order of Knaves,
And ne'er ſought Knighthood, ſince it coſts
So dear: Sir *Roger*, I may thank you for all.
Act. Now 'tis too late to have it remedied,
I prithee, *Murley*, do not urge me with it.
Hunt. Will you away, and make no more to do?
Mur. Fie, paltry, paltry, to and fro, as Occaſion ſerves,
If you be ſo haſty, take my Place.
Hunt. No, good Sir Knight, e'en take't your ſelf.
Mur. I could be glad to give my Betters place. [*Exeunt.*
Enter Biſhop of Rocheſter, *Lord Warden*, Cromer *the Sheriff*, *Lady* Cobham *and Attendants.*
Roch. I tell ye, Lady, it's impoſſible
But you ſhould know where he conveys himſelf,
And you have hid him in ſome ſecret Place.
L. Cob. My Lord, believe me, as I love my Soul,
I know not where my Lord my Husband is.
Roch. Go to, go to, ye are an Heretick,
And will be forc'd by Torture to confeſs,
If fair means will not ſerve to make you tell.
L. Cob. My Husband is a Noble Gentleman,

And

And need not hide himſelf for any Fact
That e'er I heard of, therefore wrong him not.
Roch. Your Husband is a dangerous Schiſmatick,
Traitor to God, the King, and Commonwealth;
And therefore, Mr. *Cromer*, Sheriff of *Kent*,
I charge you take her to your Cuſtody,
And ſeize the Goods of Sir *John Oldcaſtle*
To the King's uſe; let her go in no more;
To fetch ſo much as her Apparel out,
There is your Warrant from his Majeſty.
War. Good my Lord Biſhop, pacifie your wrath
Againſt the Lady.
Roch. Then let her confeſs
Where *Oldcaſtle* her Husband is conceal'd.
War. I dare engage mine Honour and my Life,
Poor Gentlewoman, ſhe is ignorant
And innocent of all his Practices
If any Evil by him be practiſed.
Roch. If, my Lord Warden? Nay then I charge you,
That all Cinque-ports whereof you are chief,
Be laid forthwith, that he eſcapes us not.
Shew him his Highneſs warrant, Mr. Sheriff.
War. I am ſorry for the Noble Gentleman.
Roch. Peace, he comes here, now do your Office.

Enter Harpool *and Lord* Cobham.

Cob. Harpool, what Buſineſs have we here in hand?
What makes the Biſhop and the Sheriff here?
I fear my coming home is dangerous,
I would I had not made ſuch haſte to *Cobham*.
Har. Be of good cheer, my Lord, if they be Foes, we'll ſcramble ſhrewdly with them: If they be Friends they are welcome.
Sher. Sir *John Oldcaſtle* Lord *Cobham*, in the King's Name,
I arreſt ye of High Treaſon.
Cob. Treaſon, Mr. *Cromer?*
Har. Treaſon, Mr. Sheriff, what Treaſon?
Cob. Harpool, I charge thee ſtir not, but be quiet.
Do ye arreſt me of Treaſon, Mr. Sheriff?
Roch. Yea, of High Treaſon, Traitor, Heretick.
Cob. Defiance in his Face that calls me ſo,
I am as true a Loyal Gentleman

Unto

Unto his Highneſs, as my proudeſt Enemy;
The King ſhall witneſs my late faithful Service,
For ſafety of his ſacred Majeſty.

Roch. What thou art, the King's Hand ſhall teſtifie;
Shew him, Lord Warden.

Cob. Jeſu defend me,
Is't poſſible your cunning could ſo temper
The Princely diſpoſition of his Mind,
To ſign the damage of a Loyal Subject?
Well, the beſt is, it bears an antedate,
Procured by my abſence and your malice.
But I, ſince that, have ſhew'd my ſelf as true,
As any Churchman that dare challenge me.
Let me be brought before his Majeſty,
If he acquit me not, then do your worſt.

Roch. We are not bound to do kind Offices
For any Traitor, Schiſmatick, nor Heretick:
The King's Hand is our Warrant for our Work,
Who is departed on his way for *France*,
And at *Southampton* doth repoſe this Night.

Har. O that thou and I were within twenty Miles of it, on *Salisbury Plain!* I would loſe my Head if thou brought'ſt thy Head hither again. [*Aſide.*

Cob. My Lord Warden o'th' *Cinque-Ports*, and Lord of *Rocheſter*, ye are joint Commiſſioners, favour me ſo much on my expence, to bring me to the King.

Roch. What, to *Southampton?*

Cob. Thither, my good Lord,
And if he do not clear me of all guilt,
And all ſuſpicion of Conſpiracy,
Pawning his Princely warrant for my Truth:
I ask no Favour, but extreameſt Torture.
Bring me, or ſend me to him, good my Lord,
Good my Lord Warden, Mr. Sheriff entreat.

[*They both entreat for him.*

Come hither, Lady, nay, ſweet Wife, forbear
To heap one Sorrow on another's Neck:
'Tis Grief enough falſely to be accus'd,
And not permitted to acquit my ſelf,
Do not thou with thy kind reſpective Tears,

Torment

Torment thy Husband's Heart that bleeds for thee:
But be of Comfort, God hath help in ſtore
For thoſe that put aſſured truſt in him.
Dear Wife, if they commit me to the *Tower*,
Come up to *London*, to your Siſter's Houſe:
That being near me, you may comfort me.
One ſolace find I ſettled in my Soul,
That I am free from Treaſon's very thought,
Only my Conſcience for the Goſpel's ſake,
Is cauſe of all the Troubles I ſuſtain.
L. Cob. O my dear Lord, what ſhall betide of us?
You to the *Tower*, and I turn'd out of Doors,
Our Subſtance ſeiz'd unto his Highneſs uſe,
Even to the Garments longing to our Backs.
Har. Patience, good Madam, things at worſt will mend,
And if they do not, yet our Lives may end.
Roch. Urge it no more, for if an Angel ſpake,
I ſwear by ſweet St. *Peter*'s bleſſed Keys,
Firſt goes he to the *Tower*, then to the Stake.
Sher. But by your leave, this Warrant doth not ſtretch
To Impriſon her.
Roch. No, turn her out of Doors,
Even as ſhe is, and lead him to the *Tower*,
With guard enough, for fear of reſcuing.
L. Cob. O God requite thee thou blood-thirſty Man.
Cob. May it not be, my Lord of *Rocheſter?*
Wherein have I incurr'd your hate ſo far,
That my Appeal unto the King's deny'd.
Roch. No Hate of mine, but Pow'r of Holy Church,
Forbids all Favour to falſe Hereticks.
Cob. Your private Malice more than publick Pow'r,
Strikes moſt at me, but with my Life it ends.
Har. aſide.] O that I had the Biſhop in that fear
That once I had his *Sumner* by our ſelves.
Sher. My Lord, yet grant one Suit unto us all,
That this ſame ancient Servingman may wait
Upon my Lord his Maſter in the *Tower*.
Roch. This old Iniquity, this Heretick?
That in contempt of our Church Diſcipline,
Compell'd my *Sumner* to devour his Proceſs?
Old Ruffian paſt Grace, upſtart Schiſmatick,

Had

Had not the King pray'd us to pardon ye,
Ye had fried for't, ye griz'led Heretick.

Har. 'Sblood, my Lord Biſhop, ye wrong me, I am neither Heretick nor Puritan, but of the old Church; I'll ſwear, drink Ale, kiſs a Wench, go to Maſs, eat Fiſh all Lent, and faſt *Fridays* with Cakes and Wine, Fruit and Spicery, ſhrive me of my old Sins afore *Eaſter*, and begin new before *Whitſuntide*.

Sher. A merry mad conceited Knave, my Lord.

Har. That Knave was ſimply put upon the Biſhop.

Roch. Well, God forgive him, and I pardon him:
Let him attend his Maſter in the *Tower*,
For I in Charity wiſh his Soul no hurt.

Cob. God bleſs my Soul from ſuch cold Charity.

Roch. To th' *Tower* with him, and when my leiſure ſerves,
I will examine him of Articles;
Look, my Lord Warden, as you have in charge,
The Sheriff perform his Office.

War. Ay, my Lord.

Enter Sumner *with Books.*

Roch. What bring'ſt thou there? what Books of Hereſie?

Sum. Yea, my Lord, here's not a *Latin* Book,
No not ſo much as our Ladies Pſalter:
Here's the Bible, the Teſtament, the Pſalms in metre,
The Sick Man's Salve, the Treaſure of Gladneſs,
All *Engliſh*, no not ſo much but the Almanack's *Engliſh*.

Roch. Away with them, to th' Fire with them, *Clun*,
Now fie upon theſe upſtart Hereticks.
All *Engliſh*, burn them, burn them quickly, *Clun*.

Har. But do not, *Sumner*, as you'll anſwer it, for I have there *Engliſh* Books, my Lord, that I'll not part withal for your Biſhoprick, *Bevis* of *Hampton*, *Owleglaſs*, *The Friar and the Boy*, *Ellen* of *Rumming*, *Robin Hood*, and other ſuch godly Stories, which if you burn, by this Fleſh I'll make ye drink their Aſhes in St. *Marget*'s Ale. [*Exeunt.*

Enter the Biſhop of Rocheſter, *with his Men in Livery Coats.*

1 *Ser.* Is it your Honour's pleaſure we ſhall ſtay,
Or come back in the Afternoon to fetch you.

Roch. Now have ye brought me here unto the *Tower*,
You may go back unto the Porter's Lodge,

Where,

Where, if I have occaſion to employ you,
I'll ſend ſome Officer to call you to me.
Into the City go not, I command you,
Perhaps I may have preſent need to uſe you.

2 *Ser.* We will attend your Honour here without.

3 *Ser.* Come, we may have a Quart of Wine at the *Roſe* at *Barking*, and come back an hour before he'll go.

1 *Ser.* We muſt hie us then.

3 *Ser.* Let's away. [*Exeunt.*

Roch. Ho, Mr. Lieutenant.

Lieu. Who calls there?

Roch. A Friend of yours.

Lieu. My Lord of *Rocheſter?* your Honour's welcome.

Roch. Sir, here's my Warrant from the Council,
For Conference with Sir *John Oldcaſtle*,
Upon ſome matter of great Conſequence.

Lieu. Ho, Sir *John*.

Har. Who calls there?

Lieu. *Harpool*, tell Sir *John*, that my Lord of *Rocheſter*
Comes from the Council to confer with him.
I think you may as ſafe without ſuſpicion
As any Man in *England* as I hear,
For it was you moſt labour'd his Commitment.

Roch. I did, Sir, and nothing repent it I aſſure you,

Enter Lord Cobham *and* Harpool.

Mr. Lieutenant, I pray you give us leave,
I muſt confer here with Sir *John* a little.

Lieu. With all my Heart, my Lord. [*Exit.*

Har. aſide.] My Lord, be rul'd by me, take this occaſion while it is offered, and on my Life your Lordſhip will eſcape.

Cob. No more I ſay, peace leſt he ſhould ſuſpect it.

Roch. Sir *John*, I am come to you from the Lords of the Council, to know if you do recant your Errors.

Cob. My Lord of *Rocheſter*, on good advice,
I ſee my Error; but yet underſtand me,
I mean not Error in the Faith I hold,
But Error in ſubmitting to your Pleaſure,
Therefore your Lordſhip without more to do,
Muſt be a means to help me to eſcape.

Roch. What means, thou Heretick?
Dar'ſt thou but lift thy Hand againſt my Calling?

Cob. No, not to hurt you, for a thouſand Pound.

Har. Nothing but to borrow your upper Garment a little; not a word more, peace for waking the Children: There, put on, diſpatch, my Lord, the Window that goes out into the Leads is ſure enough; as for you, I'll bind you ſurely in the inner Room.

Cob. This is well begun, God ſend us happy ſpeed,
Hard ſhift you ſee Men make in time of need.

Enter Servingmen again.

1 *Ser.* I marvel that my Lord ſhould ſtay ſo long.

2 *Ser.* He hath ſent to ſeek us, I dare lay my Life.

3 *Ser.* We come in good time, ſee where he is coming.

Har. I beſeech you, good my Lord of *Rocheſter*, be favourable to my Lord and Maſter.

Cob. The inner Rooms be very hot and cloſe,
I do not like this Air here in the *Tower*.

Har. His caſe is hard, my Lord; you ſhall ſafely get out of the *Tower*, but I will down upon them: In which time get you away. Hard under *Iſlington* wait you my coming, I will bring my Lady ready with Horſes to get hence.

Cob. Fellow, go back again unto my Lord, and counſel him.

Har. Nay; my good Lord of *Rocheſter*, I'll bring you to St. *Albans* through the Woods I warrant you.

Cob. Villain, away.

Har. Nay ſince I am paſt the *Tower*'s Liberty,
You part not ſo. [*He draws.*

Cob. Clubs, Clubs, Clubs.

1 *Ser.* Murther, Murther, Murther.

2 *Ser.* Down with him.

Har. Out you cowardly Rogues. [Cobham *eſcapes.*

Enter Lieutenant, and his Men.

Lieu. Who is ſo bold to dare to draw a Sword
So near unto the entrance of the *Tower*?

1 *Ser.* This Ruffian, Servant to Sir *John Oldcaſtle*, was like to have ſlain my Lord.

Lieu. Lay hold on him.

Har.

Har. Stand off if you love your Puddings.

[*Bishop of* Rochester *calls within.*

Roch. Help, help, help, Mr. Lieutenant, help.

Lieu. Who's that within? some Treason in the *Tower*, on my life, look in, who's that which calls?

Enter Bishop of Rochester *bound.*

Lieu. Without your Cloak, my Lord of *Rochester*?

Har. There, now it works; then let me speed,
For now's the fittest time to scape away. [*Exit.*

Lieu. Why do you look so ghastly and affrighted?

Roch. Oldcastle that Traitor, and his Man,
When you had left me to confer with him,
Took, bound, and stript me, as you see,
And left me lying in this inner Chamber,
And so departed, and I——

Lieu. And you! Ne'er say that, the Lord *Cobham*'s Man
Did here set on you like to murther you.

1 *Ser.* And so he did.

Roch. It was upon his Master then he did,
That in the brawl the Traitor might escape.

Lieu. Where is this *Harpool*?

2 *Ser.* Here he was even now.

Lieu. Where, can you tell? They are both escap'd.
Since it so happens that he is escap'd,
I am glad you are a witness of the same:
It might have else been laid unto my Charge,
That I had been consenting to the Fact.

Roch. Come,
Search shall be made for him with expedition,
The Haven's laid that he shall not escape,
And hue and cry continue through *England*,
To find this damned, dangerous Heretick. [*Exeunt.*

Enter Cambridge, Scroop, *and* Gray, *as in a Chamber, and set down at a Table, consulting about their Treason,* *King* Harry *and* Suffolk *listning at the Door.*

Cam. In mine Opinion, *Scroop* hath well advis'd,
Poison will be the only aptest mean,
And fittest for our purpose to dispatch him.

Gray. But yet there may be doubt in their delivery,
Harry is wise, and therefore, Earl of *Cambridge*,
I judge that way not so convenient.

Scroop. What think ye then of this? I am his Bedfellow,
And unsuspected nightly sleep with him.
What if I venture in those silent hours,
When Sleep hath sealed up all mortal Eyes,
To murther him in bed? how like ye that?

Cam. Herein consists no safety for your self,
And you disclos'd, what shall become of us?
But this Day, as ye know, he will aboard,
The Wind's so fair, and set away for *France*,
If as he goes, or entring in the Ship
It might be done, then were it excellent.

Gray. Why any of these, or if you will,
I'll cause a present sitting of the Council,
Wherein I will pretend some matter of such weight,
As needs must have his Royal Company,
And so dispatch him in his Council Chamber.

Cam. Tush, yet I hear not any thing to purpose.
I wonder that Lord *Cobham* stays so long,
His Counsel in this case would much avail us.

[*The King steps in upon them with his Lords.*

Scroop. What, shall we rise thus, and determine nothing?

King. That were a shame indeed: No, sit again,
And you shall have my Counsel in this case:
If you can find no way to kill the King,
Then you shall see how I can furnish ye;
Scroop's way by Poison was indifferent,
But yet being Bed-fellow to the King,
And unsuspected, sleeping in his Bosom,
In mine Opinion that's the likelier way.
For such false Friends are able to do much,
And silent Night is Treason's fittest Friend.
Now, *Cambridge*, in his setting hence for *France*,
Or by the way, or as he goes aboard
To do the deed, that was indifferent too,
But somewhat doubtful.
Marry Lord *Gray* came very near the point,
To have the King at Council, and there murder him,
As *Cæsar* was among his dearest Friends.
Tell me, oh tell me, you bright Honour's stains,
For which of all my kindnesses to you,
Are ye become thus Traitors to your King?

And

And *France* muſt have the Spoil of *Harry*'s Life.

All. Oh pardon us, dread Lord.

King. How, pardon ye? that were a Sin indeed,
Drag them to Death, which juſtly they deſerve:
And *France* ſhall dearly buy this Villany,
So ſoon as we ſet footing on her Breaſt.
God have the praiſe for our Deliverance,
And next our Thanks, Lord *Cobham*, is to thee,
True perfect Mirror of Nobility. [*Exeunt.*

Enter Prieſt and Doll.

Prieſt. Come *Doll*, come, be merry, Wench,
Farewel *Kent*, we are not for thee.
Be luſty my Laſs, come for *Lancaſhire*,
We muſt nip the Boung for theſe Crowns.

Doll. Why is all the Gold ſpent already, that you had the other Day?

Prieſt. Gone, *Doll*, gone; flown, ſpent, vaniſh'd, the Devil, Drink, and Dice, has devoured all.

Doll. You might have left me in *Kent*, 'till you had been better provided.

Prieſt. No, *Doll*, no, *Kent*'s too hot, *Doll*, *Kent*'s too hot; the Weathercock of *Wrotham* will crow no longer, we have pluckt him, he has loſt his Feathers, I have prun'd him bare, left him thrice, is moulted, is moulted, Wench.

Doll. I might have gone to Service again, old Mr. *Harpool* told me he would provide me a Miſtreſs.

Prieſt. Peace, *Doll*, peace; come, mad Wench, I'll make thee an honeſt Woman, we'll into *Lancaſhire* to our Friends, the troth is, I'll marry thee, we want but a little Mony, and Mony we will have I warrant thee; ſtay, who comes here? Some *Iriſh* Villain methinks that has ſlain a Man, and now he is rifling on him, ſtand cloſe, *Doll*, we'll ſee the end.

Enter the Iriſhman *with his dead Maſter, and rifles him.*

Iriſh. Alas poe Maſter, Sir *Richard Lee*, be St. *Patrick*, is rob and cut thy trote, for de ſhain, and dy Mony, and dy gold Ring, be me truly is love de well, but now dow be kill de, be ſhitten Kanave.

Prieſt. Stand, Sirrah, what art thou?

Iriſh. Be St. *Patrick* Meſter, is poor *Iriſhman*, is a leuſter.

Prieſt. Sirrah, Sirrah, you'are a damn'd Rogue, you have kill'd a Man here, and rifled him of all that he has; 'sblood you Rogue deliver, or I'll not leave you ſo much as a Hair above your Shoulders, you Whorſon *Iriſh* Dog. [*Robs him.*

Iriſh. We's me St. *Patrick*, Iſe kill my Meſter for ſhain and his Ring, and now's be rob of all, me's undo.

Prieſt. Avant you Raſcal, go Sirrah, be walking. Come *Doll*, the Devil laughs when one Thief robs another; come Wench, we'll to St. *Albans*, and revel in our Bower, my brave Girl.

Doll. O thou art old Sir *John* when all's done i'faith.

[*Exeunt.*

Enter the Iriſhman *with the Hoſt of the Houſe.*

Iriſh. Be me tro Maſter is poor *Iriſman*, is want ludging, is have no Mony, is ſtarve and cold, good Maſter give her ſome Meat, is famiſe and tye.

Hoſt. Faith Fellow I have no Lodging, but what I keep for my Gueſts; as for Meat, thou ſhalt have as much as there is, and if thou wilt lye in the Barn, there's fair Straw and room enough.

Iriſh. Is tank my Maſter hertily.

Hoſt. Ho, *Robin.*

Rob. Who calls?

Hoſt. Shew this poor *Iriſhman* to the barn, go Sirrah.

Enter Carrier and Kate.

Club. Who's within here? who looks to the Horſes? Uds hat, here's fine Work, the Hens in the Manger, and the Hogs in the Litter, a bots found you all, here's a Houſe well lookt to i'faith.

Kate. Mas *Goff Club*, Iſe very cawd.

Club. Get in, *Kate*, get into the Fire and warm thee. *John Oſtler?*

Hoſt. What, Gaffer *Club*, welcome to St. *Albans*, How do's all our Friends in *Lancaſhire?*

Club. Well, God a Mercy *John*, how do's *Tom*? where is he?

Oſtl. Tom's gone from hence, he's at the three Horſe-loaves at *Stony-Stratford*; how do's old *Dick Dun?*

Club. Uds hat, old *Dun* is moyr'd in a ſlough in *Brick-hill-lane*; a plague found it, yonders ſuch abomination Weather as was never ſeen.

Oſtl.

Ostl. Uds hat Thief, have one half peck of Peaſe and Oats more for that, as I am *John Oſtler*, he has been ever as good a Jade as ever travelled.

Club. Faith well ſaid, old *Jack*, thou art the old Lad ſtill.

Oſtl. Come, Gaffer *Club*, unload, unload, and get to ſupper.

Enter the Hoſt, Lord Cobham, *and* Harpool.

Hoſt. Sir, you're welcome to this Houſe, to ſuch as is here with all my Heart; but I fear your Lodging will be the worſt. I have but two Beds, and they are both in a Chamber, and the Carrier and his Daughter lies in the one, and you and your Wife muſt lye in the other.

Cob. Faith, Sir, for my ſelf I do not greatly paſs,
My Wife is weary, and would be at reſt,
For we have travell'd very far to day,
We muſt be content with ſuch as you have.

Hoſt. But I cannot tell how to do with your Man.

Har. What? haſt thou never an empty Room in thy Houſe for me?

Hoſt. Not a Bed in troth. There came a poor *Iriſhman*, and I lodg'd him in the Barn, where he has fair Straw, although he have nothing elſe.

Har. Well, mine Hoſt, I prethee help me to a pair of clean Sheets, and I'll go lodge with him.

Hoſt. By the Maſs that thou ſhalt, a good pair of hempen Sheets were ne'er lain in; come [*Exeunt.*

Enter Conſtable, Mayor and Watch.

Mayor. What? have you ſearcht the Town?

Con. All the Town, Sir, we have not left a Houſe unſearcht that uſes to lodge.

Mayor. Surely my Lord of *Rocheſter* was then deceiv'd,
Or ill inform'd of Sir *John Oldcaſtle*;
Or if he came this way, he's paſt the Town,
He could not elſe have ſcap'd you in the Search.

Con. The privy watch hath been abroad all Night,
And not a Stranger lodgeth in the Town
But he is known, only a luſty Prieſt
We found in Bed with a pretty Wench,
That ſays ſhe is his Wife, yonder at the *Shears*;
But we have charg'd the Hoſt with his forth coming
To morrow Morning.

Mayor. What think you beſt to do?

Con. Faith, Mr. Mayor, here's a few ſtragling Houſes beyond the Bridge, and a little Inn where Carriers uſe to lodge, although I think ſurely he would ne'er lodge there; but we'll go ſearch, and the rather becauſe there came Notice to the Town the laſt Night of an *Iriſhman*, that had done a Murther, whom we are to make ſearch for.

Mayor. Come I pray you, and be Circumſpect. [*Exeunt.*

Con. Firſt beſet the Houſe, before you begin to ſearch.

Offi. Content, every Man take a ſeveral place.

[*A Noiſe within.*

Keep, keep, ſtrike him down there, down with him.

Enter Conſtable with the Iriſhman *in* Harpool's *Apparel.*

Con. Come you villanous Heretick, tell us where your Maſter is.

Iriſh. Vat Meſter?

Mayor. Vat Meſter, you counterfeit Rebel? This ſhall not ſerve your turn.

Iriſh. Be Sent *Patrick* I ha no Meſter.

Con. Where's the Lord *Cobham*, Sir *John Oldcaſtle*, that latey eſcaped out of the *Tower*?

Iriſh. Vat Lort *Cobham?*

Mayor. You Counterfeit, this ſhall not ſerve you, we'll torture you, we'll make you confeſs where that arch Heretick is. Come bind him faſt.

Iriſh. Ahone, ahone, ahone, a Cree.

Con. Ahone you crafty Raſcal? [*Exeunt.*

[*Lord* Cobham *comes out ſtealing in his Gown.*

Cob. Harpool, Harpool, I hear a marvellous Noiſe about the Houſe, God warant us, I fear we are purſued; what, *Harpool*?

Har. within.] Who calls there?

Cob. 'Tis I, doſt thou not hear a Noiſe about the Houſe?

Har. Yes, marry do I, 'zounds I cannot find my hoſe; this *Iriſh* Raſcal that lodg'd with me all Night, hath ſtoln my Apparel, and has left me nothing but a lowſie mantle, and a pair of Broags. Get up, get up, and if the Carrier and his Wench be aſleep, change you with him as he hath done with me, and ſee if we can ſcape.

Noiſe

Noiſe heard about the Houſe a pretty while, then enter the Conſtable *meeting* Harpool *in the* Iriſhman's *Apparel.*

Con. Stand cloſe, here comes the *Iriſhman* that did the Murther, by all Tokens this is he.

Mayor. And perceiving the Houſe beſet, would get away; ſtand, Sirrah.

Har. What art thou that bid'ſt me ſtand?

Con. I am the Officer, and am come to ſearch for an *Iriſhman*, ſuch a Villain as thy ſelf, thou haſt murther'd a Man this laſt Night by the high way.

Har. 'Sblood Conſtable art thou mad? am I an *Iriſhman?*

Mayor. Sirrah, we'll find you an *Iriſhman* before we part; Lay hold upon him.

Con. Make him faſt, O thou bloody Rogue!

Enter Lord Cobham *and his Lady, in the Carrier and Wenches Apparel.*

Cob. What will theſe Oſtlers ſleep all Day?
Good morrow, good morrow, come Wench, come;
Saddle, Saddle, now afore God two fair Days, ha?

Con. Who goes there?

Mayor. O 'tis *Lancaſhire* Carrier, let them paſs.

Cob. What, will no body ope the Gates here?
Come, let's int' ſtable to look to our Capons.

[*Exit* Cobham *and his Lady.*

Club. Hoſt, why Oſtler? [*The Carrier calling.*
Zwooks here's ſuch abomination Company of Boys:
A pox of this Pigſty at the Houſe end,
It fills all the Houſe full of Fleas, Oſtler, Oſtler.

Oſtl. Who calls there? what would you have?

Club. Zwooks, do you rob your Gueſts?
Do you lodge Rogues, and Slaves, and Scoundrels, ha?
They ha' ſtoln our Cloaths here; why Oſtler?

Oſtl. A murren choak you, what a bawling you keep.

Hoſt. How now? what would the Carrier have?
Look up there.

Oſtl. They ſay the Man and the Woman that lay by them, have ſtoln their Cloaths.

Hoſt. What are the ſtrange Folks up yet that came in Yeſter Night?

Con. What mine Hoſt, up ſo early?

Hoſt. What Mr. *Mayor*, and Mr. *Conſtable*? *Mayor.*

Mayor. We are come to ſeek for ſome ſuſpected Perſons, and ſuch as here we found have apprehended.

Enter Carrier, and Kate, *in* Cobham *and Lady's Apparel.*

Con. Who comes here?

Club. Who comes here? A plague found ome, you bawl quoth a, ods hat I'll forewear your Houſe; you lodg'd a Fellow and his Wife by us, that ha' run away with our parrel, and left us ſuch Gew-gaws here, come *Kate*, come to me, thowſe dizeard y'faith.

Mayor. Mine Hoſt, know you this Man?

Hoſt. Yes Maſter Mayors, I'll give my word for him, why Neighbour *Club*, how comes this gear about?

Kate. Now a foule on't, I cannot make this Gew-gaw ſtand on my Head.

Con. How came this Man and Woman thus attired?

Hoſt. Here came a Man and Woman hither this laſt Night, which I did take for ſubſtantial People, and lodg'd all in one Chamber by theſe Folks; methinks have been ſo bold to change Apparel, and gone away this Morning e'er they roſe.

Mayor. That was that Traitor *Oldcaſtle* that thus eſcapt us; make hue and cry after him, keep faſt that Traiterous Rebel his Servant there; farewel, mine Hoſt.

Car. Come *Kate Owdham*, thou and Iſe trimly dizard.

Kate. I'faith neam *Club*, Iſe wot ne'er what to do. Iſe be ſo flouted and ſo ſhouted at; and by th' Meſs Iſe cry. [*Exeunt.*

Enter Cobham *and his Lady diſguis'd.*

Cob. Come, Madam, happily eſcap'd, here let us ſit,
This place is far remote from any Path,
And here a while our weary Limbs may reſt
To take refreſhing, free from the purſuit
Of envious *Rocheſter.*

L. Cob. But where, my Lord,
Shall we find reſt for our diſquiet Minds?
There dwell untamed Thoughts that hardly ſtoop
To ſuch abaſement of diſdained Rags:
We were not wont to travel thus by Night,
Eſpecially on Foot.

Cob. No matter, Love, extremities admit no better choice:
And were it not for thee, ſay froward time
Impos'd a greater Task, I would eſteem it
As light'y as the Wind that blows upon us; But

But in thy sufferance I am doubly taskt;
Thou wast not wont to have the Earth thy Stool,
Nor the moist dewy Grass thy Pillow, nor
Thy Chamber to be the wide Horizon.
L. Cob. How can it seem a trouble, having you
A partner with me, in the worst I feel?
No, gentle Lord, your presence would give ease
To Death it self, should he now seize upon me.
[*Here's Bread and Cheese, and a Bottle.*
Behold what my foresight hath underta'en
For fear we faint, they are but homely Cates,
Yet sawc'd with Hunger, they may seem as sweet
As greater Dainties we were wont to taste.
Cob. Praise be to him, whose plenty sends both this
And all things else our mortal Bodies need:
Nor scorn we this poor feeding, nor the state
We now are in, for what is it on Earth,
Nay under Heav'n, continues at a stay?
Ebbs not the Sea, when it hath overflown?
Follows not darkness, when the Day is gone?
And see we not sometimes the Eye of Heaven
Dim'd with o'er-flying Clouds? There's not that Work
Of careful Nature, or of cunning Art,
How strong, how beauteous, or how rich it be,
But falls in time to ruin. Here, gentle Madam,
In this one draught I wash my Sorrow down. [*Drinks.*
L. Cob. And I, encourag'd with your chearful Speech,
Will do the like.
Cob. Pray God poor *Harpool* come,
If he should fall into the Bishop's Hands,
Or not remember where we bad him meet us,
It were the thing of all things else, that now
Could breed revolt in this new peace of Mind.
L. Cob. Fear not, my Lord, he's witty to devise,
And strong to execute a present shift.
Cob. That Power be still his Guide hath guided us.
My drowsie Eyes wax heavy; early rising,
Together with the travel we have had,
Makes me that I could take a nap,
Were I perswaded we might be secure.

L. Cob.

L. Cob. Let that depend on me, whilſt you do ſleep,
I'll watch that no Misfortune happen us.
Cob. I ſhall, dear Wife, be too much trouble to thee.
L. Cob. Urge not that,
My Duty binds me, and your Love commands,
I would I had the skill with tuned Voice
To draw on ſleep with ſome ſweet Melody.
But imperfection and unaptneſs too
Are both repugnant: Fear inſerts the one,
The other Nature hath denied me uſe.
But what talk I of means, to purchaſe that
Is freely happen'd? Sleep with gentle Hand,
Hath ſhut his Eye-lids. O victorious labour,
How ſoon thy Pow'r can charm the Body's Senſe?
And now thou likewiſe climb'ſt unto my Brain,
Making my heavy Temples ſtoop to thee,
Great God of Heaven from Danger keep us free.
[*Falls aſleep.*

Enter Sir Richard Lee, *and his Men.*

Lee. A Murther cloſely done, and in my Ground?
Search carefully, if any where it were,
This obſcure Thicket is the likelieſt Place.
Ser. Sir, I found the Body ſtiff with cold,
And mangled cruelly with many Wounds.
Lee. Look if thou know'ſt him, turn his Body up:
Alack, it is my Son, my Son and Heir,
Whom two Years ſince I ſent to *Ireland*,
To practiſe there the Diſcipline of War,
And coming home, for ſo he wrote to me,
Some ſavage Heart, ſome bloody deviliſh Hand,
Either in hate, or thirſting for his Coin,
Hath here ſluc'd out his Blood. Unhappy hour,
A curſed Place, but moſt inconſtant Fate,
That hadſt reſerv'd him from the Bullets fire,
And ſuffer'd him to ſcape the Wood-kerns fury.
Didſt here ordain the Treaſure of his Life,
Even here within the Arms of tender Peace,
To be conſum'd by Treaſon's waſteful Hand?
And which is moſt afflicting to my Soul,
That this his Death and Murther ſhould be wrought
Without the knowledge by whoſe means 'twas done.

2 *Ser.*

2 *Ser.* Not so, Sir, I have found the Authors of it,
See where they sit, and in their bloody Fists
The fatal Instruments of Death and Sin.

Lee. Just Judgment of that Power, whose gracious Eye,
Loathing the sight of such a heinous Fact,
Dazling their Senses with benumming Sleep,
'Till their unhallowed Treachery was known.
Awake ye Monsters, Murtherers awake,
Tremble for Horror, blush you cannot chuse,
Beholding this unhuman Deed of yours.

Cob. What mean you, Sir, to trouble weary Souls,
And interrupt us of our quiet Sleep?

Lee. O deviliſh! can you boast unto your selves
Of quiet Sleep, having within your Hearts
The guilt of Murther waking, that which cries
Deafs the loud Thunder, and sollicits Heav'n
With more than Mandrakes shrieks for your Offence?

L. Cob. What Murther? You upbraid us wrongfully.

Lee. Can you deny the Fact? See you not here
The Body of my Son, by you misdone?
Look on his Wounds, look on his Purple hue:
Do we not find you where the Deed was done?
Were not your Knives fast closed in your Hands?
Is not this Cloth an Argument beside,
Thus stain'd and spotted with his innocent Blood?
These speaking Characters, were there nothing else
To plead against ye, would convict you both.
To *Hartford* with them, where the Sizes now are kept,
Their Lives shall answer for my Son's lost Life.

Cob. As we are innocent, so may we speed.

Lee. As I am wrong'd, so may the Law proceed. [*Exeunt.*

Enter Bishop of Rochester, *Constable of St.* Albans, *with Priest,* Doll, *and the* Irishman *in* Harpool's *Apparel.*

Roch. What intricate Confusion have we here?
Not two hours since we apprehended one
In Habit *Irish*, but in Speech not so;
And now you bring another, that in Speech is *Irish*,
But in Habit *English*: Yea, and more than so,
The Servant of that Heretick Lord *Cobham*,

Irish. Fait me be no Servant of de Lort *Cobham*,
Me be *Mack Chane* of *Ulster*.

Roch.

Roch. Otherwise call'd *Harpool* of *Kent*, go to, Sir,
You cannot blind us with your broken *Irish*.
Priest. Trust me, said Bishop, whether *Irish* or *English*,
Harpool or not *Harpool*, that I leave to the Trial:
But sure I am, this Man by Face and Speech,
Is he that murder'd young Sir *Richard Lee*:
I met him presently upon the Fact,
And that he slew his Master for that Gold,
Those Jewels, and that Chain I took from him.
Roch. Well, our Affairs do call us back to *London*,
So that we cannot prosecute the Cause
As we desire to do, therefore we leave
The Charge with you, to see they be convey'd
To *Hartford* Size: Both this Counterfeit,
And you, Sir *John* of *Wrotham*, and your Wench,
For you are culpable as well as they,
Though not for Murther, yet for Felony.
But since you are the means to bring to light
This graceless Murther, ye shall bear with you
Our Letters to the Judges of the Bench,
To be your Friends in what they lawful may.
Priest. I thank your Lordship. [*Exeunt.*

Enter Gaoler, bringing forth Lord Cobham.

Gaol. Bring forth the Prisoners, see the Court prepar'd,
The Justices are coming to the Bench:
So, let him stand, away and fetch the rest. [*Exit.*
Cob. O give me patience to endure this Scourge,
Thou that art Fountain of that virtuous Stream,
And tho' contempt of Witness, and Reproach
Hang on these Iron Gyves, to press my Life
As low as Earth, yet strengthen me with Faith,
That I may mount in Spirit above the Clouds.

Enter Goaler, bringing in Lady Cobham *and* Harpool.

Here comes my Lady, Sorrow 'tis for her.
Thy wound is grievous, else I scoff at thee.
What and poor *Harpool!* art thou i'th' Briars too?
Har. I'faith, my Lord, I am in, get out how I can.
L. Cob. Say, gentle Lord, for now we are alone,
And may confer, shall we confess in brief,
Of whence, and what we are, and so prevent
The Accusation is commenc'd against us?

Cob.

Cob. What will that help us? Being known, ſweet Love,
We ſhall for Hereſie be put to Death,
For ſo they term the Religion we profeſs.
No, if we dye, let this our comfort be,
That of the guilt impos'd our Souls are free.
Har. Ay, ay, my Lord, *Harpool* is ſo reſolv'd,
I wreak of Death the leſs in that I die,
Not by the Sentence of that envious Prieſt.
L. Cob. Well, be it then according as Heavens pleaſe.

Enter Lord Judge, Juſtices, Mayor of St. Albans, *Lord* Powis, *and his Lady, old Sir* Richard Lee: *The Judge and Juſtices take their Places.*

Judge. Now, Mr. Mayor, what Gentleman is that
You bring with you before us to the Bench?
Mayor. The Lord *Powis*, if it like your Honour,
And this his Lady travelling toward *Wales*;
Who, for they lodg'd laſt Night within my Houſe,
And my Lord Biſhop did lay wait for ſuch,
Were very willing to come on with me,
Leſt for their ſakes, ſuſpicion we might wrong.
Judge. We cry your Honour mercy, good my Lord,
Will't pleaſe you take your Place. Madam, your Ladyſhip
May here, or where you will repoſe your ſelf,
Until this buſineſs now in hand be paſt.
L. Pow. I will withdraw into ſome other Room,
So that your Lordſhip and the reſt be pleas'd.
Judge. With all our Hearts: Attend the Lady there.
Pow. Wife, I have ey'd yon Pris'ners all this while,
And my Conceit doth tell me, 'tis our Friend
The Noble *Cobham*, and his virtuous Lady.
L. Pow. I think no leſs, are they ſuſpected for this Murther?
Pow. What it means
I cannot tell, but we ſhall know anon:
Mean time as you paſs by them, ask the queſtion,
But do it ſecretly you be not ſeen,
And make ſome ſign, that I may know your Mind.
[*As ſhe paſſes over the Stage by them.*
L. Pow. My Lord *Cobham*! Madam?
Cob. No *Cobham* now, nor Madam, as you love us,
But *John* of *Lancaſhire*, and *Joan* his Wife.

L. Pow.

L. Pow. O tell, what is it that our love can do
To pleaſure you, for we are bound to you?
Cob. Nothing but this, that you conceal our Names;
So, gentle Lady, paſs for being ſpied.
L. Pow. My Heart I leave, to bear part of your Grief.
[*Exit.*
Judge. Call the Priſoners to the Bar: Sir *Richard Lee*,
What Evidence can you bring againſt theſe People,
To prove them guilty of the Murther done?
Lee. This bloody Towel, and theſe naked Knives,
Beſide, we found them ſitting by the Place,
Where the dead Body lay within a Buſh.
Judge. What anſwer you why Law ſhould not proceed
According to this Evidence given in,
To tax ye with the penalty of Death?
Cob. That we are free from Murther's very thought,
And know not how the Gentleman was ſlain.
1 *Juſt.* How came this linen-cloth ſo bloody then?
L. Cob. My Husband hot with travelling, my Lord,
His Noſe guſht out a bleeding, that was it.
2 *Juſt.* But how came your ſharp-edg'd Knives unſheath'd?
L. Cob. To cut ſuch ſimple Victual as we had.
Judge. Say we admit this anſwer to thoſe Articles,
What made you in ſo private a dark Nook,
So far remote from any common Path,
As was the Thick where the dead Corps was thrown?
Cob. Journeying, my Lord, from *London*, from the Term,
Down into *Lancaſhire*, where we do dwell;
And what with Age, and Travel being faint,
We gladly ſought a place where we might reſt,
Free from reſort of other Paſſengers,
And ſo we ſtray'd into that ſecret Corner.
Judge. Theſe are but ambages to drive off time,
And linger Juſtice from her purpos'd end.
But who are theſe?
Enter Conſtable with the Iriſhman, *Prieſt, and* Doll.
Con. Stay Judgment, and releaſe thoſe Innocents,
For here is he whoſe Hand hath done the Deed,
For which they ſtand indited at the Bar:
This ſavage Villain, this rude *Iriſh* Slave,

His

His Tongue already hath confeſs'd the Fact,
And here is witneſs to confirm as much.

Prieſt. Yes, my good Lord, no ſooner had he ſlain
His loving Maſter for the Wealth he had,
But I upon the inſtant met with him:
And what he purchas'd with the loſs of Blood,
With ſtrokes I preſently bereav'd him of,
Some of the which is ſpent, the reſt remaining,
I willingly ſurrender to the Hands
Of old Sir *Richard Lee*, as being his;
Beſide, my Lord Judge, I greet your Honour
With Letters from my Lord of *Rocheſter*. [*Delivers them.*

Lee. Is this the Wolf, whoſe thirſty Throat did drink
My dear Son's Blood? art thou the Snake
He cheriſht, yet with envious piercing ſting
Aſſaild'ſt him mortally? Wer't not that the Law
Stands ready to revenge thy cruelty,
Traitor to God, thy Maſter, and to me,
Theſe Hands ſhould be thy Executioner.

Judge. Patience, Sir *Richard Lee*, you ſhall have Juſtice.
The Fact is odious, therefore take him hence,
And being hang'd until the Wretch be dead,
His Body after ſhall be hang'd in Chains,
Near to the Place where he did act the Murder.

Iriſh. Prethee, Lord Shudge, let me have mine own Cloaths, my Strouces there, and let me be hang'd in a Wyth after my Country the *Iriſh* Faſhion. [*Exit.*

Judge. Go to, away with him. And now, Sir *John*,
Although by you this Murther came to light:
Yet upright Law will not hold you excus'd,
For you did rob the *Iriſh-man*, by which
You ſtand attainted here of Felony:
Beſide, you have been lewd, and many Years
Led a laſcivious, unbeſeeming life.

Prieſt. O but, my Lord, Sir *John* repents, and he will mend.

Judge. In hope thereof, together with the favour
My Lord of *Rocheſter* intreats for you,
We are content you ſhall be proved.

Prieſt. I thank your Lordſhip.

Judge. Theſe falſly here accus'd, and brought

In peril wrongfully, we in like ſort do ſet at liberty.
Lee. And for amends,
Touching the wrong unwittingly I have done,
I give theſe few Crowns.
Judge. Your Kindneſs merits praiſe, Sir *Richard Lee*,
So let us hence. [*Exeunt all but* Powis *and* Cobham.
Pow. But *Powis* ſtill muſt ſtay,
There yet remains a part of that true Love,
He owes his noble Friend, unſatisfied
And unperform'd, which firſt of all doth bind me
To gratulate your Lordſhip's ſafe Delivery:
And then intreat, that ſince unlookt for thus
We here are met, your Honour would vouchſafe
To ride with me to *Wales*, where though my power,
(Though not to quittance thoſe great Benefits
I have receiv'd of you) yet both my Houſe,
My Purſe, my Servants, and what elſe I have
Are all at your Command. Deny me not,
I know the Biſhop's Hate purſues ye ſo,
As there's no ſafety in abiding here.
Cob. 'Tis true, my Lord, and God forgive him for it.
Pow. Then let us hence, you ſhall be ſtraight provided
Of luſty Geldings: and once entred *Wales*,
Well may the Biſhop hunt, but ſpight his Face,
He never more ſhall have the Game in Chace. [*Exeunt.*

P. 3

THE PURITAN:

OR, THE WIDOW OF *WATLING-STREET.*

Printed in the YEAR 1709.

Dramatis Perſonæ.

SIR Godfrey, *Brother-in-Law to the Widow* Plus.
Maſter Edmond, *Son to the Widow* Plus.
George-Pye-boord, *a Scholar and a Citizen.*
Sir Oliver Muck-hill, *a Suiter to the Lady* Plus.
Sir John Penny-Dub, *a Suiter to* Moll.
Sir Andrew Tipſtaffe, *a Suiter to* Frances.
The Sheriff of London.
Captain Idle, *a Highway-man.*
Puttock and Ravenſhaw } *Two of the Sheriff's Serjeants.*
Dogſon, *a Yoeman.*
Corporal Oath, *a vain-glorious Fellow.*
Nicholas *St.* Antlings, Simon *St.* Mary Overies, Frailty, } *Serving-men to the Lady* Plus.
Peter Skirmiſh, *and old Soldier.*
A Nobleman.
A Gentleman Citizen.
Officers.

Lady Plus, *a Citizen's Widow.*
Frances, *and* Moll, } *her two Daughters.*

SCENE *LONDON.*

THE

THE PURITAN: OR, THE Widow of *Watling-ſtreet*.

ACT I. SCENE I.

Enter the Lady Widow Plus, Frances *and* Moll, *Sir* Godfrey *with* Edmond, *all in Mourning. The Widow wringing her Hands, and burſting out into Paſſion, as newly come from the Burial of her Husband.*

WIDOW.

OH, that ever I was Born, that ever I was Born!

Sir God. Nay, good Siſter, dear Siſter, ſweet Siſter, be of good comfort, ſhew your ſelf a Woman, now or never.

Wid. Oh, I have loſt the deareſt Man, I have buried the ſweeteſt Husband that ever lay by Woman.

Sir God. Nay, give him his due, he was indeed an honeſt, virtuous, diſcreet, wiſe Man,——he was my Brother, as right, as right.

Wid. O, I shall never forget him, never forget him, he was a Man so well given to a Woman—— oh!

Sir God. Nay, but kind Sister, I could weep as much as any Woman, but alas, our Tears cannot call him again: methinks you are well read, Sister, and know that Death is as common as *Homo*, a common name to all Men; —— a Man shall be taken when he's making water, —— nay, did not the learned Parson, Master *Pigman*, tell us e'en now, that all Flesh is frail, we are Born to Die, Man has but a time: With such like deep and profound perswasions, as he is a rare Fellow, you know, and an excellent Reader: and for Example, (as there are Examples abundance) did not Sir *Humphrey Bubble* die t'other Day, there's a lusty Widow, why she cry'd not above half an Hour —— for shame, for shame: Then followed him old Master *Fulsome* the Usurer, there's a wise Widow, why she cry'd ne'er a whit at all.

Wid. O rank not me with those wicked Women, I had a Husband out-shin'd 'em all.

Sir God. Ay that he did, i'faith, he out-shin'd 'em all.

Wid. Dost thou stand there and see us all weep, and not once shed a Tear for thy Father's Death? oh thou ungracious Son and Heir thou?

Edm. Troth, Mother, I should not weep I'm sure; I am past a Child I hope, to make all my old School-Fellows laugh at me; I should be mockt, so I should; pray let one of my Sisters weep for me, I'll laugh as much for her another time?

Wid. O thou past-Grace thou, out of my sight thou graceless Imp, thou grievest me more than the Death of thy Father: O thou stubborn only Son: hadst thou such an honest Man to thy Father——that would deceive all the World to get Riches for thee, and canst thou not afford a little Salt-Water? He that so wisely did quite overthrow the right Heir of those Lands, which now you respect not: up every Morning betwixt four and five, so duly at *Westminster-Hall* every Term-time, with all his Cards and Writings, for thee, thou wicked *Absalon* ——
O dear Husband!

Edm. Weep, quotha? I protest I am glad he's Churched; for now he's gone, I shall spend in quiet.

Fran.

Fran. Dear Mother, pray ceaſe, half your Tears ſuffice,
'Tis time for you to take truce with your Eyes,
Let me weep now.

Wid. O ſuch a dear Knight, ſuch a ſweet Husband have I loſt, have I loſt! —— if bleſſed be the Coarſe the Rain rains upon, he had it, pouring down.

Sir God. Siſter, be of good chear, we are all mortal our ſelves, I come upon you freſhly, I ne'er ſpeak without comfort, hear me what I ſhall ſay, —— my Brother has left you wealthy, you're rich.

Wid. O!

Sir God. I ſay you're rich: you are alſo fair.

Wid. O!

Sir God. Go to, you're fair, you cannot ſmother it, Beauty will come to light; nor are your Years ſo far enter'd with you, but that you will be ſought after, and may very well anſwer another Husband; the World is full of fine Gallants, choice enow, Siſter, —— for what ſhould we do with all our Knights, I pray? but to marry rich Widows, wealthy Citizens Widows, luſty fair-brow'd Ladies. Go to, be of good comfort, I ſay, leave ſnobbing and weeping, —— yet my Brother was a kind-hearted Man. —— I would not have the Elf ſee me now, —— come, pluck up a Woman's Heart, —— here ſtand your Daughters, who be well Eſtated, and at maturity will alſo be inquir'd after with good Husbands, ſo all theſe Tears ſhall be ſoon dry'd up, and a better World than ever —— what, Woman? you muſt not weep ſtill; he's dead, he's buried —— yet I cannot chuſe but weep for him.

Wid. Marry again! no, let me be buried quick then!
And that ſame part of Quire whereon I tread
To ſuch intent, O, may it be my Grave:
And that the Prieſt may turn his Wedding-prayers,
Even with a breath, to Funeral duſt and aſhes;
O, out of a Million of Millions, I ſhould ne'er find ſuch a Husband; he was unmatchable —— unmatchable; nothing was ſo hot, nor too dear for me, I could not ſpeak of that one thing that I had not, beſide, I had Keys of all, kept all, receiv'd all, had Mony in my Purſe, ſpent what I would, went abroad when I would, came home when I would, and did all what I would: O —— my ſweet Husband; I ſhall never have the like.

Sir. God. Sister? ne'er say so, he was an honest Brother of mine, and so, and you may light upon one as honest again, or one as honest again may light upon you; that's the properer phrase indeed.

Wid. Never: O if you love me urge it not.
O may I be the by-word of the World,
The common talk at Table in the Mouth
Of every Groom and Waiter, if e'er more
I entertain the carnal suit of Man. [*Kneels.*

Moll. I must kneel down for fashion too.

Fran. And I, whom never Man as yet hath scal'd,
E'en in this depth of general Sorrow, vow
Never to marry, to sustain such loss,
As a dear Husband seems to be, once Dead.

Moll. I lov'd my Father well too; but to say,
Nay, vow, I would not marry for his death,
Sure I should speak false Latin, should I not?
I'd as soon vow never to come in Bed.
Tut, Women must live by th' quick, and not by th' dead.

Wid. Dear Copy of my Husband, O let me kiss thee:
[*Drawing out her Husband's Picture.*
How like him is their Model; their brief Picture
Quickens my Tears: my sorrows are renew'd
At their fresh sight.

Sir God. Sister ———

Wid. Away,
All honestly with him is turn'd to Clay,
O my sweet Husband, O ——

Fran. My dear Father? [*Exeunt Wid. and* Fran.

Moll. Here's a puling indeed! I think my Mother weeps for all the Women that ever buried Husbands; for if from time to time all the Widowers Tears in *England* had been Bottled up, I do not think all would have fill'd a three-halfpeny Bottle: alas, a small matter bucks a Handkerchief,—— and sometimes the Spittle stands too nigh Saint *Thomas a Watring's.* Well, I can mourn in good sober sort as well as another; but where I spend one Tear for a dead Father, I could give twenty Kisses for a quick Husband.

[*Exit* Moll.

Sir God. Well, go thy ways, old Sir *Godfrey*, and thou may'st be proud on't, thou hast a kind loving Sister-in-law.

law. How conſtant? how paſſionate? how full of *April* the poor Soul's Eyes are. Well, I would my Brother knew on't, he ſhould then know what a kind Wife he had left behind him. Truth, and 'twere not for ſhame that the Neighbours at th'next Garden ſhould hear me betwixt Joy and Grief, I ſhould e'en cry out-right. [*Exit Sir* Godfrey.

Edm. So, a fair riddance, my Father's laid in duſt, his Coffin and he is like a whole Meat-Pye, and the Worms will cut him up ſhortly: Farewel, old Dad, farewel; I'll be curb'd in no more: I perceive a Son and Heir may quickly be made a Fool, and he will be one, but I'll take another order; —— Now ſhe would have me weep for him forſooth, and why; becauſe he cozen'd the right Heir being a Fool, and beſtow'd thoſe Lands on me his Eldeſt Son; and therefore I muſt weep for him, ha, ha: why, all the World knows, as long as 'twas his Pleaſure to get me, 'twas his Duty to get for me: I know the Law in that point, no Attorney can gull me. Well, my Uncle is an old Aſs, and an admirable Coxcomb, I'll rule the Roaſt my ſelf, I'll be kept under no more, I know what I may do well enough by my Father's Copy: the Law's in mine own Hands now: Nay, now I know my ſtrength, I'll be ſtrong enough for my Mother, I warrant you. [*Exit.*

Enter George Pye-boord, *and* Peter Skirmiſh.

Pye. What's to be done now, old Lad of War, thou that were wont to be as hot as a Turn-ſpit, as nimble as a Fencer, and as louſie as a School-maſter; now thou art put to ſilence like a Sectary,—— War ſits now like a Juſtice of Peace, and does nothing; where be your Muſkets, Calivers and Hot-ſhots? in *Long-lane,* at pawn, at pawn? —— Now Keys are our only Guns, Key-guns, Key-guns, and Bawds the Gunners, —— who are your Sentinels in Peace, and ſtand ready charg'd to give warning; with hems, hums, and pocky-coughs; only your Chambers are licenſt to play upon you, and Drabs enow to give Fire to 'em.

Skir. Well, I cannot tell, but I am ſure it goes wrong with me, for ſince the ceſſure of the Wars, I have ſpent above a hundred Crowns out of Purſe: I have been a Soldier

dier any time this forty Years, and now I perceive an old Soldier, and an old Courtier have both one Deſtiny, and in the end turn both into Hob-nails.

Pye. Pretty Myſtery for a Beggar, for indeed a Hob-nail is the true Emblem of a Beggar's Shoe-ſoal.

Skir. I will not ſay but that War is a Blood-ſucker, and ſo; but in my Conſcience, (as there is no Soldier but has a piece of one, though it be full of holes, like a ſhot Ancient, no matter, 'twill ſerve to ſwear by) in my Conſcience, I think ſome kind of Peace has more hidden oppreſſions, and violent heady Sins, (though looking of a gentle Nature) than a profeſt War.

Pye. Troth, and for mine own part, I am a poor Gentleman, and a Scholar, I have been matriculated in the Univerſity, wore out ſix Gowns there, ſeen ſome Fools, and ſome Scholars, ſome of the City, and ſome of the Country, kept Order, went bare-headed over the Quadrangle, eat my Commons with a good Stomach, and battled with Diſcretion; at laſt, having done many ſlights and tricks to maintain my Wit in uſe (as my Brain would never endure me to be idle,) I was expell'd the Univerſity, only for ſtealing a Cheeſe out of *Jeſus* Colledge.

Skir. Is't poſſible?

Pye. O! there was one *Welſhman* (God forgive him) purſued it hard, and never left, 'till I turn'd my Staff toward *London*, where when I came, all my Friends were pit-hold, gone to Graves, (as indeed there was but a few left before) then was I turn'd to my Wits, to ſhift in the World, to towre among Sons and Heirs, and Fools, and Gulls, and Ladies eldeſt Sons, to work upon nothing, to feed out of Flint, and ever ſince has my Belly been much beholden to my Brain. But now to return to you, old *Skirmiſh*, I ſay as you ſay, and for my part wiſh a Turbulency in the World, for I have nothing in the World, but my Wits, and I think they are as mad as they will be: and to ſtrengthen your Argument the more, I ſay an honeſt War is better than a bawdy Peace. As touching my Profeſſion; the multiplicity of Scholars, hatcht and nouriſht in the idle Calms of Peace, makes 'em like Fiſhes, one devour another; and the Community of Learning has ſo plaid upon affections, and thereby almoſt Religion is come about to Phantaſie,

and

and diſcredited by being too much ſpoken of —— in ſo many and mean Mouths. I my ſelf being a Scholar and a Graduate, have no other comfort by my Learning, but the Affection of my words, to know how Scholar-like to name what I want, and can call my ſelf a Beggar both in Greek and Latin, and therefore not to cog with Peace, I'll not be afraid to ſay, 'tis a great Breeder, but a bad Nouriſher: a great Getter of Children, which muſt either be Thieves or rich Men, Knaves or Beggars.

Skir. Well, would I had been born a Knave then, when I was born a Beggar; for if the truth was known, I think I was begot when my Father had never a Penny in his Purſe.

Pye. Puh, faint not, old *Skirmiſh*, let this warrant thee, *Facilis Deſcenſus Averni*, 'tis an eaſie Journey to a Knave, thou may'ſt be a Knave when thou wilt; and Peace is a good Madam to all other Profeſſions, and an arrant Drab to us, let us handle her accordingly, and by our Wits thrive in deſpight of her; for the Law lives by Quarrels, the Courtier by ſmooth Good-morrows, and every Profeſſion makes it ſelf greater by Imperfections, why not we then by Shifts, Wiles, and Forgeries? And ſeeing our Brains are the only Patrimonies, let's ſpend with judgment, not like a deſperate Son and Heir, but like a ſober and diſcreet Templer,—— one that will never march beyond the bounds of his Allowance, and for our thriving means, thus, I my ſelf will put on the Deceit of a Fortune-teller, a Fortune-teller.

Skir. Very proper.

Pye. And you a Figure-caſter, or a Conjurer.

Skir. A Conjurer?

Pye. Let me alone, I'll inſtruct you, and teach you to deceive all Eyes, but the Devil's.

Skir. O ay, for I would not deceive him, and I could chuſe, of all others.

Pye. Fear not, I warrant you; and ſo by theſe means we ſhall help one another to Patients, as the condition of the Age affords Creatures enow for cunning to work upon.

Skir. O wondrous, new Fools and freſh Aſſes.

Pye. O, fit, fit, excellent.

Skir. What in the name of Conjuring?

Pye.

Pye. My Memory greets me happily with an admirable Subject to graze upon. The Lady-Widow, who of late I saw weeping in her Garden, for the death of her Husband, sure she's but a watrish Soul, and half on't by this time is dropt out of her Eyes: Device well manag'd may do good upon her: it stands firm, my first practice shall be there.

Skir. You have my Voice, *George.*

Pye. Sh'as a grey Gull to her Brother, a Fool to her only Son, and an Ape to her youngest Daughter; —— I overheard 'em severally, and from their words I'll drive my device; and thou, old *Peter Skirmish*, shalt be my second in all flights.

Skir. Ne'er doubt me, *George Pye-Board*, —— only you must teach me to conjure.

Enter Captain Idle *pinion'd, and with a Guard of Officers passeth over the Stage.*

Pye. Puh, I'll perfect thee, *Peter:*
How now! what's he?

Skir. O *George!* this sight kills me,
'Tis my sworn Brother, Captain *Idle.*

Pye. Captain *Idle.*

Skir. Apprehended for some fellonious Act or other, he has started out, has made a Night on't, lackt Silver; I cannot but commend his Resolution, he would not pawn his Buff-Jerkin, I would either some of us were imploy'd, or might pitch our Tents at Usurers Doors, to kill the Slaves as they peep out at the Wicket.

Pye. Indeed, those are our ancient Enemies; they keep our Mony in their Hands, and make us to be hang'd for robbing of 'em: but come let's follow after to the Prison, and know the nature of this offence, and what we can stead him in, he shall be sure of; and I'll uphold it still, that a charitable Knave is better than a soothing Puritan.

[*Exeunt.*

Enter at one Door Corporal Oath, *and at the other three of the Widow* Puritan's *Serving-Men*, Nicholas St. Antlings, Simon St. Mary-Overies, *and* Frailty, *in black scurvy Mourning Coats, and Books at their Girdles, as coming from Church. They meet.*

Nich. What, Corporal *Oath?* I am sorry we have met with you next our Hearts; you are the Man that we are for-

forbidden to keep company withal, we muſt not ſwear I can tell you, and you have the name for Swearing.

Sim. Ay, Corporal *Oath*, I would you would do ſo much as forſake us, we cannot abide you, we muſt not be ſeen in your Company.

Frail. There is none of us, I can tell you, but ſhall be ſoundly whipt for ſwearing.

Corp. Why how now? we three? Puritanical Scrape-ſhooes, Fleſh a *Good-Fridays*; a Hand.

All. Oh.

Corp. Why *Nicholas St. Antlings*, *Simon St. Mary-Overies*, has the De'il poſſeſt you, that you ſwear no better, you Half-Chriſten'd *Katomites*, you Un-godmother'd Varlets, does the firſt Leſſon teach you to be Proud, and the ſecond to be Coxcombs; proud Coxcombs; not once to do duty to a Man of Mark.

Frail. A Man of Mark, quotha, I do not think he can ſhew a Beggar's Noble.

Corp. A Corporal, a Commander, one of Spirit, that is able to blow you up all dry with your Books at your Girdles.

Sim. We are not taught to believe that, Sir, for we know the Breath of Man is weak.

[Corporal *breathes on* Frailty.

Frail. Foh, you lye, *Nicholas*; for here's one ſtrong enough; blow us up, quotha, he may well blow me above twelve-ſcore off on him: I warrant, if the Wind ſtood right, a Man might ſmell him from the top of *Newgate*, to the Leads of *Ludgate*.

Corp. Sirrah, thou hollow Book of Wax-candle.

Nich. Ay, you may ſay what you will, ſo you ſwear not.

Corp. I ſwear by the———

Nich. Hold, hold, good Corporal *Oath*; for if you ſwear once, we ſhall fall down in a Swoon preſently.

Corp. I muſt and will ſwear: you quivering Coxcombs, my Captain is impriſon'd, and by *Vulcan*'s Leather Cod-piece point———

Nich. O *Simon*, what an Oath was there?

Frail. If he ſhould chance to break it, the poor Man's Breeches would fall down about his heels, for *Venus* allows but one Point to his Hoſe.

Corp.

Corp. With theſe, my Bully-Fleet, I will thump ope the Priſon Doors, and brain the Keeper with the Begging-Box, but I'll ſet my honeſt ſweet Captain *Idle* at liberty.

Nich. How, Captain *Idle?* my old Aunt's Son, my dear Kinſman in *Cappadochio.*

Corp. Ay, thou Church-peeling, thou Holy-paring, Religious outſide thou; if thou hadſt any grace in thee, thou wouldſt viſit him, relieve him, ſwear to get him out.

Nich. Aſſure you, Corporal, indeed-la, 'tis the firſt time I heard on't.

Corp. Why do't now then, *Marmaſet*; bring forth thy yearly Wages, let not a Commander periſh?

Sim. But if he be one of the wicked, he ſhall periſh.

Nich. Well, Corporal, I'll e'en along with you, to viſit my Kinſman, if I can do him any good, I will——but I have nothing for him, *Simon St. Mary-Overies* and *Frailty*, pray make a Lie for me to the Knight, my Maſter, old Sir *Godfrey.*

Corp. A Lie? may you lie then?

Frail. O ay, we may lie, but we muſt not ſwear.

Sim. True, we may lye with our Neighbour's Wife, but we muſt not ſwear we did ſo.

Corp. O, an excellent Tag of Religion.

Nich. O, *Simon*, I have thought upon a ſound excuſe, it will go currant, ſay that I am gone to a Faſt.

Sim. To a Faſt? very good.

Nich. Ay, to a Faſt, ſay, with Maſter *Full-belly* the Miniſter.

Sim. Maſter *Full-belly?* an honeſt Man: He feeds the Flock well, for he's an excellent Feeder.

[*Exeunt Corporal and* Nicholas.

Frail. O I, I have ſeen him eat a whole Pig, and afterward fall to the Pettitoes. [*Exeunt* Simon *and* Frailty.

The Marſhalſea Priſon. Enter Captain Idle *at one Door, and an old Soldier at the other.*

Pye. Pray turn the Key. [*Speaking within.*

Skir. Turn the Key, I pray.

Capt. Who ſhould thoſe be, I almoſt know their Voices? O my Friends! [*Entring.*

You're

You're welcome to a ſmelling Room here; you newly took leave of the Air, is't not a ſtrange ſavour?

Pye. As all Priſons have ſmells of ſundry Wretches;
Who, though departed, leave their ſcents behind 'em.
By Gold, Captain, I am ſincerely ſorry for thee.

Capt. By my troth, *George*, I thank thee; but, piſh—— what muſt be, muſt be.

Skir. Captain, what do you lye in for? is't great? what's your Offence?

Capt. Faith, my Offence is ordinary,————common, a High-way, and I fear me my penalty will be ordinary and common too, a Halter.

Pye. Nay, propheſie not ſo ill, it ſhall go hard,
But I'll ſhift for thy Life.

Capt. Whether I live or die, thou'rt an honeſt *George*. I'll tell you——Silver flow'd not with me, as it had done, for now the Tide runs to Bawds and Flatterers, I had a ſtart out, and by chance ſet upon a fat Steward, thinking his Purſe had been as purſie as his Body; and the Slave had about him but the poor purchace of ten Groats: Notwithſtanding being deſcryed, purſued, and taken, I know the Law is ſo grim, in reſpect of many deſperate, unſetled Soldiers, that I fear me I ſhall dance after their Pipe for't.

Skir. I am twice ſorry for you, Captain; firſt, that your Purchace was ſo ſmall, and now that your Danger is ſo great.

Capt. Puſh, the worſt is but death,————ha' you a Pipe of Tobacco about you?

Skir. I think I have thereabouts about me.

[*Captain blows a Pipe.*

Capt. Here's a clean Gentleman too, to receive.

Pye. Well, I muſt caſt about ſome happy ſlight:
Work Brain, that ever didſt thy Maſter right.

[*Corporal and* Nicholas *within.*

Corp. Keeper, let the Key be turn'd.

Nich. Ay, ay, pray, Maſter Keeper, give's a caſt of your Office.

Capt. How now? more Viſitants? ————what, Corporal *Oath?*

Pye. Skir. Corporal.

Corp.

Corp. In Priſon, honeſt Captain? this muſt not be.

Nich. How do you, Captain Kinſman?

Capt. Good Coxcomb, what makes that pure—— ſtarcht Fool here?

Nich. You ſee, Kinſman, I am ſomewhat bold to call in, and ſee how you do; I heard you were ſafe enough, and I was very glad on't, that it was no worſe.

Capt. This is a double torture now,——this Fool by th' Book doth vex me more than my Impriſonment. What meant you, Corporal, to hook him hither?

Corp. Who, he? he ſhall relieve thee, and ſupply thee, I'll make him do't.

Capt. Fy, what vain Breath you ſpend:
He ſupply? I'll ſooner expect Mercy from an Uſurer when my Bond's forfeited, ſooner Kindneſs from a Lawyer when my Mony's ſpent: nay, ſooner Charity from the Devil, than Good from a Puritan. I'll look for Relief from him when *Lucifer* is reſtor'd to his Blood, and in Heav'n again.

Nich. I warrant my Kinſman's talking of me, for my left Ear burns moſt tyrannically.

Pye. Captain *Idle?* what's he there? he looks like a Monkey upward, and a Crane downward.

Capt. Pſhaw; a fooliſh Couſin of mine: I muſt thank God for him.

Pye. Why, the better ſubject to work a ſcape upon; thou ſhalt e'en change Clothes with him, and leave him here, and ſo——

Capt. Puſh, I publiſht him e'en now to my Corporal, he will be damn'd e'er he do me ſo much good; why, I know a more proper, a more handſome Device than that, if the Slave would be Sociable, —— now Goodman *Fleerface?*

Nich. O, my Couſin begins to ſpeak to me now, I ſhall be acquainted with him again, I hope.

Skir. Look! what ridiculous Raptures take hold of his Wrinkles.

Pye. Then what ſay you to this Device, a happy one Captain?

Capt. Speak low, *George*; Priſon Rats have wider Ears than thoſe in Malt-lofts.

Nich.

Nich. Couſin, if it lay in my power, as they ſay,——— to——do———

Capt. 'Twould do me an exceeding pleaſure indeed, that; ne'er talk furder on't, the Fool will be hang'd e'er he do't.

Corp. Pox, I'll thump 'im to't.

Pye. Why, do but try the Fopſter, and break it to him bluntly.

Capt. And ſo my diſgrace will dwell in his Jaws, and the Slave ſlaver out our purpoſe to his Maſter; for would I were but as ſure on't, as I am ſure he will deny to do't.

Nich. I would be heartily glad, Couſin, if any of my Friendſhips, as they ſay, might——ſtand, ha——

Pye. Why, you ſee he offers his Friendſhip fooliſhly to you already.

Capt. Ay, that's the Hell on't, I would he would offer it wiſely.

Nich. Verily, and indeed la, Couſin———

Capt. I have took note of thy Fleers a good while, if thou art minded to do me good? as thou gap'ſt upon me comfortably, and giv'ſt me charitable Faces; which indeed is but a faſhion in you all that are Puritans, wilt ſoon at Night ſteal me thy Maſter's Chain?

Nich. Oh, I ſhall fowne!

Pye. Corporal, he ſtarts already!

Capt. I know it to be worth three hundred Crowns, and with the half of that, I can buy my Life at a Broker's, at ſecond hand, which now lyes in pawn to the Law; if this thou refuſe to do, being eaſie and nothing dangerous, in that thou art held in good Opinion of thy Maſter, why 'tis a palpable Argument thou hold'ſt my Life at no Price, and theſe thy broken and unjointed Offers are but only created in thy Lip, now Born, and now Buried, fooliſh Breath only: what, woult do't? ſhall I look for Happineſs in thy anſwer?

Nich. Steal my Maſter's Chain, quoth he? no, it ſhall ne'er be ſaid, that *Nicholas St. Antlings* committed Bird-lime!

Capt. Nay, I told you as much, did I not? though he be a Puritan, yet he will be a true Man.

Nich. Why Couſin, you know 'tis written, Thou ſhalt not Steal.

Capt. Why, and Fool, thou ſhalt love thy Neighbour, and help him in Extremities.

Nich. Maſs I think it be indeed; in what Chapter's that, Couſin?

Capt. Why in the firſt of Charity, the ſecond Verſe.

Nich. The firſt of Charity, quoth a, that's a good Jeſt, there's no ſuch Chapter in my Book!

Capt. No, I know 'twas torn out of thy Book, and that makes it ſo little in thy Heart.

Pye. Come, let me tell you, you're too unkind a Kinſman i'faith; the Captain loving you ſo dearly, ay, like the Pomwater of his Eye, and you to be ſo uncomfortable, fie, fie.

Nich. Pray do not wiſh me to be hang'd, any thing elſe that I can do; had it been to rob, I would ha' don't, but I muſt not Steal, that's the word, the literal, Thou ſhalt not Steal; and would you wiſh me to Steal then?

Pye. No Faith, that were too much, to ſpeak truth; why wilt thou Nim it from him?

Nich. That I will.

Pye. Why enough, Bully; he will be content with that, or he ſhall ha' none; let me alone with him now, Captain, I ha' dealt with your Kinſman in a Corner; a good --- kind-natur'd Fellow, methinks: Go to, you ſhall not have all your own asking, you ſhall bate ſomewhat on't, he is not contented abſolutely, as you would ſay, to ſteal the Chain from him, but to do you a pleaſure, he will nim it from him.

Nich. Ay, that I will, Couſin.

Capt. Well, ſeeing he will do no more, as far as I ſee, I muſt be contented with that.

Corp. Here's no notable gullery?

Pye. Nay, I'll come nearer to you, Gentleman, becauſe we'll have only but a Help and a Mirth on't, the Knight ſhall not loſe his Chain neither, but be only laid out of the way ſome one or two Days.

Nich. Ay, that would be good indeed, Kinſman.

Pye. For I have a farther reach, to profit us better, by the miſſing on't only, than if we had it out-right, as my Diſcourſe ſhall make it known to you;—— when thou haſt the Chain, do but convey it out at a Back-door into the Garden;

Garden, and there hang it cloſe in the Roſemary Bank, but for a ſmall Seaſon; and by that harmleſs device, I know how to wind Captain *Idle* out of Priſon, the Knight thy Maſter ſhall get his Pardon, and releaſe him, and he ſatisfie thy Maſter with his own Chain, and wondrous thanks on both Hands.

Nich. That were rare indeed la;
Pray let me know how.

Pye. Nay, 'tis very neceſſary thou ſhould'ſt know, becauſe thou muſt be employ'd as an Actor?

Nich. An Actor? O no, that's a Player? and our Parſon rails againſt Players mightily, I can tell you, becauſe they brought him drunk upo'th' Stage once,———as he will be horribly drunk.

Corp. Maſs I cannot blame him then,
Poor Church ſpout.

Pye. Why as an Intermedler then?

Nich. Ay, that, that.

Pye. Give me Audience then; when the old Knight thy Maſter has rag'd his fill for the loſs of the Chain, tell him thou haſt a Kinſman in Priſon, of ſuch exquiſite Art, that the Devil himſelf is *French* Lackey to him, and runs bare headed by his Horſe——Belly, when he has one; whom he will cauſe, with moſt *Iriſh* dexterity, to fetch his Chain, though 'twere hid under a Mine of Sea-coal, and ne'er make Spade or Pick Axe his Inſtruments; tell him but this, with farther Inſtructions thou ſhalt receive from me, and thou ſheweſt thy ſelf a Kinſman indeed.

Corp. A dainty Bully.

Skir. An honeſt——Book-keeper.

Capt. And my three times thrice honey Couſin.

Nich. Nay, grace of God I'll rob him on't ſuddenly, and hang it in the Roſemary bank, but I bear that mind, Couſin, I would not ſteal any thing, methinks, for mine own Father.

Skir. He bears a good Mind in that, Captain.

Pye. Why, well ſaid,
He begins to be an honeſt Fellow, faith.

Corp. In truth he does.

Nich. You ſee, Couſin, I am willing to do you any kindneſs, always ſaving my ſelf harmleſs. [*Exit* Nicholas.

Capt. Why I thank thee, fare thee well, I ſhall requite it.

Corp. 'Twill be good for thee, Captain, that thou haſt ſuch an egregious Aſs to thy Couſin.

Capt. Ay, is not that a fine Fool, Corporal?
But, *George*, thou talk'ſt of Art and Conjuring,
How ſhall that be?

Pye. Puh, be't not in your care,
Leave that to me and my Directions;
Well, Captain, doubt not thy delivery now,
E'en with the vantage, Man, to gain by Priſon,
As my Thoughts prompt me: Hold on brain and plot,
I aim at many cunning far events,
All which I doubt not to hit at length;
I'll to the Widow with a quaint Aſſault;
Captain, be merry.

Capt. Who I? Kerry merry Buffe-Jerkin.

Pye. Oh, I am happy in more ſlights, and one will knit ſtrong in another——Corporal *Oath.*

Corp. Ho! Bully!

Pye. And thou, old *Peter Skirmiſh*, I have a neceſſary task for you both.

Skir. Lay't upon *George Pye-board.*

Corp. What e'er it be, we'll manage it.

Pye. I would have you two maintain a Quarrel before the Lady *Widow*'s Door, and draw your Swords i'th' edge of the Evening: Claſh a little, claſh, claſh.

Corp. Fuh!
Let us alone to make our blades ring noon,
Though it be after Supper.

Pye. I know you can;
And out of that falſe Fire, I doubt not but to raiſe ſtrange belief——and, Captain, to countenance my Device the better, and grace my Words to the Widow, I have a good plain Sattin Suit, that I had of a young Reveller t'other Night, for words paſs not regarded now a-days, unleſs they come from a good Suit of Cloaths, which the Fates and my Wits had beſtowed upon me. Well, Captain *Idle*, if I did not highly love thee, I would ne'er be ſeen within twelve ſcore

ſcore of a Priſon, for I proteſt at this inſtant, I walk in great danger of ſmall Debts. I owe Mony to ſeveral Hoſteſſes, and you know ſuch Jills will quickly be upon a Man's Jack.

Capt. True, *George.*

Pye. Fare thee well, Captain. Come Corporal and Ancient, thou ſhalt hear more News next time we greet thee.

Corp. More News? Ay, by yon Bear at Bridge-Foot in Heav'n ſhalt thou. [*Exeunt.*

Capt. Enough; my Friends, farewel,
This Priſon ſhews as if Ghoſts did part in Hell.

ACT II.

Enter Moll, *youngeſt Daughter to the Widow, alone.*

Moll. NOT marry? forſwear Marriage? why all Women know 'tis as honourable a thing as to lye with a Man; and I, to ſpight my Siſter's Vow the more, have entertain'd a Suiter already, a fine Gallant Knight of the laſt Feather, he ſays he will Coach me too, and well appoint me, allow me Mony to Dice withal, and many ſuch pleaſing Proteſtations he ſticks upon my Lips: Indeed his ſhort-winded Father i'th' Country is wondrous wealthy, a moſt abominable Farmer, and therefore he may dote in time; troth I'll venture upon him; Women are not without ways enough to help themſelves: If he prove wiſe and good as his word, why I ſhall love him, and uſe him kindly; and if he prove an Aſs, why in a quarter of an Hour's warning I can transform him into an Oxe;——there comes in my relief again.

Enter Frailty.

Frail. O, Miſtreſs *Moll*, Miſtreſs *Moll.*

Moll. How now? what's the News?

Frail. The Knight your Suiter, Sir *John Penny Dub.*

Moll. Sir *John Penny-Dub?* where? where?

Frail. He's walking in the Gallery.

Moll. Has my Mother ſeen him yet?

Frail. O no, she's---spitting in the Kitchin.

Moll. Direct him hither softly, good *Frailty*,
I'll meet him half way.

Frail. That's just like running a Tilt; but I hope he'll break nothing this time.

Enter Sir John Penny-Dub.

Moll. 'Tis happiness my Mother saw him not.
O welcome, good Sir *John*.

Dub. I thank you faith——Nay you must stand me 'till I kiss you: 'Tis the Fashion every where i'faith, and I came from Court e'now.

Moll. Nay, the Fates forefend that I should anger the Fashion?

Dub. Then not forgetting the sweet of new Ceremonies, I first fall back, then recovering my self, make my Honour to your Lip thus; and then accost it.

Moll. Trust me, very pretty and moving, you're worthy on't, Sir.
O my Mother, my Mother, now she's here,

Kissing. Enter Widow and Sir Godfrey.

We'll steal into the Gallery. [*Exeunt.*

Sir God. Nay, Sister, let Reason rule you, do not play the Fool, stand not in your own Light, you have wealthy Offers, large Tendrings, do not withstand your good Fortune; who comes a wooing to you I pray? no small Fool, a rich Knight o'th' City, Sir *Oliver Muck-hill*, no small fool I can tell you; and furthermore, as I heard late by your Maid-servants, as your Maid-servants will say to me any thing, I thank 'em, both your Daughters are not without Suitors, ay, and worthy ones too; one a brisk Courtier, Sir *Andrew Tipstaffe*, suiter afar off to your eldest Daughter, and the third a huge wealthy Farmer's Son, a fine young Country Knight, they call him Sir *John Penny-Dub*, a good Name marry, he may have it coin'd when he lacks Mony; what Blessings are these, Sister?

Wid. Tempt me not, Satan.

Sir God. Satan? do I look like Satan? I hope the Devil's not so old as I, I trow.

Wid. You wound my Senses, Brother, when you name
A Suiter to me,——oh I cannot abide it,
I take in Poison when I hear one nam'd.

Enter

Enter Simon.

How now, *Simon*? where's my Son *Edmond?*

Sim. Verily, Madam, he is at vain Exerciſe, dripping in the Tennis-Court.

Wid. At Tennis-Court? oh, now his Father's gone, I ſhall have no rule with him; oh wicked *Edmond*, I might well compare this with the Prophecy in the Chronicle, though far inferior, as *Harry* of *Monmouth* won all, and *Harry* of *Windſor* loſt all; ſo *Edmond* of *Briſtow* that was the Father, got all, and *Edmond* of *London* that's his Son now, will ſpend all.

Sir God. Peace, Siſter, we'll have him reform'd, there's hope on him yet, though it be but a little.

Enter Frailty.

Frail. Forſooth, Madam; there are two or three Archers at Door would very gladly ſpeak with your Ladyſhip.

Wid. Archers?

Sir God. Your Husband's Fletcher I warrant.

Wid. Oh,
Let them come near, they bring home things of his,
Troth I ſhould ha' forgot 'em, how now?
Villain, which be thoſe Archers?

Enter the Suiters, Sir Andrew Tipſtaffe, *Sir* Oliver Muck-hill, *and* Penny-Dub.

Frail. Why, do you not ſee 'em before you? are not theſe Archers, what do you call 'em Shooters? Shooters and Archers are all one, I hope.

Wid. Out ignorant Slave.

Muck. Nay, pray be patient Lady,
We come in way of honourable Love.

Tipſt. Dub. We do.

Muck. To you.

Tipſt. Dub. And to your Daughters.

Wid. O why will you offer me this, Gentlemen? indeed I will not look upon you; when the Tears are ſcarce out of mine Eyes, not yet waſh'd off from my Cheeks, and my dear Husband's Body ſcarce ſo cold as the Coffin, what reaſon have you to offer it? I am not like ſome of your Widows that will bury one in the Evening, and be ſure to another e'er Morning; pray away, pray take your Anſwers, good

Knights, and you be ſweet Knights, I have vow'd never to marry;——and ſo have my Daughters too!

Dub. Ay, two of you have, but the third's a good Wench!

Muck. Lady, a ſhrewd Anſwer marry; the beſt is, 'tis but the firſt, and he's a blunt Wooer, that will leave for one ſharp Anſwer.

Tipſt. Where be your Daughters, Lady, I hope they'll give us better Encouragements?

Wid. Indeed they'll anſwer you ſo, take't a my word they'll give you the very ſame anſwer *Verbatim*, truly la.

Dub. Mum: *Moll*'s a good Wench ſtill, I know what ſhe'll do?

Muck. Well, Lady, for this time we'll take our leaves hoping for better comfort.

Wid. O never, never; and I live theſe thouſand Years; and you be good Knights, do not hope; 'twill be all Vain, Vain,——look you put off all your Suits, and you come to me again.

Frail. Put off all their Suits, quotha? ay, that's the beſt wooing of a Widow indeed, when a Man's Nonſuted, that is, when he's a-bed with her.

[*Going out* Muckhil *and Sir* Godfrey.

Muck. Sir *Godfrey*, here's twenty Angels more, work hard for me; there's life in't yet. [*Exit* Muckhil.

Sir God. Fear not Sir *Oliver Muckhil*, I'll ſtick cloſe for you, leave all with me.

Enter George Pye-boord *the Scholar.*

Pye. By your leave, Lady Widow.

Wid. What another Suiter now?

Pye. A Suiter, no, I proteſt; Lady, if you'd give me your ſelf, I'd not be troubled with you.

Wid. Say you ſo, Sir, then you're the better welcome, Sir.

Pye. Nay, Heav'n bleſs me from a Widow, unleſs I were ſure to bury her ſpeedily!

Wid. Good bluntneſs; well, your Buſineſs, Sir?

Pye. Very needful; if you were in private once.

Wid. Needful? Brother, pray leave us; and you, Sir.

Frail. I ſhould laugh now, if this blunt Fellow ſhould put 'em all beſide the Stirrop, and vault into the Saddle himſelf, I have ſeen as mad a Trick. [*Exit* Frailty.

Enter

Enter Daughters.

Wid. Now, Sir? ——here's none but we——Daughters forbear.

Pye. O no, pray let 'em ſtay, for what I have to ſpeak importeth equally to them as you.

Wid. Then you may ſtay.

Pye. I pray beſtow on me a ſerious Ear,
For what I ſpeak is full of weight and fear.

Wid. Fear?

Pye. Ay, if't paſs unregarded, and uneffected,
Elſe peace and joy;——I pray Attention.
Widow, I have been a meer Stranger for theſe Parrs that you live in, nor did I ever know the Husband of you, and Father of them, but I truly know by certain ſpiritual Intelligence, that he is in Purgatory.

Wid. Purgatory? tuh; that word deſerves to be ſpit upon; I wonder that a Man of ſober Tongue, as you ſeem to be, ſhould have the Folly to believe there's ſuch a place.

Pye. Well, Lady, in cold Blood I ſpeak it, I aſſure you that there is a Purgatory, in which place I know your Huſband to reſide, and wherein he is like to remain, 'till the diſſolution of the World, 'till the laſt general Bonfire; when all the Earth ſhall melt into nothing, and the Seas ſcald their finny Labourers; ſo long is his abidance, unleſs you alter the property of your purpoſe, together with each of your Daughters theirs, that is, the purpoſe of ſingle Life in your ſelf and your eldeſt Daughter, and the ſpeedy determination of Marriage in your youngeſt.

Moll. How knows he that? what, has ſome Devil told him?

Wid. Strange he ſhould know our Thoughts:——
Why but Daughter, have you purpos'd ſpeedy Marriage?

Pye. You ſee ſhe tells you ay, ſhe ſays nothing.
Nay, give me credit as you pleaſe, I am a ſtranger to you, and yet you ſee I know your Determinations, which muſt come to me metaphyſically, and by a ſuper-natural Intelligence.

Wid. This puts amazement on me.

Fran. Know our Secrets?

Moll.

Moll. I'd thought to ſteal a Marriage, would his Tongue Had dropt out when he blab'd it.

Wid. But, Sir, my Husband was too honeſt a dealing Man, to be now in any Purgatories——

Pye. O do not load your Conſcience with untruths,
'Tis but meer folly now to gild 'em o'er;
That has paſt but for Copper; Praiſes here,
Cannot unbind him there: confeſs but truth,
I know he got his Wealth with a hard gripe:
Oh hardly, hardly.

Wid. This is moſt ſtrange of all, how knows he that?

Pye. He would eat Fools and ignorant Heirs clean up;
And had his drink from many a poor Man's brow,
Even as their labour brew'd it.
He would ſcrape Riches to him moſt unjuſtly;
The very dirt between his Nails was ill got,
And not his own,——oh
I groan to ſpeak on't, the thought makes me ſhudder!——
Shudder!

Wid. It quakes me too, now I think on't——Sir, I am much griev'd, that you a Stranger, ſhould ſo deeply wrong my dead Husband!

Pye. Oh!

Wid. A Man that would keep Church ſo duly; riſe early before his Servants, and e'en for Religious haſte, go ungarter'd, unbutton'd, nay Sir Reverence untruſt, to Morning Prayer?

Pye. Oh uff.

Wid. Dine quickly upon High-days, and when I had great Gueſts, would e'en ſhame me, and riſe from the Table, to get a good Seat at an Afternoon-Sermon.

Pye. There's the Devil, there's the Devil, true, he thought it Sanctity enough, if he had kill'd a Man, ſo 't 'ad been done in a Pue, or undone his Neighbour, ſo 't 'ad been near enough to the Preacher. Oh!——a Sermon's a fine ſhort Cloak of an Hour long, and will hide the upper part of a Diſſembler.—Church, ay, he ſeem'd all Church, and his Conſcience was as hard as the Pulpit.

Wid. I can no more endure this.

Pye. Nor I, Widow, endure to flatter.

Wid. Is this all your buſineſs with me?

Pye.

Pye. No, Lady, 'tis but the induction to't,
You may believe my ſtrains, I ſtrike all true.
And if your Conſcience would leap up to your Tongue, your ſelf would affirm it, and that you ſhall perceive I know of things to come, as well as I do of what is preſent; a Brother of your Husband's ſhall ſhortly have a loſs.

Wid. A loſs? marry Heaven forefend, Sir *Godfrey*, my Brother!

Pye. Nay, keep in your wonders, 'till I have told you the Fortunes of you all; which are more fearful, if not happily prevented, —— for your part and your Daughters, if there be not once this Day ſome Blood-ſhed before your Door, whereof the humane Creature dyes, of you two the eldeſt ſhall run Mad.

Wid. and *Fran.* Oh!

Moll. That's not I yet.

Pye. And with moſt impudent proſtitution, ſhow your naked Bodies to the view of all beholders.

Wid. Our naked Bodies? fie for ſhame.

Pye. Attend me,
And your younger Daughter be ſtrucken Dumb.

Moll. Dumb? out, alas; 'tis the worſt pain of all for a Woman, I'd rather be Mad, or run Naked, or any thing. Dumb?

Pye. Give Ear: E'er the Evening fall upon Hill, Bog, and Meadow, this my Speech ſhall have paſt Probation, and then ſhall I be believ'd accordingly.

Wid. If this be true, we are all ſham'd, all undone.

Moll. Dumb? I'll ſpeak as much as ever I can poſſible before Evening.

Pye. But if it ſo come to paſs (as for your fair ſakes I wiſh it may) that this preſage of your ſtrange Fortunes be prevented by that accident of Death and Blood-ſhedding, which I before told you of; take heed upon your Lives, that two of you which have vow'd never to marry, ſeek out Husbands with all preſent ſpeed, and you the third, that have ſuch a deſire to out-ſtrip Chaſtity, look you meddle not with a Husband.

Moll. A double Torment.

Pye. The breach of this keeps your Father in *Purgatory*, and the puniſhments that ſhall follow you in this World,

World, would with horror kill the Ear ſhould hear 'em related.

Wid. Marry? Why I vow'd never to marry.

Fran. And ſo did I.

Moll. And I vow'd never to be ſuch an Aſs, but to marry. What a croſs Fortune's this?

Pye. Ladies, though I be a Fortune-teller, I cannot better Fortunes, you have 'em from me as they are reveal'd to me : I would they were to your Tempers, and Fellows with your Bloods; that's all the bitterneſs I would you.

Wid. O! 'tis a juſt vengeance, for my Husband's hard purchaſes.

Pye. I wiſh you to bethink your ſelves, and leave 'em.

Wid. I'll to Sir *Godfrey*, my Brother, and acquaint him with theſe fearful preſages.

Fran. For, Mother, they portend loſſes to him.

Wid. O ay, they do, they do;
If any happy iſſue crown thy words,
I will reward thy cunning. [*Exit* Wid. *and* Fran.

Pye. 'Tis enough, Lady, I wiſh no higher.

Moll. Dumb? and not marry? worſe;
Neither to ſpeak, nor kiſs, a double curſe. [*Exit.*

Pye. So, all this comes well about yet, I play the Fortune-teller, as well as if I had had a Witch to my Grannam : for by good happineſs, being in my Hoſteſſes Garden, which neighbours the Orchard of the Widow, I laid the hole of mine Ear to a hole in the Wall, and heard 'em make theſe vows, and ſpeak thoſe words, upon which I wrought theſe advantages; and to encourage my Forgery the more, I may now perceive in 'em a natural ſimplicity which will eaſily ſwallow an abuſe, if any covering be over it : and to confirm my former preſage to the Widow, I have adviſ'd old *Peter Skirmiſh* the Soldier, to hurt Corporal *Oath* upon the Leg, and in that hurry I'll ruſh amongſt 'em, and inſtead of giving the Corporal ſome Cordial to comfort him, I'll pour into his Mouth a Potion of a ſleepy Nature, and make him ſeem as dead; for the which the old Soldier being apprehended, and ready to be born to Execution, I'll ſtep in, and take upon me the Cure of the dead Man, upon pain of dying the con-

condemned's death: the Corporal will wake at his Minute, when the ſleepy force hath wrought it ſelf, and ſo ſhall I get my ſelf into a moſt admir'd Opinion, and under the pretext of that cunning, beguile as I ſee occaſion: and if that fooliſh *Nicholas St. Antlings* keep true time with the Chain, my Plot will be found, the Captain deliver'd, and my Wits applauded amongſt Scholars and Soldiers for ever.

[*Exit* Pye-boord.

Enter Nicholas St. Antlings, *with the Chain.*

Nich. O, I have found an excellent advantage to take away the Chain, my Maſter put it off e'en now, to ſay on a new Doublet, and I ſneakt it away by little and little, moſt Puritanically! we ſhall have good ſport anon when he has miſs'd it, about my Couſin the Conjurer; the World ſhall ſee I'm an honeſt Man of my word, for now I'm going to hang it between Heaven and Earth among the Roſemary-branches.

[*Exit* Nich.

ACT. III.

Enter Simon St. Mary-Overies, *and* Frailty.

Frail. SIrrah, *Simon St. Mary-Overies*, my Miſtreſs ſends away all her Suiters, and puts Fleas in their Ears.

Sim. Frailty, ſhe does like an honeſt, chaſt, and virtuous Woman; for Widows ought not to wallow in the puddle of Iniquity.

Frail. Yet, *Simon*, many Widows will do't, whatſoe'er comes on't.

Sim. True, *Frailty*, their filthy Fleſh deſires a Conjunction Copulative; what Strangers are within, *Frailty?*

Frail. There's none, *Simon*; but Maſter *Pilfer* the Taylor: he's above with Sir *Godfrey*, praiſing of a Doublet: and I muſt trudge anon to fetch Maſter *Suds* the Barber.

Sim. Maſter *Sud*'s a good Man, he waſhes the ſins of the Beard clean.

Enter old Skirmiſh *the Soldier.*

Skir. How now, Creatures? what's a Clock?

Frail. Why, do you take us to be *Jack* at the *Clock-Houſe?*

Skir.

Skir. I ſay again to you, what's a Clock?

Sim. Truly la, we go by the Clock of our Conſcience, all worldly Clocks we know go falſe, and are ſet by drunken Sextons.

Skir. Then what's a Clock in your Conſcience? —— O, I muſt break off, here comes the Corporal —— hum, hum: ——what's a Clock?

Enter Corporal.

Corp. A Clock? why paſt ſeventeen.

Frail. Paſt ſeventeen? nay, h'as met with his match now; Corporal *Oath* will fit him.

Skir. Thou doſt not bawk nor baffle me, doſt thou? I am a Soldier —— paſt ſeventeen?

Corp. Ay, thou art not angry with the Figures, art thou? I will prove it unto thee, 12 and 1 is thirteen, I hope, 2 fourteen, 3 fifteen, 4 ſixteen, and 5 ſeventeen, then paſt ſeventeen, I will take the Dial's part in a juſt Cauſe.

Skir. I ſay 'tis but paſt five then.

Corp. I'll ſwear 'tis paſt ſeventeen then: doſt thou not know Numbers? canſt thou not caſt?

Skir. Caſt? doſt thou ſpeak of my caſting i'th ſtreet? [*Draw.*

Corp. Ay, and in the Market-place.

Sim. Clubs, Clubs, Clubs. [Simon *runs in.*

Frail. Ay, I knew by their ſhuffling, Clubs would be Trump: Maſs here's the Knave, and he can do any good upon 'em: Clubs, Clubs, Clubs,

Enter Pye-boord.

Capt. O Villain, thou haſt open'd a Vein in my Leg.

Pye. How now? for ſhame, for ſhame, put up, put up.

Capt. By yon blue Welkin, 'twas out of my part, *George*, to be hurt on the Leg.

Enter Officers.

Pye. Oh, peace now —— I have a Cordial here to comfort thee.

Offi. Down with 'em, down with 'em, lay Hands upon the Villain.

Skir. Lay Hands on me?

Pye. I'll not be ſeen among 'em now.

Capt. I'm hurt, and had more need have Surgeons Lay Hands upon me, than rough Officers.

Offi.

Offi. Go, carry him to be dreſs'd then:
Thus mutinous Soldier ſhall along with me to Priſon.
Skir. To Priſon? where's *George?*
Offi. Away with him. [*Exeunt with* Skir.
Pye. So,
All lights as I would wiſh, the amaz'd Widow
Will plant me ſtrongly now in her belief,
And wonder at the virtue of my words:
For the event turns theſe preſages from 'em,
Of being mad and dumb, and begets joy
Mingled with admiration: theſe empty Creatures,
Soldier and Corporal, were but ordain'd
As inſtruments for me to work upon.
Now to my Patient, here's his Potion [*Exit* Pye-boord.

Enter the Widow with her two Daughters.

Wid. O wondrous happineſs, beyond our thoughts!
O lucky fair event! I think our Fortunes
Were bleſt e'en in our Cradles: we are quitted
Of all thoſe ſhameful violent preſages
By this raſh bleeding chance: go, *Frailty,* run, and know
Whether he be yet living, or yet dead,
That here before my Door receiv'd his hurt.
Frail. Madam, he was carried to the Superior, but if he had no Mony when he came there, I warrant he's dead by this time. [*Exit* Frailty.
Fran. Sure that Man is a rare Fortune-teller, never lookt upon our Hands, nor upon any mark about us, a wondrous Fellow ſurely.
Moll. I am glad I have the uſe of my Tongue yet, tho' of nothing elſe. I ſhall find the way to marry too, I hope ſhortly.
Wid. O where's my Brother Sir *Godfrey,* I would he were here, that I might relate to him how prophetically the cunning Gentleman ſpoke in all things.

Enter Sir Godfrey *in a rage.*

Sir God. O my Chain, my Chain, I have loſt my Chain, where be theſe Villains, Varlets?
Wid. Oh, he'as loſt his Chain.
Sir God. My Chain, my Chain.
Wid. Brother, be patient, hear me ſpeak, you know I told you that a Cunning-man told me, that you ſhould have a loſs, and he has Propheſied ſo true.

Sir God. Out, he's a Villain to propheſie of the loſs of my Chain, 'twas worth above three hundred Crowns, beſides 'twas my Father's, my Father's Father's, my Grandfather's huge Grandfather's : I had as lief ha loſt my Neck, as the Chain that hung about it. O my Chain, my Chain.

Wid. Oh, Brother, who can be againſt a misfortune, 'tis happy 'twas no more.

Sir God. No more! O goodly godly Siſter, would you had me loſt more? my beſt Gown too, with the Cloth of Gold-Lace? my Holiday Gaſcoins, and my Jerkin ſet with Pearl? no more!

Wid. Oh, Brother, you can read ———

Sir God. But I cannot read where my Chain is: what Strangers have been here? you let in Strangers, Thieves, and Catch-poles: how comes it gone? there was none above with me but my Taylor, and my Taylor will not —— ſteal I hope?

Moll. No, he's afraid of a Chain.

Enter Frailty.

Wid. How now, Sirrah? the news?

Frail. O, Miſtreſs, he may well be call'd a Corporal now, for his Corps are as dead as a cold Capon's?

Wid. More happineſs.

Sir God. Sirrah, what's this to my Chain? where's my Chain, Knave?

Frail. Your Chain, Sir?

Sir God. My Chain is loſt, Villain.

Frail. I would he were hang'd in Chains that has it then for me: Alas, Sir, I ſaw none of your Chain ſince you were hung with it your ſelf.

Sir God. Out Varlet; it had full three thouſand Links, I have oft told it over at my Prayers:
Over and over, full three thouſand Links.

Frail. Had it ſo, Sir, ſure it cannot be loſt then; I'll put you in that comfort.

Sir God. Why? why?

Frail. Why if your Chain had ſo many Links, it cannot chuſe but come to light.

Enter Nicholas.

Sir God. Deluſion. Now, long *Nicholas*, where is my Chain?

Nich.

Nich. Why about your Neck, is't not, Sir?

Sir God. About my Neck, Varlet? my Chain is loſt, 'Tis ſtoll'n away, I'm robb'd.

Wid. Nay, Brother, ſhow your ſelf a Man.

Nich. If it be loſt or ſtole, if he would be patient, Miſtreſs, I could bring him to a cunning Kinſman of mine that would fetch it again with a Seſarara.

Sir God. Canſt thou? I will be patient, ſay, where dwells he?

Nich. Marry he dwells now, Sir, where he would not dwell, and he could chuſe, in the *Marſhalſea*, Sir; but he's an excellent Fellow if he were out: h'as travell'd all the World o'er, he, and been in the ſeven and twenty Provinces: why, he would make it be fecht, Sir, if it were rid a thouſand Mile out of Town.

Sir God. An admirable Fellow, what lies he for?

Nich. Why, he did but rob a Steward of ten Groats t'other Night, as any Man would ha done, and there he lies for't.

Sir God. I'll make his peace,
A trifle, I'll get his pardon,
Beſides a bountiful reward, I'll about it,
But fee the Clerks, the Juſtice will do much;
I will about it ſtraight, good Siſter pardon me,
All will be well I hope, and turn to good,
The name of Conjurer has laid my Blood. [*Exeunt.*

Enter Puttock *and* Ravenſhaw, *two Serjeants, with Yeoman* Dogſon, *to arreſt* George Pye-boord.

Put. His Hoſteſs where he lies will truſt him no longer, ſhe hath feed me to arreſt him; if you will accompany me, becauſe I know not of what nature the Scholar is, whether deſperate or ſwift, you ſhall ſhare with me, Serjeant *Ravenſhaw*, I have the good Angel to arreſt him.

Rav. Troth I'll take part with thee then, Serjeant, not for the ſake of the Mony ſo much, as for the hate I bear to a Scholar. Why, Serjeant, 'tis natural in us you know to hate Scholars; natural beſides, they will publiſh our Imperfections, Knaveries, and Conveyances upon Scaffolds and Stages.

Put. Ay, and ſpightfully too; troth I have wondred how

the Slaves could ſee into our Breaſts ſo much, when our Doubletsare button'd with Pewter.

Rav. Ay, and ſo cloſe without yielding: oh, they're parlous Fellows, they will ſearch more with their Wits, than a Conſtable with his Officers.

Put. Whiſt, whiſt, whiſt, Yeoman *Dogſon*, Yeoman *Dogſon*.

Dog. Ha? what ſays Serjeant?

Put. Is he in the Pothecaries Shop ſtill?

Dog. Ay, ay.

Put. Have an Eye, have an Eye.

Rav. The beſt is, Serjeant, if he be a true Scholar, he wears no Weapon I think.

Put. No, no, he wears no Weapon.

Rav. Maſs, I am right glad of that: 'thas put me in better Heart: nay, if I clutch him once, let me alone to drag him if he be ſtiff-Necked; I have been one of the ſix my ſelf, that has dragg'd as tall Men of their Hands, when their Weapons have been gone, as ever Baſtinado'd a Serjeant—— I have done I can tell you.

Dog. Serjeant *Puttock*, Serjeant *Puttock*.

Put. Hoh.

Dog. He's coming out ſingle.

Put. Peace, peace, be not too greedy, let him play a little, let him play a little, we'll jerk him up of a ſudden, I ha fiſh'd in my time.

Rav. Ay, and caught many a Fool, Serjeant.

Enter Pye-boord.

Pye. I parted now from *Nicholas*: the Chain's couch'd,
And the old Knight has ſpent his rage upon't,
The Widow holds me in great admiration
For cunning Art: 'mongſt joys, I'm e'en loſt,
For my device can no way now be croſt,
And now I muſt to Priſon to the Captain, and there——

Put. I arreſt you, Sir.

Pye. Oh—— I ſpoke truer than I was aware, I muſt to Priſon indeed.

Put. They ſay you're a Scholar, nay Sir—— Yeoman *Dogſon*, have care to his Arms——you'll rail againſt Serjeants, and ſtage 'em, you tickle their Vices.

Pye. Nay, uſe me like a Gentleman, —— I'm little leſs.

Put.

Put. You a Gentleman? that's a good Jeſt i'faith; can a Scholar be a Gentleman —— when a Gentleman will not be a Scholar; —— look upon your wealthy Citizens Sons, whether they be Scholars or no, that are Gentlemen by their Fathers Trades: a Scholar a Gentleman!

Pye. Nay, let Fortune drive all her ſtings into me, ſhe cannot hurt that in me, a Gentleman, *Accidens inſeparabile* to my Blood.

Rav. A rablement, nay, you ſhall have a bloody rablement upon you I warrant you.

Put. Go, Yeoman *Dogſon*, before, and enter the Action i'th' Counter. [*Exit* Dog.

Pye. Pray do not handle me cruelly, I'll go
Whither you pleaſe to have me.

Put. Oh, he's tame, let him looſe Serjeant.

Pye. Pray at whoſe Suit is this?

Put. Why, at your Hoſteſſes Suit where you lye, Miſtreſs *Cunniburrow*, for Bed and Board, the Sum four Pound five Shillings and five Pence.

Pye. I know the Sum too true, yet I preſum'd
Upon a farther day; well, 'tis my Stars:
And I muſt bear it now, though never harder.
I ſwear now, my device is croſt indeed.
Captain muſt lye by't: this is Deceit's ſeed.

Put. Come, come away.

Pye. Pray give me ſo much time as to knit my Garter, and I'll away with you.

Put. Well, we muſt be paid for this waiting upon you, this is no pains to attend thus [*Making to tie his Garter.*

Pye. I am now wretched and miſerable, I ſhall ne'er recover of this Diſeaſe: hot Iron gnaw their Fiſts: they have ſtruck a Fever into my Shoulder, which I ſhall ne'er ſhake out again I fear me, 'till with a true *Habeas Corpus* the Sexton remove me; oh if I take Priſon once, I ſhall be preſs'd to death with Actions, but not ſo happy as ſpeedily; perhaps I may be forty Year a preſſing 'till I be a thin old Man, that looking through the Grates, Men may look through me; all my Means is confounded, what ſhall I do? has my Wits ſerved me ſo long, and now give me the ſlip (like a train'd Servant) when I have moſt need of 'em: no Device to keep my poor Carcaſe from theſe *Put-*

tocks? —— yes, happineſs, have I a Paper about me now? yes too, I'll try it, it may hit, *Extremity is Touch-ſtone unto Wit*, ay, ay.

Put. 'Sfoot how many yards are in thy Garters, that thou art ſo long a tying on them? come away, Sir.

Pye. Troth Serjeant, I proteſt, you could never ha took me at a worſe time, for now at this inſtant I have no lawful Picture about me.

Put. 'Slid how ſhall we come by our Fees then?

Rav. We muſt have Fees, Sirrah.

Pye. I could have wiſh'd i'faith, that you had took me half an Hour hence for your own ſake, for I proteſt if you had not croſs'd me, I was going in great joy to receive five Pound of a Gentleman, for the Device of a Mask here, drawn in this Paper, but now, come, I muſt be contented, 'tis but ſo much loſt, and anſwerable to the reſt of my Fortunes.

Put. Why, how far hence dwells that Gentleman?

Rav. Ay, well ſaid Serjeant, 'tis good to caſt about for Money.

Put. Speak, if it be not far ——

Pye. We are but a little paſt it, the next Street behind us.

Put. 'Slid we have waited upon you grievouſly already, if you'll ſay you'll be liberal when you ha't, give us double Fees, and ſpend upon's, why we'll ſhow you that kindneſs, and go along with you to the Gentleman.

Rav. Ay, well ſaid ſtill, Serjeant, urge that.

Pye. Troth if it will ſuffice, it ſhall all be among you, for my part I'll not pocket a Penny, my Hoſteſs ſhall have her four Pound five Shillings, and bate me the five Pence, and the other fifteen Shillings I'll ſpend upon you.

Rav. Why, now thou art a good Scholar.

Put. An excellent Scholar i'faith; has proceeded very well alate; come, we'll along with you.

[*Exeunt with him; paſſing in, they knock at the Door with a Knocker withinſide.*

Ser. Who knocks, who's at Door? we had need of a Porter.

Pye. A few Friends here, —— pray is the Gentleman your Maſter within?

Ser.

Ser. Yes, is your buſineſs to him?

Pye. Ay, he knows it, when he ſees me;
I pray you, have you forgot me?

Ser. Ay by my troth, Sir, pray come near, I'll in and tell him of you, pleaſe you to walk here in the Gallery 'till he comes.

Pye. We will attend his Worſhip, —— Worſhip I think, for ſo much the Poſts at his Door ſhould ſignifie, and the fair coming in, and the Wicket, elſe I neither knew him nor his Worſhip, but 'tis happineſs he is within Doors, whatſoe'er he be, if he be not too much a formal Citizen, he may do me good: Serjeant and Yeoman, how do you like this Houſe, is't not moſt wholſomely plotted?

Rav. Troth Priſoner, an exceeding fine Houſe.

Pye. Yet I wonder how he ſhould forget me, for he ne'er knew me: No matter, what is forgot in you, will be remembred in your Maſter.
A pretty comfortable Room this methinks:
You have no ſuch Rooms in Priſon now?

Put. Oh, Dog-holes to't.

Pye. Dog-holes indeed —— I can tell you I have great hope to have my Chamber here ſhortly, nay, and Dyet too, for he's the moſt free-heartedſt Gentleman where he takes: you would little think it. And what a fine Gallery were here for me to walk and ſtudy, and make Verſes?

Put. O, it ſtands pleaſantly for a Scholar.

Enter Gentleman.

Pye. Look what Maps, and Pictures, and Devices, and things, neatly, delicately? Maſs here he comes, he ſhould be a Gentleman, I like his Beard well; ——All happineſs to your Worſhip.

Gent. You're kindly welcome, Sir.

Put. A ſimple ſalutation.

Rav. Maſs, it ſeems the Gentleman makes great account of him.

Gent. I have the thing here for you, Sir.

Pye. I beſeech you, conceal me, Sir, I'm undone elſe,—— I have the Mask here for you, Sir, Look you, Sir,—— I beſeech your Worſhip, firſt pardon my rudeneſs, for my extreams make me bolder than I would be; I am a poor Gentleman, and a Scholar, and now moſt unfortunately fall'n

fall'n into the hands of unmerciful Officers, arreſted for Debt, which though ſmall, I am not able to compaſs, by reaſon I'm deſtitute of Lands, Mony, and Friends, ſo that if I fall into the hungry ſwallow of the Priſon, I am like utterly to periſh, and with Fees and Extortions be pinch'd clean to the Bone: Now, if ever pity had intereſt in the Blood of a Gentleman, I beſeech you vouchſafe but to favour that means of my eſcape, which I have already thought upon.

Gent. Go forward.

Put. I warrant he likes it rarely.

Pye. In the plunge of my Extremities, being giddy, and doubtful what to do; at laſt it was put in my labouring thoughts, to make a happy uſe of this Paper, and to blear their unletter'd Eyes, I told them there was a Device for a Mask drawn in't, and that (but for their interception) I was going to a Gentleman to receive my reward for't: they greedy at this word, and hoping to make purchaſe of me, offer'd their attendance to go along with me, my hap was to make bold with your Door, Sir, which my thoughts ſhew'd me the moſt faireſt and comfortableſt entrance, and I hope I have happened right upon Underſtanding, and Pity: may it pleaſe your good Worſhip then but to uphold my Device, which is to let one of your Men put me out at a Back-door, and I ſhall be bound to your Worſhip for ever.

Gent. By my troth an excellent Device.

Put. An excellent Device, he ſays; he likes it wonderfully.

Gent. A my faith, I never heard a better.

Raven. Hark, he ſwears he never heard a better, Serjeant.

Put. O, there's no talk on't, he's an excellent Scholar, and eſpecially for a Mask.

Gent. Give me your Paper, your Device; I was never better pleas'd in all my Life: good Wit, brave Wit, finely wrought, come in, Sir, and receive your Mony, Sir.

Pye. I'll follow your good Worſhip,——
You heard how he lik'd it now?

Put. Puh, we know he could not chuſe but like it: go thy ways, thou art a fine witty Fellow i'faith, thou ſhalt Diſcourſe it to us at the Tavern anon, wilt thou?

Pye.

Pye. Ay, ay, that I will, —— look, Serjeants, here are Maps, and pretty Toys, be doing in the mean time, I ſhall quickly have told out the Mony, you know.

Put. Go, go, little Villain, fetch thy chink, I begin to love thee, I'll be drunk to Night in thy company.

Pye. This Gentleman I may well call a part
Of my Salvation, in theſe earthly evils,
For he has ſav'd me from three hungry Devils. [*Exit* Pye.

Put. Sirrah Serjeant, theſe Maps are pretty painted things, but I could ne'er fancy them yet, methinks they're too buſie, and full of Circles and Conjurations; they ſay all the World's in one of them, but I could ne'er find the Counter in the *Poultry*.

Rav. I think ſo: how could you find it? for you know it ſtands behind the Houſes.

Dog. Maſs, that's true, then we muſt look o'th' back-ſide for't: 'sfoot here's nothing, all's bare.

Rav. I warrant thee that ſtands for the Counter, for you know there's a company of bare Fellows there.

Put. Faith like enough, Serjeant, I never mark'd ſo much before. Sirrah Serjeant, and Yeoman, I ſhould love theſe Maps out a cry now, if we could ſee Men peep out of Door in 'em, oh, we might have 'em in a Morning to our Breakfaſt ſo finely, and ne'er knock our Heels to the ground a whole Day for 'em.

Rav. Ay marry Sir, I'd buy one my ſelf.
But this talk is by the way, where ſhall's Sup to Night:
Five Pound receiv'd, let's talk of that.
I have a trick worth all, you two ſhall bear him to th' Tavern, whilſt I go cloſe with his Hoſteſs, and work out of her, I know ſhe would be glad of the Sum, to finger Mony; becauſe ſhe knows 'tis but a deſperate Debt, and full of hazard: what will you ſay if I bring it to paſs, that the Hoſteſs ſhall be contented with one half for all, and we to ſhare t'other fifty Shillings, Bullies?

Put. Why, I would call thee King of Serjeants, and thou ſhould'ſt be Chronicled in the Counter-Book for ever.

Rav. Well, put it to me, we'll make a Night on't i'faith.

Dog. 'Sfoot, I think he receives more Mony, he ſtays ſo long.

Put. He tarrys long indeed, may be, I can tell you, upon the good liking on't the Gentleman may prove more bountiful.

Rav. That would be rare, we'll ſearch him.

Put. Nay, be ſure of it, we'll ſearch him, and make him light enough.

Enter the Gentleman.

Rav. Oh, here comes the Gentleman,---By your leave, Sir.

Gent. God you god den Sirs, ——— would you ſpeak with me?

Put. No, not with your Worſhip, Sir; only we are bold to ſtay for a Friend of ours that went in with your Worſhip.

Gent. Who? not the Scholar?

Put. Yes, e'en he, an it pleaſe your Worſhip.

Gent. Did he make you ſtay for him? he did you wrong then: why, I can aſſure you he's gone above an Hour ago.

Rav. How, Sir?

Gent. I paid him his Mony, and my Man told me he went out at Back-door.

Put. Back-door?

Gent. Why, what's the matter?

Put. He was our Priſoner, Sir, we did arreſt him.

Gent. What he was not? you the Sheriff's Officers——— you were to blame then,
Why did not you make known to me as much;
I could have kept him for you, I proteſt,
He receiv'd all of me in *Britain* Gold,
Of the laſt Coyning.

Rav. Vengeance dog him with't.

Put. 'Sfoot has he gull'd us ſo?

Dog. Where ſhall we ſup now, Serjeants?

Put. Sup, *Simon*, now, eat Porridge for a Month. Well, we cannot impute it to any lack of good will in your Worſhip,——you did but as another would have done, 'twas our hard Fortunes to miſs the Purchaſe, but if e'er we clutch him again, the Counter ſhall charm him.

Rav. The Hole ſhall rot him.

Dog. Amen. [*Exeunt.*

Gent. So,

Vex

Vex out your Lungs without Doors, I am proud,
It was my hap to help him, it ſell fit,
He went not empty neither for his Wit:
Alaş, poor Wretch, I could not blame his Brain,
To labour his Delivery, to be free,
From their unpitying fangs,——I'm glad it ſtood
Within my power to do a Scholar good. [*Exit.*

Enter in the Priſon, meeting, Pye-boord *and Captain,* Pye-boord *coming in muffled.*

Capt. How now, who's that? what are you?

Pye. The ſame that I ſhould be, Captain.

Capt. Geore Pye-boord, honeſt *George?* why cam'ſt thou in half fac'd, muffled ſo?

Pye. Oh Captain, I thought we ſhould ne'er ha' laugh'd again, never ſpent frolick Hour again.

Capt. Why? why?

Pye. I coming to prepare thee, and with News
As happy as thy quick Delivery,
Was trac'd out by the ſcent, arreſted, Captain.

Capt. Arreſted, *George?*

Pye. Arreſted; gueſs, gueſs, how many Dogs do you think I'd upon me?

Capt. Dogs? I ſay, I know not.

Pye. Almoſt as many as *George Stone* the Bear:
Three at once, three at once.

Capt. How didſt thou ſhake 'em off then?

Pye. The time is buſie, and calls upon our Wits, let it ſuffice,
Here I ſtand ſafe, and ſcap'd by Miracle:
Some other Hour ſhall tell thee, when we'll ſteep
Our Eyes in laughter: Captain, my device
Leans to thy Happineſs, for e'er the Day
Be ſpent to th' Girdle, thou ſhalt be free:
The Corporal's in's firſt ſleep, the Chain is miſs'd,
Thy Kinſman has expreſt thee, and the old Knight
With Palſey-hams now labours thy releaſe.
What reſts, is all in thee, to Conjure, Captain.

Capt. Conjure? 'sfoot, *George,* you know, the Devil a conjuring I can conjure.

Pye. The Devil of conjuring? nay by my fay, I'd not have thee do ſo much, Captain, as the Devil a conjuring; look

look here, I ha brought thee a Circle ready charactered and all.

Cap. 'Sfoot, *George*, art in thy right Wits, doſt know what thou ſayſt? why doſt talk to a Captain a conjuring? didſt thou ever hear of a Captain conjure in thy Life? doſt call't a Circle? 'tis too wide a thing, methinks; had it been a leſſer Circle, then I knew what to have done.

Pye. Why every Fool knows that, Captain; nay then I'll not cog with you, Captain, if you'll ſtay and hang the next Seſſions you may.

Capt. No, by my Faith, *George*, come, come, let's to conjuring.

Pye. But if you look to be releaſed, as my Wits have took pain to work it, and all means wrought to farther it, beſides to put Crowns in your Purſe, to make you a Man of better hopes, and whereas before you were a Captain or poor Soldier, to make you now a Commander of rich Fools, which is truly the only beſt purchace Peace can allow you, ſafer than High-ways, Heath, or Cony-groves, and yet a far better Booty; for your greateſt Thieves are never hang'd, never hang'd; for why? they're wiſe, and cheat within Doors; and we geld Fools of more Mony in one Night, than your falſe-tail'd Gelding will purchaſe in a Twelve-Months running, which confirms the old Beldams ſaying, He's wiſeſt, that keeps himſelf warmeſt, that is, he that robs by a good Fire.

Capt. Well opened i'faith, *George*, thou haſt pull'd that ſaying out of the Husk.

Pye. Captain *Idle*, 'tis no time now to delude or delay, the old Knight will be here ſuddenly, I'll perfect you, direct you, tell you the trick on't: 'tis nothing.

Capt. 'Sfoot, *George*, I know not what to ſay to't, conjure? I ſhall be hang'd e'er I conjure.

Pye. Nay, tell not me of that, Captain, you'll ne'er conjure after you're hang'd, I warrant you; look you, Sir, a parlous Matter, ſure, firſt to ſpread your Circle upon the Ground, then with a little conjuring Ceremony, as I'll have an Hackney-man's Wand ſilver'd o'er a purpoſe for you, then arriving in the Circle, with a huge Word, and a great Trample, as for inſtance have you never ſeen a ſtalking, ſtamping

ſtamping Player, that will raiſe a tempeſt with his Tongue, and Thunder with his Heels?

Capt. O yes, yes, yes; often, often.

Pye. Why be like ſuch a one? for any thing will blear the old Knight's Eyes; for you muſt note, that He'll ne'er dare to venture into the Room, only perhaps peep fearfully through the Key-hole, to ſee how the Play goes forward.

Capt. Well, I may go about it when I will, but mark the end on't, I ſhall but ſhame my ſelf i'faith, *George*, ſpeak big words, and ſtamp and ſtare, and he look in at Key-hole, why the very thought of that would make me laugh outright, and ſpoil all; nay I'll tell thee, *George*, when I apprehend a thing once, I am of ſuch a laxative Laughter, that if the Devil himſelf ſtood by, I ſhould laugh in his Face.

Pye. Puh, that's but the babe of a Man, and may eaſily be huſh'd, as to think upon ſome diſaſter, ſome ſad Misfortune, as the Death of thy Father i'th' Country.

Capt. 'Sfoot, that would be the more to drive me into ſuch an ecſtaſie, that I ſhould ne'er lin laughing elſe.

Pye. Why then think upon going to hanging.

Capt. Maſs that's well remembered, now I'll do well, I warrant thee, ne'er fear me now; but how ſhall I do, *George*, for boiſterous Words, and horrible Names?

Pye. Puh, any fuſtian Invocations, Captain, will ſerve as well as the beſt, ſo you rant them out well, or you may go to a Pothecary's Shop, and take all the words from the Boxes.

Capt. Troth, and you ſay true, *George*, there's ſtrange words enow to raiſe a hundred Quack-ſalvers, though they be ne'er ſo poor when they begin? but here lyes the fear on't, how if in this falſe Conjuration, a true Devil ſhould pop up indeed.

Pye. A true Devil, Captain? why there was ne'er ſuch a one, nay faith he that has this place, is as falſe a Knave as our laſt Church-warden.

Capt. Then he's falſe enough a Conſcience i'faith *George*.

The

The Cry at Marſhalſea. *Enter Sir* Godfrey, *Mr.* Edmond, *and* Nicholas.

Cry Priſoners. Good Gentlemen over the way, ſend your relief:

Good Gentlemen over the way,——Good, Sir *Godfrey?*

Pye. He's come, he's come.

Nich. Maſter, that's my Kinſman yonder in the Buff-Jerkin—— Kinſman, that's my Maſter yonder i'th Taffaty Hat——pray ſalute him intirely.

[*They ſalute; and* Pye-boord *ſalutes Maſter* Edmond.

Sir God. Now my Friend.

Pye. May I partake your Name, Sir?

Edm. My Name is Maſter *Edmond.*

Pye. Maſter *Edmond*,——are you not a *Welſhman*, Sir?

Edm. A *Welſhman?* why?

Pye. Becauſe Maſter is your Chriſten Name, and *Edmond* your Sir-name.

Edm. O no: I have more names at home, Maſter *Edmond Plus* is my full Name at length.

Pye. O cry you mercy, Sir? [*Whiſpering.*

Capt. I underſtand that you are my Kinſman's good Maſter, and in regard of that, the beſt of my Skill is at your Service; but had you fortun'd a meer Stranger, and made no means to me by acquaintance, I ſhould have utterly denied to have been the Man; both by reaſon of the Act of Parliament againſt Conjurers and Witches, as alſo, becauſe I would not have my Art vulgar, trite, and common.

Sir God. I much commend your care there, good Captain Conjurer, and that I will be ſure to have it private enough, you ſhall do't in my Siſter's Houſe,----mine own Houſe I may call it, for both our charges therein are proportion'd.

Capt. Very good, Sir,----what may I call your loſs, Sir?

Sir God. O you may call't a great Loſs, a grievous Loſs, Sir, as goodly a Chain of Gold, though I ſay it, that wore it; how ſay'ſt thou, *Nicholas?*

Nich. O 'twas as delicious a Chain of Gold, Kinſman, you know——

Sir God. You know, did you know't, Captain?

Capt.

Capt. Truſt a Fool with ſecrets?——Sir, he may ſay I know; his meaning is, becauſe my Art is ſuch, that by it I may gather a knowledge of all Things———

Sir God. Ay, very true.

Capt. A pox of all Fools——the excuſe ſtuck upon my Tongue like Ship-pitch upon a Mariner's Gown, not to come off in haſte——ber-lady, Knight, to loſe ſuch a fair Chain of Gold, were a foul Loſs; Well, I can put you in this good comfort on't, if it be between Heav'n and Earth, Knight, I'll ha't for you.

Sir God. A wonderful Conjurer,—— O I, 'tis between Heav'n and Earth, I warrant you, it cannot go out of the Realm,——I know 'tis ſomewhere about the Earth.

Capt. Ay, nigher the Earth than thou wot'ſt on.

Sir God. For firſt, my Chain was rich, and no rich thing ſhall enter into Heav'n, you know.

Nich. And as for the Devil, Maſter, he has no need on't, for you know he has a great Chain of his own.

Sir God. Thou ſay'ſt true, *Nicholas*, but he has put off that now, that lyes by him.

Capt. Faith, Knight, in few words, I preſume ſo much upon the Power of my Art, that I could warrant your Chain again.

Sir God. O dainty Captain!

Capt. Marry, it will coſt me much ſweat, I were better go to ſixteen Hot-houſes.

Sir God. Ay, good Man, I warrant thee.

Capt. Beſide great Vexation of Kidney and Liver.

Nich. O, 'twill tickle you hereabouts, Couſin, becauſe you have not been us'd to't.

Sir God. No? have you not been us'd to't, Captain?

Capt. Plague of all Fools ſtill;——indeed, Knight, I have not us'd it a good while, and therefore 'twill ſtrain me ſo much the more, you know.

Sir God. O it will, it will.

Capt. What plunges he puts me to? Were not this Knight a Fool, I had been twice ſpoil'd now; that Captain's worſe than accurſt that has an Aſs to his Kinſman, 'sfoot, I fear he will drivel't out before I come to't.——Now, Sir,——to come to the point indeed,———you ſee I ſtick here in the jaw of the *Marſhalſea*, and cannot do't.

Sir

Sir God. Tut, tut, I know thy meaning, thou wouldſt ſay thou'rt a Priſoner, I tell thee thou'rt none.

Capt. How, none? why is not this the *Marſhalſea?*

Sir God. Will't hear me ſpeak? I heard of thy rare Conjuring:
My Chain was loſt, I ſweat for thy Releaſe,
As thou ſhalt do the like at home for me:
Keeper.

Enter Keeper.

Keep. Sir.

Sir God. Speak, is not this Man free?

Keep. Yes, at his Pleaſure, Sir, the Fees diſcharg'd.

Sir God. Go, go, I'll diſcharge them, I.

Keep. I thank your Worſhip. [*Exit Keeper.*

Capt. Now, truſt me, you're a dear Knight; kindneſs unexpected! O there's nothing to a free Gentleman,——— I will conjure for you, Sir, 'till Froth come through my Buff-Jerkin.

Sir God. Nay, then thou ſhalt not paſs with ſo little a Bounty, for at the firſt ſight of my Chain again,———forty five Angels ſhall appear unto thee.

Capt. 'Twill be a glorious ſhow, i'faith, Knight, a very fine ſhow; but are all theſe of your own Houſe? are you ſure of that, Sir?

Sir God. Ay, ay; no, no; what's he yonder talking with my wild Nephew, pray Heav'n he give him good Counſel.

Capt. Who, he? he's a rare Friend of mine, an admirable Fellow, Knight, the fineſt Fortune-teller.

Sir God. O! 'tis he indeed, that came to my Lady Siſter, and foretold the loſs of my Chain; I am not angry with him now, for I ſee 'twas my Fortune to loſe it: By your leave, Mr. Fortune-teller, I had a glimpſe of you at home, at my Siſter's the Widow's, there you propheſied of the loſs of a Chain:——ſimply, though I ſtand here, I was he that loſt it.

Pye. Was it you, Sir?

Edm. A my troth, Nuncle, he's the rareſt Fellow, has told me my Fortune ſo right; I find it ſo right to my nature.

Sir God. What is't? God ſend it a good one.

Edm.

Edm. O, 'tis a paſſing good one, Nuncle; for he ſays I ſhall prove ſuch an excellent Gameſter in my time, that I ſhall ſpend all faſter than my Father got it.

Sir God. There's a Fortune indeed.

Edm. Nay, it hits my humor ſo pat.

Sir God. Ay, that will be the end on't; will the Curſe of the Beggar prevail ſo much, that the Son ſhall conſume that fooliſhly, which the Father got craftily; ay, ay, ay; 'twill, 'twill, 'twill.

Pye. Stay, ſtay, ſtay.

[Pye-boord *with an Almanack, and the Captain.*

Capt. Turn over, *George.*

Pye, June, July; here, *July*, that's the Month, *Sunday* thirteen, Yeſterday fourteen, to Day fifteen.

Capt. Look quickly for the fifteenth Day,——if within the compaſs of theſe two Days there would be ſome boiſterous Storm or other, it would be the beſt, I'd defer him off 'till then; ſome Tempeſt, and it be thy will.

Pye. Here's the fifteenth Day,———hot and fair.

Capt. Puh, would t'ad been, hot and foul.

Pye. The ſixteenth Day, that's to morrow; the Morning for the moſt part, fair and pleaſant.

Capt. No luck.

Pye. But about high-noon, Lightning and Thunder.

Capt. Lightning and Thunder? admirable! beſt of all! I'll conjure to morrow juſt at high-noon, *George.*

Pye. Happen but true to morrow, Almanack, and I'll give thee leave to lye all the Year after.

Capt. Sir, I muſt crave your Patience, to beſtow this Day upon me, that I may furniſh my ſelf ſtrongly,——I ſent a Spirit into *Lancaſhire* t'other Day, to fetch back a Knave-Drover, and I look for his return this Evening——to morrow Morning, my Friend here and I will come and breakfaſt with you.

Sir God. O, you ſhall be moſt welcome.

Capt. And about noon, without fail, I purpoſe to conjure.

Sir God. Mid-noon will be a fit time for you.

Edm. Conjuring? do you mean to conjure at our Houſe to morrow, Sir?

Capt. Marry do I, Sir; 'tis my intent, young Gentleman.

Edm.

Edm. By my troth, I'll love you while I live for't: O rare! *Nicholas*, we ſhall have Conjuring to morrow.

Nich. Puh I, I could ha told you of that.

Capt. Law, he could ha told him of that, Fool, Coxcomb, could ye?

Edm. Do you hear me, Sir, I deſire more acquaintance on you, you ſhall earn ſome Mony of me, now I know you can Conjure; but can you fetch any that is loſt?

Capt. Oh, any thing that's loſt.

Edm. Why look you, Sir, I tell't you as a Friend and a Conjurer; I ſhould marry a Pothecary's Daughter, and 'twas told me, ſhe loſt her Maiden-head at *Stony-Stratford:* Now if you'll do but ſo much as Conjure for't, and make all whole again——

Capt. That I will, Sir.

Edm. By my troth I thank you, la.

Capt. A little merry with your Siſter's Son, Sir.

Sir God. Oh, a ſimple young Man, very ſimple; come Captain, and you, Sir; we'll e'en part with a Gallon of Wine 'till to morrow Break-faſt.

Tip. Capt. Troth, agreed, Sir.

Nich. Kinſman——Scholar.

Pye. Why now thou art a good Knave, worth a hundred Browniſts.

Nich. Am I indeed, la; I thank you heartily, la. [*Exe.*

ACT IV.

Enter Moll, *and Sir* John Penny-Dub.

Dub. BUT I hope you will not ſerve a Knight ſo, Gentlewoman, will you? to caſheer him, and caſt him off at your Pleaſure; what do you think I was dubb'd for nothing, no by my Faith, Lady's Daughter.

Moll. Pray Sir *John Penny-Dub*, let it be defer'd a-while, I have a Heart to marry as you can have; but as the Fortune-teller told me.

Dub. Pax o'th' Fortune-teller, would *Derrick* had been his Fortune ſeven Year ago, to croſs my Love thus; did he know

know what caſe I was in? why this is able to make a Man drown himſelf in's Father's Fiſh-Pond.

Moll. And then he told me moreover, Sir *John*, that the Breach of it kept my Father in Purgatory.

Dub. In Purgatory? why let him purge out his Heart there, what have we to do with that? there's Phyſicians enow there to caſt his Water, is that any Matter to us? how can he hinder our Love? why let him be hang'd now he's dead? ---- Well, have I rid Poſt Day and Night, to bring you merry News of my Father's Death, and now ----

Moll. Thy Father's Death? is the old Farmer dead?

Dub. As dead as his Barn-Door, *Moll.*

Moll. And you'll keep your Word with me now, Sir *John*, that I ſhall have my Coach and my Coachman?

Dub. Ay faith.

Moll. And two white Horſes with black Feathers to draw it?

Dub. Too.

Moll. A guarded Lackey to run befor't, and py'd Liveries to come traſhing after't.

Dub. Thou ſhalt, *Moll.*

Moll. And to let me have Mony in my Purſe to go whither I will.

Dub. All this.

Moll. Then come, whatſoe'er comes on't, we'll be made ſure together before the Maids o'th' Kitchen. [*Exit.*

Enter Widow, Frances *and* Frailty.

Wid. How now? where's my Brother Sir *Godfrey*? went he forth this Morning?

Frail. O no Madam, he's above at Breakfaſt, with Sir Reverence a Conjurer.

Wid. A Conjurer? what manner of Fellow is he?

Frail. Oh, a wondrous rare Fellow, Miſtreſs, very ſtrongly made upward, for he goes in a Buff-Jerkin; he ſays he will fetch Sir *Godfrey*'s Chain again, if it hang between Heaven and Earth.

Wid. What! he will not? then he's an exlent Fellow I warrant; how happy were that Woman to be bleſt with ſuch a Husband, a Man cunning? how do's he look, *Frailty?* very ſwartly I warrant, with black Beard, ſcorcht Cheeks, and ſmoaky Eye-brows.

Frail. Foh —— he's neither ſmoak-dryed, nor ſcorcht, nor black, nor nothing, I tell you, Madam, he looks as fair to ſee to as one of us ; I do think, but if you ſaw him once, you'd take him to be a Chriſtian.

Fran. So fair, and yet ſo cunning, that's to be wondred at, Mother.

Enter Sir Oliver Muckhill, *and Sir* Andrew Tipſtaffe.

Muck. Bleſs you, ſweet Lady.

Tip. And you, fair Miſtreſs. [*Exit* Frailty.

Wid. Coades, what do you mean, Gentlemen ? Fie, did I not give you your Anſwers ?

Muck. Sweet Lady ?

Wid. Well, I will not ſtick with you for a Kiſs; Daughter, kiſs the Gentleman for once.

Fran. Yes Forſooth.

Tip. I'm proud of ſuch a Favour.

Wid. Truly la, Sir *Oliver*, you're much too blame to come again when you know my Mind ſo well delivered —— as a Widow could deliver a thing.

Muck. But I expect a farther Comfort, Lady.

Wid. Why la you now, did I not deſire you to put off your Suit quite and clean when you came to me again ? how ſay you ? did I not ?

Muck. But the ſincere Love which my Heart bears to you ——

Wid. Go to, I'll cut you off: and Sir *Oliver* to put you in Comfort, afar off, my Fortune is read me, I muſt marry again.

Muck. O bleſt Fortune !

Wid. But not as long as I can chuſe; nay, I'll hold out well.

Enter Frailty.

Frail. O Madam, Madam.

Wid. How now ? what's the haſte ? [*In her Ear.*

Tip. Faith, Miſtreſs *Frances*, I'll maintain you gallantly, I'll bring you to Court, wean you among the fair Society of Ladies poor Kinſwomen of mine in Cloth of Silver, beſide you ſhall have your Monkey, your Parrot, your Muſkat, and your Piſs, Piſs, Piſs.

Fran. It will do very well.

Wid.

Wid. What, do's he mean to Conjure here then? how ſhall I do to be rid of theſe Knights, —— pleaſe you, Gentlemen, to walk a while i'th' Garden, to gather a Pink, or a Gilly-flower.

Both. With all our Hearts, Lady, and count us favour'd. [*Exeunt.*

Sir God. within.] Step in, *Nicholas*, look, is the Coaſt clear?

Nich. Oh, as clear as a Carter's Eye, Sir.

Sir God. Then enter Captain Conjurer; —— now —— how like you our Room, Sir?

Enter Sir Godfrey, *Captain*, Pye-boord, Edmond, *and* Nicholas.

Cap. O wonderful convenient.

Edm. I can tell you, Captain, ſimply though it lies here, 'tis the faireſt Room in my Mother's Houſe, as dainty a room to Conjure in, methinks, —— why you may bid, I cannot tell how many Devils welcome in't; my Father has had twenty in't at once!

Pye. What, Devils?

Edm. Devils, no Deputies, and the wealthieſt Men he could get.

Sir God. Nay, put by your Chats now, fall to your Buſineſs roundly, the Feſcue of the Dial is upon the Chriſcroſs of Noon; but oh, hear me, Captain, a qualm comes o'er my Stomach.

Cap. Why, what's the Matter, Sir?

Sir God. Oh, how if the Devil ſhould prove a Knave and tear the Hangings.

Cap. Fuh, I warrant you, Sir *Godfrey.*

Edm. Ay, Nunkle, or ſpit Fire upo'th' Sealing.

Sir God. Very true too, for 'tis but thin Plaiſtered, and 'twill quickly take hold a' the Laths; and if he chance to ſpit downward too, he will burn all the Boards.

Cap. My Life for yours, *Sir Godfrey.*

Sir God. My Siſter is very curious and dainty o'er this Room, I can tell you, and therefore if he muſt needs ſpit, I pray deſire him to ſpit i'th' Chimney.

Pye. Why, aſſure you, Sir *Godfrey*, he ſhall not be brought up with ſo little Manners, to ſpit and ſpawl a'th' floor.

Sir God. Why I thank you, good Captain, pray have a care I, —— fall to your Circle, we'll not trouble you I warrant you, come, we'll into the next room, and becauſe we'll be ſure to keep him out there, we'll bar up the Door with ſome of the Godlies Zealous Works.

Edm. That will be a fine Device, Nuncle; and becauſe the ground ſhall be as holy as the Door, I'll tear two or three Roſaries in pieces, and ſtrew the Pieces about the Chamber; Oh! the Devil already. [*Runs in. Thunders.*

Pye. 'Sfoot, Captain, ſpeak ſomewhat for ſhame; it Lightens and Thunders before thou wilt begin, why when?

Cap. Pray Peace, *George*, —— thou'lt make me laugh anon, and ſpoil all.

Pye. Oh, now it begins again; now, now, now! Captain.

Cap. Rhumbos-ragdayon, pur, pur, colucundrion, Hois-Polis.

Sir God. through the Key-hole, within.] Oh admirable Conjurer! has fetcht Thunder already.

Pye. Hark, hark, again Captain.

Cap. Benjamino, gaſpois-kay-goſgothoteron-umbrois.

Sir God. Oh, I would the Devil would come away quickly, he has no Conſcience to put a Man to ſuch Pain.

Pye. Again.

Cap. Flowſte kak opumpos-dragone-leloomenos-hodge podge.

Pye. Well ſaid, Captain.

Sir God. So long a coming? O would I had ne'er begun't now, for I fear me theſe roaring Tempeſts will deſtroy all the Fruits of the Earth, and tread upon my Corn —— oh, i'th' Country.

Cap. Gog de gog, hobgoblin, huncks, hounſlow, hockley te coome park.

Wid. O Brother, Brother, what a Tempeſt's i'th' Garden, ſure there's ſome Conjuration abroad.

Sir God. 'Tis at home, Siſter.

Pye. By and by I'll ſtep in, Captain.

Cap. Nunck Nunck Rip-Gaſcoines, Ips, Drip-Dropite.

Sir God. He drips and drops, poor Man; alas, alas.

Pye. Now, I come.

Cap. O *Sulphure Sootface.*

Pye. Arch-Conjurer, what would'ſt thou with me?

Sir

Sir God. O, the Devil, Siſter, i'th' Dining-Chamber; ſing, Siſter, I warrant you that will keep him out; quickly, quickly. [*Goes in.*

Pye. So, ſo, ſo; I'll releaſe thee; enough Captain, enough; allow us ſome time to laugh a little, they're ſhuddering and ſhaking by this time, as if an Earthquake were in their Kidneys.

Cap. Sirrah *George*, how was't, how was't? did I do't well enough?

Pye. Woult believe me, Captain, better than any Conjurer, for here was no harm in this; and yet their horrible expectation ſatisfied well, you were much beholding to Thunder and Lightning at this time, it grac'd you well, I can tell you.

Cap. I muſt needs ſay ſo, *George*, Sirrah if we could ha' convey'd hither cleanly a Cracker, or a Fire-wheel, t'ad been admirable.

Pye. Blurt, blurt, there's nothing remains to put thee to pain now, Captain.

Cap. Pain? I proteſt, *George*, my Heels are ſorer than a Whiſon Morris-dancer's.

Pye. All's paſt now, ——— only to reveal that the Chain's i'th' Garden, where, thou know'ſt, it has lain theſe two Days.

Cap. But I fear, that Fox *Nicholas* has reveal'd it already.

Pye. Fear not, Captain, you muſt put to it th' venture now: Nay 'tis time, call upon 'em, take pity on 'em, for I believe ſome of 'em are in a pitiful Caſe by this time.

Cap. Sir *Godfrey*, *Nicholas*, Kinſman, ——— 'sfoot they're faſt at it ſtill; *George*, Sir *Godfrey?*

Sir God. Oh, is that the Devil's Voice? how comes he to know my Name?

Cap. Fear not, Sir *Godfrey*, all's quieted.

Sir God. What, is he laid?

Cap. Laid; and has newly dropt
Your Chain i'th' Garden.

Sir God. I'th Garden! in our Garden?

Cap. Your Garden.

Sir God. O ſweet Conjurer! whereabouts there?

Cap. Look well about a Bank of Roſemary.

Sir God. Sister, the Rosemary-bank, come, come; there's my Chain, he says.

Wid. Oh, happiness! run, run. [*Supposeth to go.*

Edm. Captain Conjurer? [Edm. *at key-hole.*

Cap. Who? Master *Edmond?*

Edm. Ay, Master *Edmond*; may I come in safely without Danger, think you?

Cap. Puh, long ago, it is all as 'twas at first; Fear nothing, pray come near, ——— how now, Man?

Edm. Oh! this Room's mightily hot i'faith; 'slid, my shirt sticks to my Belly already; what a steam the Rogue has left behind him? Foh, this room must be air'd, Gentlemen, it smells horribly of Brimstone, ——— let's open the Windows.

Pye. Faith, Master *Edmond*, 'tis but your Conceit.

Edm. I would you could make me believe that, i'faith, who do you think I cannot smell his Savour, from another; yet I take it kindly from you, because you would not put me in a Fear, i'faith; a my Troth I shall love you for this the longest Day of my Life.

Cap. Puh, 'tis nothing, Sir, love me when you see more.

Edm. Mass, now remember, I'll look whether he has sindged the Hangings, or no.

Pye. Captain, to entertain a little sport till they come; make him believe, you'll charm him invisible, he's apt to admire any thing, you see, let me alone to give force to't.

Cap. Go, retire to yonder end then.

Edm. I protest you are a rare Fellow, are you not?

Cap. O Master *Edmond*, you know but the least part of me yet; why now at this Instant I could flourish my Wand thrice o'er your Head, and charm you invisible.

Edm. What you could not? make me walk invisible Man? I should laugh at that i'faith; troth I'll requite your Kindness; an you'll do't, good Captain Conjurer.

Cap. Nay, I should hardly deny you such a small kindness, Master *Edmond Plus*, why, look you, Sir, 'tis no more but this, and thus agen, and now y'are invisible.

Edm. Am I faith? who would think it?

Cap.

Cap. You ſee the Fortune-teller yonder at farther end o'th' Chamber, go toward him, do what you will with him, he ſhall ne'er find you.

Edm. Say you ſo, I'll try that i'faith ---- [*Juſtles him.*

Pye. Hoe now Captain? who's that juſtled me?

Cap. Juſtled you? I ſaw no body.

Edm. Ha, ha, ha, ——— ſay 'twas a Spirit.

Cap. Shall I? ——— may be ſome Spirit that haunt the Circle.

Pye. O my Noſe, agen, pray conjure then, Captain, [*Pulls him by the Noſe.*

Edm. Troth this is exlent, I may do any Knavery now and never be ſeen, ----- and now I remember me, Sir *Godfrey* my Uncle abus'd me t'other day, and told Tales of me to my Mother ——— Troth now I'm inviſible, I'll hit him a round whirrit a'th'ear, when he comes out a'th'garden, ---- I may be reveng'd on him now finely.

Enter Sir Godfrey, *Widow*, Frances, Nicholas *with the Chain.*

Sir God. I have my Chain again, my Chain's found again. [Edmond *ſtrikes him.*

O ſweet Captain, O admirable Conjurer.

O, what mean you by that, Nephew?

Edm. Nephew? I hope you do not know me, Uncle?

Wid. Why did you ſtrike your Uncle, Son?

Edm. Why, Captain, am I not inviſible?

Cap. A good jeſt, *George*, ——— not now you are not, Sir, Why did not you ſee me, when I did uncharm you?

Edm. Not I, by my troth, Captain;
Then pray you pardon me, Uncle,
I thought I'd been inviſible when I ſtruck you.

Sir God. So, you would do't? go, --- you're a fooliſh Boy,
And were I not o'ercome with greater Joy,
I'd make you taſte Correction.

Edm. Correction, puſh ——— no, neither you nor my Mother, ſhall think to whip me as you have done.

Sir God. Captain, my joy is ſuch, I know not how to thank you, let me embrace you, O my ſweet Chain, gladneſs e'en makes me giddy, rare Man; 'twas juſt i'th' Roſemary-bank, as if one ſhould ha laid it there, ——— O cunning, cunning!

Wid. Well, seeing my Fortune tells me I must marry ; let me marry a Man of Wit, a Man of Parts, here's a worthy Captain, and 'tis a fine Title truly la to be a Captain's Wife, a Captain's Wife, it goes very finely, beside all the World knows that a worthy Captain is a fit Companion to any Lord, then why not a sweet Bed-fellow for any Lady, ——— I'll have it so ———

Enter Frailty.

Frail. O Mistress, Gentlemen, there's the bravest Sight coming along this way.

Wid. What brave Sight ?

Frail. O, one going to burying, and another going to Hanging.

Wid. A rueful Sight.

Pye. 'Sfoot, Captain, I'll pawn my Life the Corporal's Coffin'd, and old *Skirmish* the Soldier going to Execution, and 'tis now about the time of his waking ; hold out a little longer, sleepy Potion, and we shall have exlent Admiration ; for I'll take upon me the Cure of him.

Enter the Coffin of the Corporal, the Soldier bound, and led by Officers, the Sheriff there.

Frail. O here they come, here they come !

Pye. Now must I close secretly with the Soldier, prevent his impatience, or else all's discovered.

Wid. O lamentable seeing, these were these Brothers, that fought and bled before our door.

Sir God. What, they were not, Sister ?

Skir. George, look to't, I'll peach at *Tiburn* else.

Pye. Mum ——— Gentles all, vouchsafe me Audience, and you especially, Master Sheriff :

Yon Man is bound to Execution,
Because he wounded this that now lyes cofin'd.

Sher. True, true, he shall have the Law, ——— and I know the Law.

Pye. But under Favour, Master Sheriff, if this Man had been cur'd and safe again, he should have been releas'd then ?

Sher. Why, make you Question of that, Sir ?

Pye. Then I release him freely, and will take upon me the Death that he should die, if within a little Season I do not cure him to his proper Health again.

Sher.

Sher. How, Sir? recover a dead Man?
That were moſt ſtrange of all. [Frances *comes to him.*

Fran. Sweet Sir, I love you dearly, and could wiſh my beſt part yours,——O do not undertake ſuch an impoſſible venture.

Pye. Love you me? then for your ſweet ſake I'll do't: Let me entreat the Corps to be ſet down.

Sher. Bearers, ſet down the Coffin,——this is wonderful, and worthy *Stow*'s Chronicle.

Pye. I pray beſtow the freedom of the Air upon our wholſome Art,——Maſs his Cheeks begin to receive natural warmth: Nay, good Corporal, wake betime, or I ſhall have a longer Sleep than you,——'ſfoot, if he ſhould prove dead indeed now, he were fully reveng'd upon me for making a Property on him, yet I had rather run upon the Ropes, than have the Rope like a Tetter run upon me, O——he ſtirs——he ſtirs again——look, Gentlemen, he recovers, he ſtarts, he riſes.

Sher. Oh, oh, defend us——out, alas.

Pye. Nay, pray be ſtill; you'll make him more giddy elſe,——he knows no Body yet.

Corp. Zowns; where am I? cover'd with Snow? I marvel?

Pye. Nay, I knew he would Swear the firſt thing he did, as ſoon as he came to Life again.

Corp. 'Sfoot, Hoſteſs——ſome hot Porridge,——oh, ho, lay on a dozen of Faggots in the Moon Parlour, there.

Pye. Lady, you muſt needs take a little pity of him i'faith, and ſend him into your Kitchen Fire.

Wid. O, with all my Heart, Sir *Nicholas* and *Frailty*, help to bear him in.

Nich. Bear him in, quotha, pray call in the Maids, I ſhall ne'er have the Heart to do't, indeed la.

Frail. Nor I neither, I cannot abide to handle a Ghoſt, of all Men.

Corp. 'Sloud, let me ſee, where was I drunk laſt Night? hah——

Wid. O, ſhall I bid you once again take him away?

Frail. Why, we're as fearful as you, I warrant you——oh——

Wid.

Wid. Away, Villains, bid the Maids make him a Cawdle presently to settle his Brain-----or a Posset of Sack, quickly, quickly. [*Exeunt, pushing in the Corps.*

Sher. Sir, whatsoe'er you are, I do more than admire you.

Wid. O I, if you knew all, Master Sheriff, as you shall do, you would say then, that here were two of the rarest Men within the Walls of Christendom.

Sher. Two of 'em, O wonderful: Officers, I discharge you, set him free, all's in tune.

Sir God. Ay, and a Banquet ready by this time, Master Sheriff, to which I most cheerfully invite you, and your late Prisoner there: See you this goodly Chain, Sir, mum, no more Words, 'twas lost and is found again; come, my inestimable Bullies, we'll talk of your Noble Acts in sparkling Charnico, and instead of a Jester, we'll ha the Ghost i'th' white Sheet sit at upper end o'th' Table.

Sher. Exlent, merry Man, i'faith. [*Exit.*

Fran. Well, seeing I am enjoin'd to love, and marry,
My foolish Vow thus I cashеer to Air
Which first begot it,————now, Love, play thy part;
The Scholar reads his Lecture in my Heart. [*Exeunt.*

ACT V. SCENE I.

Enter in haste Master Edmond *and* Frailty.

Edm. THIS is the Marriage-morning for my Mother and my Sister.

Frail. O me, Master *Edmond*, we shall have rare doings.

Edm. Nay go, *Frailty*, run to the Sexton, you know my Mother will be married at Saint *Antlings*, hie thee, 'tis past five, bid them open the Church-door, my Sister is almost ready.

Frail. What already, Master *Edmond?*

Edm. Nay, go hie thee, first run to the Sexton, and run to the Clerk, and then run to Master *Pigman* the Parson, and then run to the Milliner, and then run home again.

Frail.

Frail. Here's run, run, run——

Edm. But hark, *Frailty.*

Frail. What, more yet?

Edm. Have the Maids remembred to ſtrew the way to the Church.

Frail. Foh, an hour ago I help'd 'em my ſelf.

Edm. Away, away, away, away then.

Frail. Away, away, away, away then. [*Exit* Frailty.

Edm. I ſhall have a ſimple Father-in-law, a brave Captain, able to beat all our Street: Captain *Idle*, now my Lady Mother will be fitted for a delicate Name, my Lady *Idle*, my Lady *Idle*, the fineſt Name that can be for a Woman, and then the Scholar, Maſter *Pye-boord* for my Siſter *Frances*, that will be Miſtreſs *Frances Pye-boord*, Miſtreſs *Frances Pye-boord*, they'll keep a good Table, I warrant you: Now all the Knights Noſes are put out of joint, they may go to a Boneſetters now.

Enter Captain, and Pye-boord.

Hark, hark; O who comes here with two Torches before 'em, my ſweet Captain, and my fine Scholar? O how bravely they are ſhot up in one Night, they look like fine *Britains* now methinks, here's a gallant change i'faith; 'ſlid, they have hir'd Men and all by the Clock.

Capt. Maſter *Edmond*, kind, honeſt, dainty Maſter *Edmond.*

Edm. Foh, ſweet Captain Father-in-law, a rare perfume i'faith.

Pye. What, are the Brides ſtirring? may we ſteal upon 'em, think'ſt thou, Maſter *Edmond*?

Edm. Faw, they're e'en upon readineſs, I can aſſure you; for they were at their Torch e'en now, by the ſame token I tumbled down the Stairs.

Pye. Alas, poor Maſter *Edmond.*

Enter Muſicians.

Capt. O, the Muſicians! I prethee, Maſter *Edmond*, call 'em in, and liquor 'em a little.

Edm. That I will, ſweet Captain Father-in-law, and make each of them as drunk as a common Fidler. [*Exeunt.*

Enter

Enter Sir John Penny-Dub, *and* Moll *above lacing of her Cloaths.*

Dub. Whewh, Miſtreſs *Moll*, Miſtreſs *Moll.*

Moll. Who's there?

Dub. 'Tis I.

Moll. Who, Sir *John Penny-Dub?* O you're an early Cock i'faith, who would have thought you to be ſo rare a ſtirrer?

Dub. Prethee, *Moll*, let me come up.

Moll. No by my Faith, Sir *John*, I'll keep you down, for you Knights are very dangerous, if once you get above.

Dub. I'll not ſtay i'faith.

Moll. I'faith you ſhall ſtay; for, Sir *John*, you muſt note the nature of the Climates: Your Northern Wench in her own Country may well hold out 'till ſhe be fifteen, but if ſhe touch the South once, and come up to *London*, here the Chimes go preſently after twelve.

Dub. O thou'rt a mad Wench, *Moll*, but I prethee make haſte, for the *Prieſt* is gone before.

Moll. Do you follow him, I'll not be long after.

[*Exeunt.*

Enter Sir Oliver Muck-hill, *Sir* Andrew Tipſtaff, *and old* Skirmiſh *talking.*

Muck. O monſtrous unheard of Forgery!

Tip. Knight, I never heard of ſuch Villany in our own Country, in my Life.

Muck. Why, 'tis impoſſible, dare you maintain your Words?

Skir. Dare we? e'en to their wezen Pipes; we know all their Plots, they cannot ſquander with us, they have knaviſhly abus'd us, made only Properties on's to advance their ſelves upon our Shoulders, but they ſhall rue their Abuſes, this Morning they are to be married.

Muck. 'Tis too true, yet if the Widow be not too much beſotted on Slights and Forgeries, the Revelation of their Villanies will make 'em loathſome, and to that end, be it in private to you, I ſent late laſt Night to an Honourable Perſonage, to whom I am much indebted in kindneſs, as he is to me, and therefore preſume upon the payment of his Tongue, and that he will lay out good words for me,

and

and to ſpeak Truth, for ſuch needful Occaſions, I only preſerve him in Bond, and ſometimes he may do me more good here in the City by a free Word of his Mouth, than if he had paid one half in Hand, and took Doomſday for t'other.

Tip. In troth, Sir, without ſoothing be it ſpoken, you have publiſh'd much Judgment in theſe few Words.

Muck. For you know, what ſuch a Man utters will be thought effectual, and to weighty purpoſe, and therefore into his Mouth we'll put the approved Theme of their Forgeries.

Skir. And I'll maintain it, Knight, if ſhe'll be true.

Enter a Servant.

Muck. How now, Fellow.

Ser. May it pleaſe you, Sir, my Lord is newly lighted from his Coach.

Muck. Is my Lord come already? his Honour's early;
You ſee he loves me well; up before Heaven,
Truſt me, I have found him Night-capt at eleven:
There's good hope yet; come, I'll relate all to him.

[*Exeunt.*

Enter the two Bridegrooms, Captain and Scholar. After them, Sir Godfrey *and* Edmond, *Widow chang'd in Apparel, Miſtreſs* Frances *led between two Knights: Sir* John Penny-Dub *and* Moll; *there meets them a Nobleman, Sir* Oliver Muck-hill, *and Sir* Andrew Tipſtaff.

Nob. By your leave, Lady.

Wid. My Lord, your Honour is moſt chaſtly welcome.

Nob. Madam, though I came now from Court, I come not to flatter you; upon whom can I juſtly caſt this Blot, but upon your own Forehead, that know not Ink from Milk, ſuch is the blind beſotting in the ſtate of an unheaded Woman that's a Widow. For it is the property of all you that are Widows (a Handful excepted) to hate thoſe that honeſtly and carefully love you, to the maintenance of Credit, State, and Poſterity, and ſtrongly to doat on thoſe, that only love you to undo you; and regard you leaſt, are beſt regarded; who hate you moſt, are beſt beloved. And if there be but one Man amongſt ten thouſand Millions of Men, that is accurſt, diſaſtrous,

and

and evilly Planeted; whom Fortune beats moſt, whom God hates moſt, and all Societies eſteem leaſt, that Man is ſure to be a Husband——Such is the peeviſh Moon that rules your Bloods. An impudent Fellow beſt woes you, a flattering Lip beſt wins you, or in mirth, who talks roughlieſt, is moſt ſweeteſt; nor can you diſtinguiſh Truth from Forgeries, Miſts from Simplicity; witneſs thoſe two deceitful Monſters, that you have entertain'd for Bridegrooms.

Wid. Deceitful——

Pye. All will out.

Cap. 'Sfoot, who was blab'd, *George?* that fooliſh *Nicholas.*

Nob. For what they have beſotted your eaſie Blood withal, were nought but Forgeries, the Fortune-telling for Huſbands, and the Conjuring for the Chain; Sir *Godfrey* heard the falſhood of all; nothing but meer Knavery, Deceit and Couzenage.

Wid. O wonderful! indeed I wondred that my Huſband with all his Craft, could not keep himſelf out of Purgatory.

Sir God. And I more wonder, that my Chain ſhould be gone, and my Taylor had none of it.

Moll. And I wondred moſt of all, that I ſhould be tied from Marriage, having ſuch a mind to't; come Sir *John Penny-Dub*, fair Weather on our ſide, the Moon has chang'd ſince Yeſternight.

Pye. The ſting of every evil is within me.

Nob. And that you may perceive I feign not with you, behold their Fellow-actor in thoſe Forgeries, who full of Spleen and Envy at their ſo ſudden Advancements, reveal'd all their Plot in anger.

Pye. Baſe Soldier, to reveal us.

Wid. Is't poſſible we ſhould be blinded ſo, and our Eyes open?

Nob. Widow, will you now believe that falſe, which too ſoon you believ'd true?

Wid. O, to my ſhame, I do.

Sir God. But under favour, my Lord, my Chain was truly loſt, and ſtrangely found again.

Nob. Reſolve him of that, Soldier,

Skir.

Skir. In few words, Knight, then thou wert the Arch-Gull of all.

Sir God. How, Sir?

Skir. Nay I'll prove it: For the Chain was but hid in the Roſemary-bank all this while, and thou gotſt him out of Priſon to Conjure for it, who did it admirably fuſtianly, for indeed what needed any others, when he knew where it was?

Sir God. O Villany of Villains! but how came my Chain there?

Skir. Where's Truly la, indeed la? he that will not Swear, but Lye; he that will not Steal, but Rob: Pure *Nicholas Saint Antlings.*

Sir God. O Villain! one of our Society,
Deem'd always Holy, Pure, Religious:
A Puritan, a Thief? when was't ever heard?
Sooner we'll kill a Man, than Steal, thou know'ſt.
Out Slave, I'll rend my Lion from thy Back——
With mine own Hands.

Nich. Dear Maſter, oh.

Nob. Nay Knight, dwell in patience.
And now, Widow, being ſo near the Church, 'twere great pity, nay uncharity, to ſend you home again without a Huſband: Draw near, you of true Worſhip, State and Credit: That ſhould not ſtand ſo far off from a Widow, and ſuffer forged Shapes to come between you. Not that in theſe I blemiſh the true Title of a Captain, or blot the fair margent of a Scholar, for I honour worthy and deſerving parts in the one, and cheriſh fruitful Virtues in the other. Come Lady, and you Virgin, beſtow your Eyes and your pureſt Affections, upon Men of Eſtimation, both in Court and City, that have long woed you, and both with their Hearts and Wealth ſincerely love you.

Sir God. Good Siſter, do: Sweet little *Frank* theſe are Men of Reputation, you ſhall be welcome at Court; a great Credit for a Citizen, ſweet Siſter.

Nob. Come, her ſilence does conſent to't.

Wid. I know not with what Face.

Nob. Pah, pah, with your own Face, they deſire no other.

Wid.

Wid. Pardon me, worthy Sirs, I and my Daughter have wrong'd your Loves.

Muck. 'Tis eaſily pardon'd, Lady,
If you vouchſafe it now.

Wid. With all my Soul.

Fran. And I, with all my Heart.

Moll. And I, Sir *John*, with Soul, Heart, Lights and all.

Sir God. They are all mine, *Moll.*

Nob. Now Lady:
What honeſt Spirit, but will applaud your choice,
And gladly furniſh you with Hand and Voice:
A happy change, which makes e'en Heav'n rejoice.
Come, enter in your Joys, you ſhall not want,
For Fathers, now I doubt it not, believe me,
But that you ſhall have Hands enough to give me.

[*Exeunt omnes.*

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A

YORKSHIRE

TRAGEDY.

Printed in the YEAR 1709.

Dramatis Perſonæ.

H*Usband.*

Maſter of a College.

Knight, *a Juſtice of Peace.*

Oliver,
Ralph, } *Serving-men.*
Samuel,

Other Servants, and Officers.

Wife.

Maid-ſervant.

A little Boy.

A

Yorkshire Tragedy.

ACT I. SCENE I.

Enter Oliver, *and* Ralph, *two Serving-men.*

OLIVER.

SIrrah *Ralph*, my young Mistress is in such a pitiful passionate Humour for the long Absence of her Love.

Ralph. Why, can you blame her? why, Apples hanging longer on the Tree than when they are ripe, makes so many fallings, *viz.* Mad Wenches, because they are not gathered in time, are fain to drop of themselves, and then 'tis common you know for every Man to take them up.

Oliv. Mass thou sayest true, 'tis common indeed, but Sirrah, is neither our young Master return'd, nor our fellow *Sam* come from *London*?

Ralph. Neither of either, as the *Puritan* Bawd says. 'Slid I hear *Sam*, *Sam*'s come, here tarry, come i'faith, now my Nose itches for News.

Oliv. And so doth mine Elbow.

Sam *calls within.* Where are you there?

Enter Sam, *furnish'd with things from* London.

Sam. Boy, look you walk my Horse with Discretion, I have rid him simply, I warrant his Skin sticks to his Back with very Heat, if he should catch cold and get the Cough of the Lungs, I were well served, were I not? What *Ralph* and *Oliver?*

Amb. Honest Fellow *Sam*, welcome i'faith, what Tricks hast thou brought from *London?*

Sam. You see I am hang'd after the truest Fashion, three Hats, and two Glasses bobbing upon them, two rebato Wyers upon my Breast, a Cap-case by my side, a Brush at my back, an Almanack in my Pocket, and three Ballads in my Codpiece. Nay, I am the true Picture of a common Serving-man.

Oliv. I'll swear thou art, thou may'st set up when thou wilt, there's many a one begins with less I can tell thee, that proves a rich Man e'er he dyes; but what's the News from *London*, *Sam?*

Ralph. Ay, that's well said, what is the News from *London*, Sirrah? My young Mistress keeps such a puling for her Love.

Sam. Why the more Fool she, ay, the more ninny-hammer she.

Oliv. Why, *Sam*, why?

Sam. Why, he is married to another long ago.

Amb. Faith, ye jest.

Sam. Why, did you not know that 'till now? Why, he's Married, beats his Wife, and has two or three Children by her. For you must note, that any Woman bears the more when she is beaten.

Ralph. Ay, that's true, for she bears the Blows.

Oliv. Sirrah, *Sam*, I would not for two Years Wages my young Mistress knew so much, she'd run upon the left Hand of her Wit, and ne'er he her own Woman again.

Sam. And I think she was blest in her Cradle, that he never came in her Bed; why, he has consum'd all, pawn'd his Lands, and made his University Brother stand in wax for him: There's a fine Phrase for a Scrivener, puh, he owes more than his Skin is worth.

Oliv. Is't possible?

Sam.

Sam. Nay, I'll tell you moreover, he calls his Wife Whore, as familiarly as one would call *Moll* and *Doll*, and Children Bastards, as naturally as can be ---- But what have we here? I thought 'twas something pull'd down my Breeches; I quite forgot my two poking Sticks, these came from *London*, now any thing is good here that comes from *London*.

Oliv. Ay, far fetcht you know.

Sam. But speak in your Conscience i'faith, have not we as good poking Sticks i'th' Country as need to be put i'th' Fire, the Mind of a thing is all, and as thou saidst even now, far fetch'd are the best things for Ladies.

Oliv. Ay, and for Waiting-Gentlewomen too.

Sam. But *Ralph*, is our Beer sowre this Thunder?

Ralph. No, no, it holds Countenance yet.

Sam. Why then follow me, I'll teach you the finest Humour to be Drunk in, I learn'd it at *London* last week.

Amb. Faith let's hear it, let's hear it.

Sam. The bravest Humour, 'twould do a Man good to be drunk in it, they call it Knighting in *London*, when they drink upon their Knees.

Amb. Faith that's excellent.

Sam. Come follow me, I'll give you all the Degrees of it in order. [*Exeunt.*

Enter Wife.

Wife. What will become of us? all will away.
My Husband never ceases in expence,
Both to consume his Credit and his House.
And 'tis set down by Heav'ns just Decree,
That Riot's Child must needs be Beggary.
Are these the Virtues that his Youth did promise?
Dice and voluptuous Meetings, midnight Revels,
Taking his Bed with Surfeits; ill beseeming
The antient Honour of his House and Name;
And this not all, but that which kills me most,
When he recounts his Losses and false Fortunes,
The weakness of his State so much dejected,
Not as a Man repentant, but half mad,
His Fortunes cannot answer his Expence:
He sits and sullenly locks up his Arms,
Forgetting Heav'n, looks downward, which makes

Him appear so dreadful, that he frights my Heart;
Walks heavily, as if his Soul were Earth;
Not penitent for those his Sins are past,
But vext his Mony cannot make them last:
A fearful Melancholy, ungodly Sorrow.
Oh yonder he comes, now in despight of Ills
I'll speak to him, and I will hear him speak,
And do my best to drive it from his Heart.

Enter Husband.

Husb. Pox of the last throw, it made
Five hundred Angels vanish from my sight.
I'm damn'd, I'm damn'd, the Angels have forsook me;
Nay, 'tis certainly true; for he that has no Coin,
Is damn'd in this World; he's gone, he's gone.

Wife. Dear Husband.

Husb. Oh! most punishment of all, I have a Wife.

Wife. I do entreat you, as you love your Soul,
Tell me the Cause of this your Discontent.

Husb. A Vengeance strip thee Naked, thou art Cause,
Effect, Quality, Property, thou, thou, thou. [*Exit.*

Wife. Bad turn'd to worse?
Both beggary of the Soul and of the Body,
And so much unlike himself at first,
As if some vexed Spirit had got his form upon him.

Enter Husband again.

He comes again,
He says I am the Cause; I never yet
Spoke less than Words of Duty and of Love.

Husb. If Marriage be Honourable, then Cuckolds are Honourable, for they cannot be made without Marriage.
Fool, what meant I to marry to get Beggars?
Now must my eldest Son be a Knave or nothing, he cannot live but upo'th' Fool, for he will have no Land to maintain him; that Mortgage sits like a snaffle upon mine Inheritance, and makes me chaw upon Iron.

My second Son must be a Promoter, and my third a Thief, or an Under-putter, a Slave Pander.
Oh Beggary, Beggary, to what base uses doth it put a Man.
I think the Devil scorns to be a Bawd;
He bears himself more proudly,
Has more Care on his Credit.

Base

Baſe, ſaviſh, abject, filthy Poverty.
Wife. Good Sir, by all our Vows I do beſeech you,
Shew me the true Cauſe of your Diſcontent.
Huſ. Mony, Mony, Mony, and thou muſt ſupply me.
Wife. Alas, I am the leaſt Cauſe of your Diſcontent.
Yet what is mine, either in Rings or Jewels,
Uſe to your own Deſire; but I beſeech you,
As you are a Gentleman by many Bloods,
Though I my ſelf be out of your Reſpect,
Think on the State of theſe three lovely Boys
You have been Father too.
Huſ. Puh, Baſtards, Baſtards, Baſtards, begot in tricks, begot in tricks.
Wife. Heav'n knows how thoſe Words wrong me,
But I'll endure theſe Griefs among a thouſand more:
Oh call to mind your Lands already mortgag'd,
Your ſelf wound into Debts, your hopeful Brother
At the Univerſity into Bonds for you,
Like to be ſeiz'd upon. And ——
Huſ. Ha' done, thou Harlot,
Whom though for Faſhion I married,
I never could abide. Think'ſt thou thy Words
Shall kill my Pleaſure? Fall off to thy Friends,
Thou and thy Baſtards beg, I will not bate
A whit in Humour: Midnight ſtill I love you,
And revel in your Company; curb'd in?
Shall it be ſaid in all Societies,
That I broke Cuſtom? that I flag'd in Mony?
No, thoſe thy Jewels I will play as freely,
As when my State was fulleſt.
Wife. Be it ſo.
Huſ. Nay I proteſt, and take that for an earneſt,
[*He ſpurns her.*
I will for ever hold thee in Contempt,
And never touch the Sheets that cover thee,
But be divorc'd in Bed, 'till thou conſent,
Thy Dowry ſhall be ſold to give new Life
Unto thoſe Pleaſures which I moſt affect.
Wife. Sir, do but turn a gentle Eye on me,
And what the Law ſhall give me leave to do,
You ſhall command.

Husb. Look it be done, shall I want Dust,
And like a Slave wear nothing in my Pockets,
[*Holds his Hands in his Pockets.*
But my Hands to fill them up with Nails?
Oh much against my Blood, let it be done,
I was never made to be a looker on;
A Bawd to Dice; I'll shake the Drabs my self,
And make them yield; I say, look it be done.

Wife. I take my leave, it shall. [*Exit.*

Husb. Speedily, speedily; I hate the very Hour I chose a Wife, a Trouble, Trouble, three Children like three Evils hang upon me, fie, fie, fie, Strumpet and Bastards, Strumpet and Bastards.

Enter three Gentlemen, hearing him.

1 *Gent.* Still do these loathsome Thoughts jar on your Tongue?
Your self to stain the Honour of your Wife,
Nobly descended; those whom Men call mad,
Endanger others, but he's more than mad
That wounds himself, whose own Words
Do proclaim it is not fit, I pray forsake it.

2 *Gent.* Good Sir, let Modesty reprove you.

3 *Gent.* Let honest Kindness sway so much with you.

Husb. God den, I thank you, Sir, how do you? adieu, I am glad to see you, farewel Instructions, Admonitions.
[*Exeunt Gent.*

Enter a Servant.

How now, Sirrah? what would you?

Ser. Only to certifie you, Sir, that my Mistress was met by the way, by them who were sent for her up to *London* by her Honourable Uncle, your Worship's late Guardian.

Husb. So, Sir, then she is gone, and so may you be,
But let her look the thing be done she wots of,
Or Hell will stand more pleasant than her House at home.
[*Exit Servant.*

Enter a Gentleman.

Gent. Well or ill met, I care not.

Husb. No, nor I.

Gent. I am come with Confidence to chide you.

Husb. Who me? chide me? do't finely then, let it not move me, for if thou chid'st me angry, I shall strike.

Gent.

Gent. Strike thine own Follies, for it is they
Deſerve to be well beaten; we are now in private,
There's none but thou and I, thou art fond and peeviſh,
An unclean Rioter, thy Lands and Credit
Lie now both ſick of a Conſumption,
I am ſorry for thee; that Man ſpends with ſhame,
That with his Riches doth conſume his Name;
And ſuch art thou.

Huſ. Peace.

Gent. No, thou ſhalt hear me further.
Thy Fathers and Fore-fathers worthy Honours,
Which were our Country Monuments, our Grace,
Follies in thee begin now to deface.
The Spring time of thy Youth did fairly promiſe
Such a moſt fruitful Summer to thy Friends,
It ſcarce can enter into Mens Beliefs,
Such Dearths ſhould hang on thee, we that ſee it,
Are ſorry to believe it; in thy change,
This Voice into all places will be hurl'd:
Thou and the Devil has deceiv'd the World.

Huſ. I'll not endure thee.

Gent. But of all the worſt,
Thy virtuous Wife, right honourably allied,
Thou haſt proclaim'd a Strumpet.

Huſ. Nay then I know thee,
Thou art her Champion thou, her private Friend,
The Party you wot on.

Gent. Oh ignoble Thought,
I am paſt my patient Blood, ſhall I ſtand idle
And ſee my Reputation touch'd to death?

Huſ. This has gal'd you, has it?

Gent. No Monſter, I prove
My Thoughts did only tend to virtuous Love.

Huſ. Love of her Virtues? there it goes.

Gent. Baſe Spirit, to lay thy hate upon
The fruitful Honour of thine own Bed.

[*They fight, and the Husband is hurt.*

Huſ. Oh.

Gent. Wilt thou yield it yet?

Huſ. Sir, Sir, I have not done with you.

Gent. I hope, nor ne'er ſhall do. [*Fight again.*

Huſ.

Husb. Have you got Tricks? are you in cunning with me?
Gent. No, plain and right.
He needs no cunning that for Truth doth fight.
[*Husband falls down.*
Husb. Hard Fortune, am I level'd with the Ground?
Gent. Now, Sir, you lye at Mercy.
Husb. Ay, you Slave.
Gent. Alas, that hate should bring us to our Grave.
You see, my Sword's not thirsty for your Life,
I am sorrier for your Wound, than you your self:
You're of a virtuous House, shew virtuous Deeds,
'Tis not your Honour, 'tis your Folly bleeds.
Much good has been expected in your Life,
Cancel not all Mens hopes; you have a Wife,
Kind and obedient, heap not wrongful Shame
On her and your Posterity; let only Sin be sore,
And by this fall, rise never to fall more.
And so I leave you. [*Exit.*
Husb. Has the Dog left me then,
After his Tooth has left me? Oh, my Heart
Would fain leap after him, Revenge I say,
I'm mad to be reveng'd, my Strumpet Wife,
It is thy quarrel that rips thus my Flesh,
And makes my Breast spit Blood, but thou shalt bleed;
Vanquish'd? got down? unable e'en to speak?
Surely 'tis want of Mony makes Men weak,
Ay, 'twas that o'erthrew me, I'd ne'er been down else. [*Exit.*

Enter Wife in a riding Suit, with a Serving-man.

Ser. Faith, Mistress, if it may not be Presumption
In me to tell you so, for his Excuse
You had small Reason, knowing his Abuse.
Wife. I grant I had, but alas,
Why should our Faults at home be spread abroad?
'Tis Grief enough within Doors; at first Sight
Mine Uncle could run o'er his prodigal Life
As perfectly, as if his serious Eye
Had numbred all his Follies:
Knew of his mortgag'd Lands, his friends in Bonds,
Himself withered with Debt; and in that minute
Had I added his Usage and Unkindness,
'Twould have confounded every thought of Good:

Where

Where now, fathering his Riots in his Youth,
Which Time and tame Experience will shake off,
Guessing his Kindness to me (as I smooth'd him
With all the skill I had) though his deserts
Are in form uglier than an unshap'd Bear,
He's ready to prefer him to some Office
And Place at Court: A good and sure Relief
To all his stooping Fortunes, 'twill be a means, I hope,
To make new League between us, and redeem
His Virtues with his Lands.

Ser. I should think so: Mistress, if he should not now be kind to you, and love you, and cherish you up, I should think the Devil himself kept open House in him.

Wife. I doubt not but he will now, prithee leave me, I think I hear him coming.

Ser. I'm gone. [*Exit.*

Wife. By this good means I shall preserve my Lands,
And free my Husband out of Usurers Hands;
Now there is no need of Sale, my Uncle's kind,
I hope, if ought, this will content his Mind.
Here comes my Husband.

Enter Husband.

Hus. Now, are you come? where's the Mony? Let's see the Mony, is the Rubbish sold? those Wise-akers your Lands, why then, the Mony, where is it? pour it down, down with it, down with it: I say pour't on the Ground, let's see it, let's see it.

Wife. Good Sir, keep but in patience, and I hope
My Words shall like you well, I bring you better
Comfort then the sale of my Dowry.

Hus. Ha, what's that?

Wife. Pray do not fright me, Sir, but vouchsafe me hearing. My Uncle, glad of your Kindness to me and mild Usage (for so I made it to him) hath in pity of your declining Fortunes, provided a place for you art Court, of worth and credit; which so much overjoyed me——

Hus. Out on thee, filth, over and overjoyed,
When I'm in Torment [*Spurns her.*
Thou politick Whore, subtiller than nine Devils, was this thy Journey to *Nunek*, to set down the History of me, my State and Fortunes?

Shall

Shall I, that dedicated my self to Pleasure, be now confin'd in Service to crouch, and stand like an old Man i'th' Hams, my Hat off? I that could never abide to uncover my Head i'th' Church, base Slut, this fruit bears thy Complaints.

Wife. Oh, Heav'n knows,
That my Complaints were Praises, and best Words,
Of you, and your Estate; only my Friends
Knew of your mortgag'd Lands, and were possest
Of every Accident before I came.
If you suspect it but a Plot in me,
To keep my Dowry, or for mine own good,
Or my poor Childrens (tho' it suits a Mother
To shew a natural care in their Reliefs)
Yet I'll forget my self to calm your Blood,
Consume it, as your Pleasure counsels you,
And all I wish, e'en Clemency affords,
Give me but pleasant Looks, and modest Words.

Husb. Mony, Whore, Mony, or I'll--- [*Draws his Dagger.*

Enter a Servant hastily.

What the Devil? how now? thy hasty News?

Ser. May it please you, Sir.

Husb. What, may I not look upon my Dagger?
Speak, Villain, or I will execute the point on thee: Quick, short.

Ser. Why, Sir, a Gentleman from the University stays below to speak with you.

Husb. From the University? so, University,
That long Word runs through me. [*Exit.*

Wife. Was ever Wife so wretchedly beset?
Had not this News step'd in between, the point
Had offered Violence unto my Breast.
That which some Women call great Misery,
Would shew but little here, would scarce be seen
Among my Miseries: I may compare
For wretched Fortunes, with all Wives that are,
Nothing will please him, until all be nothing.
He calls it Slavery to be preferr'd,
A place of Credit, a base Servitude.
What shall become of me, and my poor Children?
Two here, and one at Nurse, my pretty Beggars,
I see how Ruin with a palsie Hand

Begins

Begins to ſhake the ancient Seat to duſt:
The heavy weight of Sorrow draws my Lids
Over my darkiſh Eyes: I can ſcarce ſee;
Thus Grief will laſt, it wakes and ſleeps with me.

Enter the Husband with the Maſter of the College.

Huſ. Pleaſe you draw near, Sir, you're exceeding welcome.

Maſt. That's my doubt, I fear I come not to be welcome.

Huſ. Yes, howſoever.

Maſt. 'Tis not my faſhion, Sir, to dwell in long Circumſtance, but to be plain and effectual; therefore to the Purpoſe.
The cauſe of my ſetting forth was piteous and lamentable; that hopeful young Gentleman your Brother, whoſe Virtues we all love dearly, thro' your Default and unnatural Negligence, lies in Bond executed for your Debt, a Priſoner, all his Studies amaz'd, his hope ſtruck dead, and the pride of his Youth muffled in theſe dark Clouds of Oppreſſion.

Huſ. Hum, hum, hum.

Maſt. O you have kill'd the towardeſt hope of all our Univerſity, wherefore without Repentance and Amends, expect ponderous and ſudden Judgments to fall grievouſly upon you; your Brother, a Man who profited in his Divine Employments, and might have made ten thouſand Souls fit for Heaven, now by your careleſs courſes caſt into Priſon, which you muſt anſwer for, and aſſure your Spirit it will come home at length.

Huſ. O God, oh.

Maſt. Wiſe Men think ill of you, others ſpeak ill of you, no Man loves you, nay, even thoſe whom Honeſty condemns, condemn you; and take this from the virtuous Affection I bear your Brother, never look for proſperous Hour, good Thoughts, quiet Sleep, contented Walks, nor any thing that makes Man perfect, 'till you redeem him: What is your Anſwer? how will you beſtow him? upon deſperate Miſery, or better hopes? I ſuffer 'till I hear your Anſwer.

Huſ. Sir, you have much wrought with me, I feel you in my Soul, you are your Arts Maſter.
I never had Senſe 'till now; your Syllables have cleft me,

both

both for your Words and Pains I thank you: I cannot but acknowledge grievous Wrongs done to my Brother, mighty, mighty, mighty, mighty Wrongs.
Within there.

Enter a Serving-man.

Husb. Fill me a Bowl of Wine. Alas, poor Brother,
Bruis'd with an Execution for my sake.

Mast. A bruise indeed makes many a mortal Sore,
'Till the Grave cure them.

Enter with Wine.

Husb. Sir, I begin to you, you've chid your welcome.

Mast. I could have wisht it better for your sake,
I pledge you, Sir, to the kind Man in Prison.

Husb. Let it be so.
Now, Sir, if you please, to spend but a few Minutes in walking about my Grounds below, my Man shall here attend you; I doubt not but by that time to be furnisht of a sufficient answer, and therein my Brother fully satisfied.

Mast. Good Sir, in that the Angels would be pleased,
And the World's murmurs calm'd, and I should say,
I set forth then upon a lucky Day. [*Exit.*

Husb. O thou confused Man, thy pleasant Sins have undone thee, thy Damnation has beggar'd thee. That Heav'n should say we must not Sin, and yet made Women: Gives our Senses way to find Pleasure, which being found, confounds us, why should we know those things so much misuse us? O would Virtue had been forbidden, we should then have prov'd all virtuous, for 'tis our Blood to love what we are forbidden, what Man would have been forbidden, what Man would have been fool to a Beast, and zany to a Swine, to shew tricks in the Mire; what is there in three Dice, to make a Man draw thrice three thousand Acres into the compass of a little round Table, and with the Gentleman's Palsie in the Hand shake out his Posterity, Thieves, or Beggars? 'Tis done, I have don't i'faith: Terrible, horrible Misery,——how well was I left, very well, very well.

My Lands shew'd like a Full-Moon about me, but now the Moon's in the last Quarter, waining, waining, and I am mad to think that Moon was mine; mine and my Father's, and my Fore-fathers Generations, Generations, down goes

the

the House of us, down, down it sinks: Now is the name a Beggar, begs in me that name which hundreds of Years has made this Shire famous; in me and my Posterity runs out.

In my Seed five are made miserable besides my self, my Riot is now my Brother's Jaylor, my Wife's sighing, my three Boys penury, and mine own Confusion.

[*He tears his Hair.*

Why sit my Hairs upon my cursed Head?
Will not this Poison scatter them? oh my Brother's
In Execution among Devils that stretch him:
And make him give; and I in want,
Not able for to live, nor to redeem him.
Divines and dying Men may talk of Hell,
But in my Heart her several Torments dwell,
Slavery and Misery. Who in this case
Would not take up Mony upon his Soul?
Pawn his Salvation, live at Interest:
I, that did ever in abundance dwell,
For me to want, exceeds the throes of Hell.

Enter his little Son, with a Top and Scourge.

Son. What ail you, Father, are you not well, I cannot scourge my Top as long as you stand so: You take up all the Room with your wide Legs, puh, you cannot make me afraid with this, I fear no Vizards, nor Bugbears.

[*He takes up the Child by the Skirts of his long Coat in one Hand, and draws his Dagger with the other.*

Husb. Up Sir, for here thou hast no Inheritance left.

Son. Oh what will you do, Father? I am your white Boy.

Husb. Thou shalt be my red Boy, take that. [*Strikes him.*

Son. Oh you hurt me, Father.

Husb. My eldest Beggar, thou shalt not live to ask an Usurer Bread, to cry at a great Man's Gate, or follow, Good your Honour, by a Coach, no, nor your Brother: 'Tis Charity to Brain you.

Son. How shall I learn now my Head's broke?

Husb. Bleed, bleed, rather than beg, beg. [*Stabs him.*

Be not thy Name's Disgrace:
Spurn thou thy Fortune's first, if they be base:
Come view thy second Brother: Fates,
My Childrens Blood shall spin into your Faces,

You

You shall see,
How confidently we scorn Beggary. [*Exit with his Son.*

Enter a Maid with a Child in her Arms, the Mother by her asleep.

Maid. Sleep, sweet Babe, Sorrow makes thy Mother sleep,
It bodes small good when heaviness falls so deep. ——
Hush, pretty Boy, thy hopes might have been better,
'Tis lost at Dice, what ancient Honour won,
Hard when the Father plays away the Son:
Nothing but misery serves in this House,
Ruin and Desolation; oh.

Enter Husband with the Boy bleeding.

Hus. Whore, give me that Boy.
[*He strives with her for the Child.*
Maid. Oh help, help, out alas, murder, murder.
Hus. Are you Gossipping, prating sturdy Quean,
I'll break your Clamour with your Neck,
Down Stairs; tumble, tumble, headlong.
[*He throws her down.*
So, the surest way to charm a Woman's Tongue,
Is break her Neck, a Politician did it.
Son. Mother, Mother, I am kill'd, Mother.
[*His Wife awakes, and catcheth up the youngest Child.*
Wife. Ha, who's that cry'd? O me my Children,
Both, both; bloody, bloody.
Hus. Strumpet, let go the Boy, let go the Beggar.
Wife. Oh my sweet Husband.
Hus. Filth, Harlot.
Wife. Oh, what will you do, dear Husband?
Hus. Give me the Bastard.
Wife. Your own sweet Boy.
Hus. There are too many Beggars.
Wife. Good my Husband.
Hus. Dost thou prevent me still?
Wife. Oh God!
[*Stabs at the Child in her Arms, and gets it from her.*
Hus. Have at his Heart.
Wife. Oh my dear Boy.
Hus. Brat, thou shalt not live to shame thy House.
Wife. Oh Heav'n. [*She is hurt, and sinks down.*
Hus. And perish, now be gone,

There's

There's Whores enough, and want would make thee one.

Enter a lusty Servant.

Ser. Oh Sir, what Deeds are these?

Husb. Base Slave, my Vassal,
Com'st thou between my fury to question me?

Ser. Were you the Devil, I would hold you, Sir.

Husb. Hold me? Presumption, I'll undo thee for it.

Ser. 'Sblood, you have undone us all, Sir.

Husb. Tug at thy Master?

Ser. Tug at a Monster.

Husb. Have I no Power? shall my Slave fetter me?

Ser. Nay then the Devil wrastles, I am thrown.

[*Husband overcomes him.*

Husb. Oh Villain, now I'll tug thee, now I'll tear thee,
Set quick Spurs to my Vassal, bruise him, trample him;
So, I think thou wilt not follow me in haste.
My Horse stands ready sadled, away, away,
Now to my Brat at Nurse, my sucking Beggar;
Fates, I'll not leave you one to trample on.

[*The Master meets him.*

Mast. How is't with you Sir, methinks you look of a distracted Colour.

Husb. Who, I Sir? 'tis but your fancy,
Please you walk in, Sir, and I'll soon resolve you,
I want one small part to make up the Sum;
And then my Brother shall rest satisfied.

Mast. I shall be glad to see it, Sir, I'll attend you.

[*Exeunt.*

Ser. Oh, I am scarce able to heave up my self,
He has so bruis'd me with his devillish weight,
And torn my Flesh with his Blood-hasty Spur,
A Man before of easie Constitution,
'Till now Hell's Power supplied, to his Soul's wrong,
Oh how Damnation can make weak Men strong.

Enter Master and two Servants.

Ser. Oh the most piteous Deed, Sir, since you came.

Mast. A deadly greeting; hath he summ'd up these
To satisfie his Brother? here's another,
And by the bleeding Infants, the dead Mother.

Wife. Oh, oh.

Mast. Surgeons, Surgeons, she recovers Life,

One of his Men all faint and bloodied.

1 *Ser.* Follow, our murderous Master has took
Horse to kill his Child at Nurse, oh follow quickly.

Mast. I am the readiest, it shall be my charge
To raise the Town upon him.

[*Exeunt Master and Servants.*

1 *Ser.* Good Sir follow him.

Wife. Oh my Children.

1 *Ser.* How is it, my most afflicted Mistress?

Wife. Why do I now recover? why half live?
To see my Children bleed before mine Eyes,
A sight, able to kill a Mother's Breast without
An Executioner; what, art thou mangled too?

1 *Ser.* I, thinking to prevent what his quick Mischiefs
Had so soon acted, came and rusht upon him,
We struggled, but a fouler Strength than his
O'erthrew me with his Arms, then he did bruise me,
And rent my Flesh, and robb'd me of my Hair,
Like a Man mad in Execution,
Made me unfit to rise and follow him.

Wife. What is it hath beguil'd him of all Grace?
And stole away Humanity from his Breast,
To slay his Children, purpos'd to kill his Wife,
And spoil his Servants.

Enter two Servants.

Both. Please you leave this accursed Place,
A Surgeon waits within.

Wife. Willing to leave it;
'Tis guilty of sweet Blood, inuocent Blood,
Murder hath took this Chamber with full Hands,
And will not out as long as the House stands. [*Exeunt.*

Enter Husband, as being thrown off his Horse, and falls.

Hus. Oh stumbling Jade, the Spavin overtake thee,
The fifty Diseases stop thee:
Oh, I am sorely bruis'd, Plague founder thee,
Thou run'st at ease and pleasure, Heart of chance,
To throw me now, within a flight o'th' Town,
In such plain even Ground,
'Sfoot, a Man may Dice upon it, and throw away the
Meadows, ah filthy Beast.

Cry within. Follow, follow, follow.

Hus.

Huſ. Ha! I hear ſounds of Men, like Hue and Cry;
Up, up, and ſtruggle to my Horſe, make on,
Diſpatch that little Beggar, and all's done.
Cry within. Here, this way, this way.
Huſ. At my Back? oh,
What Fate have I, my Limbs deny me to go,
My Will is bated, Beggary claims a part,
Oh I could here reach to the Infant's Heart.
Enter Maſter of the College, three Gentlemen, and others with Halberds.
All. Here, here, yonder, yonder.
Maſt. Unnatural, flinty, more than barbarous,
The *Scythians* in their marble-hearted Fates,
Could not have acted more remorſeleſs Deeds
In their relentleſs Natures, than theſe of thine:
Was this the anſwer I long waited on,
The Satisfaction for thy Priſon'd Brother?
Huſ. He can have no more of us than our Skins,
And ſome of them want but fleaing.
1 *Gent.* Great Sins have made him impudent.
Maſt. He's ſhed ſo much Blood, that he cannot bluſh.
2 *Gent.* Away with him, bear him to the Juſtices;
A Gentleman of Worſhip dwells at hand,
There ſhall his Deeds be blazed.
Huſ. Why all the better,
My glory 'tis to have my Action known,
I grieve for nothing, but I miſs'd of one.
Maſt. There's little of a Father in that Grief:
Bear him away. [*Exeunt.*
Enter a Knight, with two or three Gentlemen.
Knight. Endanger'd ſo his Wife, murder'd his Children?
1 *Gent.* So the cry goes.
Knight. I am ſorry I e'er knew him.
That ever he took Life and natural Being
From ſuch an honour'd Stock, and fair Deſcent,
'Till this black minute without Stain or Blemiſh.
1 *Gent.* Here come the Men.
Enter the Maſter of the College, and the reſt, with the Priſoner.
Knight. The Serpent of his Houſe: I'm ſorry for this time, that I am in place of Juſtice.

Mast. Please you, Sir.

Knight. Do not repeat it twice, I know too much,
Would it had ne'er been thought on.
Sir, I bleed for you.

1 *Gent.* Your Father's Sorrows are alive in me:
What made you shew such monstrous Cruelty?

Hus. In a word, Sir,
I have consum'd all, plaid away long Acre,
And I thought it the charitablest Deed I could do
To cozen Beggary, and knock my House o'th' Head.

Knight. I do not think, but in To-morrow's Judgment,
The Terror will sit closer to your Soul,
When the dread Thought of Death remembers you;
To further which, take this sad Voice from me,
Never was act plaid more unnaturally.

Hus. I thank you, Sir,

Knight. Go lead him to the Jayl.
Where Justice claims all, there must Pity fail.

Hus. Come, come, away with me. [*Exit Prisoner.*

Mast. Sir, you deserve the Worship of your place,
Would all did so; in you the Law is Grace.

Knight. It is my Wish it should be so;
Ruinous Man, the Desolation of his House,
The blot upon his Predeceſſor's honour'd Name:
That Man is neareſt shame, that is past shame. [*Exit.*

Enter Husband with the Officers, the Master and Gentlemen, as going by his House.

Hus. I am right against my House, Seat of my Ancestors; I hear my Wife's alive, but much endangered; let me intreat to speak with her before the Prison gripe me.

Enter his Wife brought in a Chair.

Gent. See here she comes of her self.

Wife. O my sweet Husband, my dear distressed Husband, now in the Hands of unrelenting Laws,
My greatest Sorrow, my extreamest Bleeding;
Now my Soul bleeds.

Hus. How now? kind to me?
Did not I wound thee, leave thee for dead?

Wife. Tut, far greater Wounds did my Breast feel,
Unkindness strikes a deeper Wound than Steel.

You

You have been ſtill unkind to me.
Huſ. Faith, and ſo I think I have;
I did my Murders roughly out of hand,
Deſperate and ſudden, but thou haſt devis'd
A fine way now to kill me, thou haſt given my Eyes
Seven wounds apiece; now glides the Devil from
Me, departs at every joint, heaves up my Nails.
O catch him new Torments, that were ne'er invented:
Bind him one thouſand more, you bleſſed Angels,
In that bottomleſs Pit, let him not riſe
To make Men act unnatural Tragedies,
To ſpread into a Father, and in fury,
Make him his Childrens Executioners,
Murder his Wife, his Servants, and who not?
For that Man's dark, where Heav'n is quite forgot.
Wife. O my repentant Husband!
Huſ. My dear Soul, whom I too much have wrong'd
For death I die, and for this I have long'd.
Wife. Thou ſhould'ſt not, be aſſur'd, for theſe Faults
Die, if the Law could forgive as ſoon as I.
[*Children laid out.*
Huſ. What Sight is yonder?
Wife. O our two bleeding Boys
Laid forth upon the Threſhold.
Huſ. Here's weight enough to make a Heart-ſtring crack,
O were it lawful that your pretty Souls
Might look from Heav'n into your Father's Eyes,
Then ſhould you ſee the penitent Glaſſes melt,
And both your Murders ſhoot upon my Cheeks.
But you are playing in the Angels Laps,
And will not look on me,
Who void of Grace, kill'd you in beggary.
O that I might my wiſhes now attain,
I ſhould then wiſh you living were again;
Though I did beg with you, which thing I fear'd,
O 'twas the Enemy my Eyes ſo blear'd.
O would you could pray Heav'n me to forgive,
That will unto my End repentant live.
Wife. It makes me e'en forget all other Sorrows,
And leave part with this.
Offi. Come, will you go?

Huſ. I'll kiſs the Blood I ſpilt, and then I'll go,
My Soul is bloodied, well may my Lips be ſo.
Farewel, dear Wife, now thou and I muſt part,
I of thy wrongs, repent me with my Heart.
Wife. O ſtay, thou ſhalt not go.
Huſ. That's but in vain, you ſee it muſt be ſo.
Farewel ye bloody Aſhes of my Boys,
My Puniſhments are their eternal Joys.
Let every Father look well into his Deeds,
And then their Heirs may proſper, while mine bleeds.
[*Exit Husband with Officers.*
Wife. More wretched am I now in this diſtreſs,
Than former Sorrows made me.
Maſt. O kind Wife, be comforted,
One joy is yet unmurdered,
You have a Boy at Nurſe, your Joy's in him.
Wife. Dearer than all is my poor Husband's Life:
Heav'n give my Body ſtrength, which is yet faint
With much expence of Blood, and I will kneel,
Sue for his Life, number up all my Friends
To plead for pardon for my dear Husband's Life.
Maſt. Was it in Man to wound ſo kind a Creature?
I'll ever praiſe a Woman for thy ſake.
I muſt return with grief, my anſwer's ſet,
I ſhall bring News weighs heavier than the Debt.
Two Brothers; the one in Bond lyes overthrown,
This on a deadlier Execution. [*Exeunt omnes.*

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THE TRAGEDY OF *LOCRINE*, THE ELDEST SON OF KING *BRUTUS*.

Printed in the YEAR 1709.

Dramatis Perſonæ.

BRutus, *King of* Britain.

Locrine,
Camber,
Albanact, } *his Sons.*

Corineius,
Aſſarachus, } *Brothers to* Brutus.

Thraſimachus, Corineius *his Son.*

Debon, *an old Officer.*

Humber, *King of the* Scythians.

Hubba, *his Son.*

Thraſſier, *a* Scythian *Commander.*

Strumbo,
Trumpart,
Oliver,
William, } *Clowns.*

Guendeline, Corineius *his Daughter, married to* Locrine.

Eſtrild, Humber's *Wife.*

Ate, *the Goddeſs of Revenge.*

SABREN. daughter of Locrine

Ghoſts of Albanact, *and* Corineius.

THE

THE TRAGEDY OF *LOCRINE.*

ACT I. SCENE I.

Dumb Shew.

Enter Ate, *with Thunder and Lightning, all in black, with a burning Torch in one Hand, and a bloody Sword in the other Hand; and presently let there come forth a Lion running after a Bear, then come forth an Archer, who must kill the Lion in a dumb Show, and then depart. Remain* Ate.

ATE.

In pœnam sectatur & Umbra.

Mighty Lion, Ruler of the Woods,
Of wondrous Strength and great Proportion,
With hideous noise scaring the trembling Trees,
With yelling Clamours shaking all the Earth,
Traverst the Groves, and chac'd the wandring Beasts:
Long did he range among the shady Trees,
And drave the silly Beasts before his Face;

When

When ſuddenly from out a thorny Buſh
A dreadful Archer with his Bow ybent,
Wounded the Lion with a diſmal Shaft,
So he him ſtrook, that it drew forth the blood,
And fill'd his furious Heart with fretting Ire;
But all in vain he threatneth Teeth and Paws,
And ſparkleth Fire from forth his flaming Eyes,
For the ſharp Shaft gave him a mortal Wound;
So valiant *Brute*, the terror of the World,
Whoſe only looks did ſcare his Enemies,
The Archer Death brought to his lateſt end.
O what may long abide above this Ground,
In State of Bliſs and healthful Happineſs! [*Exit.*

SCENE II.

Enter Brutus *carried in a Chair*, Locrine, Camber, Albanact, Corineius, Guendeline, Aſſaracus, Debon, *and* Thraſimachus.

Bru. Moſt loyal Lords, and faithful Followers,
That have with me, unworthy General,
Paſſed the greedy Gulf of th' Ocean,
Leaving the Confines of fair *Italy*,
Behold, your *Brutus* draweth nigh his end,
And I muſt leave you, though againſt my Will;
My Sinews ſhrunk, my number'd Senſes fail,
A chilling cold poſſeſſeth all my Bones,
Black ugly Death with Viſage pale and wan,
Preſents himſelf before my dazled Eyes,
And with his Dart prepared is to ſtrike:
Theſe Arms, my Lords, theſe never daunted Arms,
That oft have quell'd the Courage of my Foes,
And eke di'may'd my Neighbour's Arrogance,
Now yield to Death, o'erlaid with crooked Age,
Devoid of Strength and of their proper Force;
Even as the luſty Cedar worn with Years,
That far abroad her dainty Odour throws,
'Mongſt all the Daughters of proud *Lebanon*,
This Heart, my Lords, this ne'er appalled Heart,
That was a Terror to the bordering Lands,
A doleful Scourge unto my neighbour Kings,

Now

Now by the Weapons of unpartial Death
Is clove asunder, and bereft of Life,
As when the sacred Oak with Thunderbolts,
Sent from the fiery Circuit of the Heav'ns,
Sliding along the Airs celestial Vaults,
Is rent and cloven to the very Roots.
In vain therefore I struggle with this Foe,
Then welcome Death, since God will have it so.

Assar. Alas my Lord, we sorrow at your Case,
And greive to see your Person vexed thus;
But whatsoe'er the Fates determin'd have,
It lieth not in us to disannul,
And he that would annihilate his Mind,
Soaring with *Icarus* too near the Sun,
May catch a fall with young *Bellerophon*.
For when the fatal Sisters have decreed
To separate us from this earthly mould,
No mortal Force can countermand their Minds:
Then, worthy Lord, since there's no way but one,
Cease your Laments, and leave your grievous moan.

Cor. Your Highness knows how many Victories,
How many Trophies I erected have
Triumphantly in every place we came.
The *Grecian* Monarch, warlike *Pandrassus*,
And all the Crew of the *Molossians*:
Goffarius the arm-strong King of *Gauls*,
Have felt the Force of our victorious Arms,
And to their Cost beheld our Chivalrie:
Where-e'er *Aurora*, handmaid of the Sun,
Where-e'er the Sun, bright Guardian of the Day,
Where-e'er the joyful Day with cheerful Light,
Where-e'er the Light illuminates the World,
The *Trojans* Glory flies with golden Wings,
Wings that do soar beyond fell envious flight,
The fame of *Brutus* and his followers
Pierceth the Skies, and with the Skies the Throne
Of mighty *Jove*, Commander of the World.
Then, worthy *Brutus*, leave these sad Laments,
Comfort your self with this your great Renown,
And fear not Death, though he seem terrible.

Bru. Nay, *Corineius*, you miſtake my Mind.
In conſtruing wrong the Cauſe of my Complaints;
I fear'd not t' yield my ſelf to fatal Death,
God knows it was the leaſt of all my Thoughts,
A greater Care torments my very Bones,
And makes me tremble at the thought of it.
And in your Lordings doth the Subſtance lye.

Thra. Moſt Noble Lord, if ought your Loyal Peers
Accompliſh may, to eaſe your lingring Grief,
I, in the name of all, proteſt to you,
That we would boldly enterpriſe the ſame,
Were it to enter to black *Tartarus*,
Where triple *Cerberus* with his venomous Throat,
Scareth the Ghoſts with high reſounding Noiſe,
We'll either rent the Bowels of the Earth,
Searching the entrails of the brutiſh Earth,
Or with his *Ixions* overdaring ſoon,
Be bound in Chains of ever-during Steel.

Bru. Then harken to your Soveraign's lateſt Words,
In which I will unto you all unfold,
Our Royal Mind and reſolute Intent.
When golden *Hebe*, Daughter to great *Jove*,
Cover'd my manly Cheeks with youthful Down,
Th'unhappy Slaughter of my luckleſs Sire,
Drove me and old *Aſſarachus* mine Eame,
As Exiles from the Bounds of *Italy*,
So that perforce we were conſtrain'd to fly
To *Grecians* Monarch, noble *Pandraſſus*,
There I alone did undertake your Cauſe,
There I reſtor'd your antique Liberty,
Though *Grecia* frown'd, and all *Moloſſia* ſtorm'd,
Though brave *Antigonus*, with martial Band,
In pitched Field encountred me and mine,
Though *Pandraſſus* and his Contributaries,
With all the rout of their Confederates,
Sought to deface our glorious Memory,
And wipe the Name of *Trojans* from the Earth;
Him did I captivate with this mine Arm,
And by Compulſion forc'd him to agree
To certain Articles, which there we did propound.
From *Grecia* through the boiſterous *Helleſpont*,

We

We came into the Fields of *Leſtrigon*,
Whereat our Brother *Corineius* was;
Which when we paſſed the *Cicilian* Gulf,
And ſo tranſfretting the *Illician* Sea,
Arrived on the Coaſts of *Aquitain*;
Where with an Army of his barbarous *Gauls*
Goffarius and his Brother *Gathelus*
Encountring with our Hoſt, ſuſtain'd the Foil,
And for your ſakes my *Turnus* there I loſt;
Turnus that ſlew ſix hundred Men at Arms,
All in an Hour, with his ſharp Battle-Axe,
From thence upon the ſtronds of *Albion*
To *Corus* Haven happily we came,
And quell'd the Giants, come of *Albion*'s Race,
With *Gogmagog*, Son to *Samotheus*,
The curſed Captain of that damned Crew,
And in that Iſle at length I placed you.
Now let me ſee, if my laborious Toils,
If all my Care, if all my grievous Wounds,
If all my Diligence were well employ'd.

Cor. When firſt I follow'd thee and thine, brave King,
I hazarded my Life and deareſt Blood,
To purchaſe Favour at your Princely Hands,
And for the ſame in dangerous Attempts,
In ſundry Conflicts, and in divers Broils,
I ſhew'd the Courage of my manly Mind;
For this I combated with *Gathelus*,
The Brother to *Goffarius* of *Gaul*;
For this I fought with furious *Gogmagog*,
A ſavage Captain of a ſavage Crew;
And for theſe Deeds brave *Cornwall* I receiv'd,
A grateful Gift giv'n by a gracious King;
And for this Gift, this Life and deareſt Blood
Will *Corineius* ſpend for *Brutus* good.

Deb. And what my Friend, brave Prince, hath vow'd to you.
The ſame will *Debon* do unto his end.

Bru. Then, Loyal Peers, ſince you are all agreed,
And reſolute to follow *Brutus* Heſts,
Favour my Sons, favor thoſe Orphans, Lords,
And ſhield them from the Dangers of their Foes.
Locrine, the Column of my Family, And

And only Pillar of my weaken'd Age:
Locrine, draw near, draw near unto thy Sire,
And take thy lateſt Bleſſings at his Hands:
And, for thou art the eldeſt of my Sons,
Be thou a Captain to thy Brethren,
And imitate thy aged Father's ſteps,
Which will conduct thee to true Honour's Gate:
For if thou follow ſacred Virtues lore,
Thou ſhalt be crowned with a Laurel Branch,
And wear a Wreath of ſempiternal Fame,
Sorted amongſt the Glorious happy ones.

Loc. If *Locrine* do not follow your Advice,
And bear himſelf in all things like a Prince
That ſeeks to amplifie the great Renown,
Left unto him for an Inheritance,
By thoſe that were his Anceſtors,
Let me be flung into the Ocean,
And ſwallow'd in the Bowels of the Earth.
Or let the ruddy Lightning of great *Jove*,
Deſcend upon this my devoted Head.

[Brutus *taking* Guendeline *by the Hand.*

Bru. But for I ſee you all to be in doubt,
Who ſhall be matched with our Royal Son,
Locrine, receive this Preſent at my Hand;
A Gift more rich than are the wealthy Mines
Found in the Bowels of *America*.
Thou ſhalt be ſpouſed to fair *Guendeline*:
Love her, and take her, for ſhe is thine own,
If ſo thy Uncle and her ſelf do pleaſe.

Cor. And herein how your Highneſs honours me,
It cannot now be in my Speech expreſt;
For careful Parents glory not ſo much
At their Honour and Promotion,
As for to ſee the iſſue of their Blood
Seated in Honour and Proſperity.

Guen. And far be it from my pure maiden Thoughts
To contradict her aged Father's Will.
Therefore ſince he to whom I muſt obey,
Hath giv'n me now unto your royal ſelf,
I will not ſtand aloof from off the lure,

Like

Like crafty Dames that moſt of all deny
That, which they moſt deſire to Poſſeſs.
[Brutus *turning to* Locrine.
[Locrine *Kneeling.*
Then now my Son thy part is on the Stage,
For thou muſt bear the Perſon of a King.
[*Puts the Crown on his Head.*
Locrine ſtand up, and wear the regal Crown,
And think upon the State of Majeſty,
That thou with Honour well may'ſt wear the Crown,
And if thou tendreſt theſe my lateſt Words,
As thou requir'ſt my Soul to be at reſt,
As thou deſireſt thine own Security,
Cheriſh and Love thy new betrothed Wife.
Loc. No longer let me well enjoy the Crown,
Than I do peerleſs *Guendeline.*
Brut. Camber.
Cam. My Lord.
Brut. The Glory of mine Age,
And darling of thy Mother *Junoger*,
Take thou the *South* for thy Dominion,
From thee there ſhall proceed a Royal Race,
That ſhall maintain the Honour of this Land,
That ſway the regal Scepter with their Hands.
[*Turning to* Alabanact.
And *Alabanact*, thy Father's only Joy,
Youngeſt in Years, but not the young'ſt in mind,
A perfect Pattern of all Chivalry,
Take thou the *North* for thy Dominion,
A Country full of Hills and ragged Rocks,
Repleniſhed with fierce untamed Beaſts,
As correſpondent to thy martial Thoughts,
Live long my Sons with endleſs Happineſs,
And bear firm Concordance among your ſelves,
Obey the Counſels of theſe Fathers grave,
That you may better bear out Violence.
But ſuddenly, through Weakneſs of my Age,
And the defect of youthful Puiſſance,
My Malady increaſeth more and more,
And cruel Death haſteneth his quickned pace,
To diſpoſſeſs me of my earthly Shape,

Mine

Mine Eyes wax dim, o'er-caſt with Clouds of Age.
The pangs of Death compaſs my crazed Bones,
Thus to you all my Bleſſings I bequeath,
And with my Bleſſings, this my fleeting Soul.
My Glaſs is run, and all my Miſeries
Do end with Life; Death cloſeth up mine Eyes,
My Soul in haſte flies to the *Elyſian* Fields. [*He dies.*

Loc. Accurſed Stars, damn'd and accurſed Stars,
T' abbreviate my noble Father's Life,
Hard hearted Gods, and too too envious Fates,
Thus to cut off my Father's fatal Thread,
Brutus that was a Glory to us all,
Brutus that was a Terror to his Foes,
Alas too ſoon by *Demogorgon*'s Knife,
The martial *Brutus* is bereft of Life.
No ſad Complaints may move juſt *Eacus.*

Cor. No dreadful Threats can fear Judge *Rhodomanth.*
Wert thou as ſtrong as mighty *Hercules,*
That tamed the huge Monſters of the World,
Plaid'ſt thou as ſweet, on the ſweet ſounding Lute,
As did the Spouſe of fair *Euridicè,*
That did enchant the Waters with his Noiſe,
And made the Stones, Birds, Beaſts, to lead a Dance,
Conſtrain'd the hilly Trees to follow him,
Thou could'ſt not move the Judge of *Erebus,*
Nor move Compaſſion in grim *Pluto*'s Heart,
For fatal *Mors* expecteth all the World,
And every Man muſt tread the way of Death;
Brave *Tantalus,* the valiant *Pelops* Sire,
Gueſt to the Gods, ſuffered untimely Death,
And old *Tithonus* Husband to the Morn,
And eke grim *Minos* whom juſt *Jupiter*
Deign'd to admit unto his Sacrifice,
The thundring Trumpets of Blood-thirſty *Mars.*
The fearful rage of fell *Tiſiphoen.*
The boiſtrous Waves of humid Ocean,
Are Inſtruments and Tools of diſmal Death.
Then noble Couſin ceaſe to mourn his chance,
Whoſe Age and Years were Signs that he ſhould dye.
It reſteth now that we inter his Bones,

That

That was a Terror to his Enemies.
Take up his Coarſe, and Princes hold him dead,
Who while he liv'd, upheld the *Trojan* State.
Sound Drums and Trumpets, march to *Trinovant*,
There to provide our Chieftain's Funeral. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE III.

Enter Strumbo *above in a Gown, with Ink and Paper in his hand.*

Strum. Either the four Elements, the ſeven Planets and all the particular Stars of the Pole Antartick, are adverſitive againſt me, or elſe I was begotten and born in the Wain of the Moon, when every thing, as *Lactantius* in his fourth Book of Conſultations doth ſay, goeth arſward. Ay Maſters, ay, you may laugh, but I muſt weep; you may joy, but I muſt ſorrow; ſhedding ſalt Tears from the watry Fountains of my moiſt dainty fair Eyes, along my comely and ſmooth Cheeks, in as great plenty as the Water runneth from the Bucking-tubs, or red Wine out of the Hogs-heads: for truſt me, Gentlemen and my very good Friends, and ſo forth: the little god, nay the deſperate god *Cuprit*, with one of his vengible Birds bolts, hath ſhot me unto the Heel: ſo not only, but alſo, oh fine phraſe, I burn, I burn, and I burn a, in love, in love, and in love a, ah *Strumbo*, what haſt thou ſeen, not *Dina* with the Aſs *Tom?* Yea, with theſe Eyes thou haſt ſeen her, and therefore pull them out, for they will work thy Bail. Ah *Strumbo*, haſt thou heard the Voice of the Nightingale, but a Voice ſweeter than hers, yea, with theſe Ears haſt thou heard them, and therefore cut them off, for they have caus'd thy ſorrow. Nay *Strumbo*, kill thy ſelf, drown thy ſelf, hang thy ſelf, ſtarve thy ſelf. Oh, but then I ſhall leave my ſweet Heart. Oh my Heart! Now Pate for thy Maſter, I will dite an aliquant Love-piſtle to her, and then ſhe hearing the grand verboſity of my Scripture, will love my preſently.

[*Let him write a little, and then read.*

My Pen is naught, Gentlemen, lend me a Knife, I think the more haſte the worſt ſpeed.

[*Then write again, and after read.*

So it is, Miſtreſs *Dorothy*, and the ſole eſſence of my Soul, that the little ſparkles of affection kindled in me towards your ſweet ſelf, hath now increas'd to a great flame, and will e'er it be long conſume my poor Heart, except you with the pleaſant water of your ſecret Fountain, quench the furious heat of the ſame. Alas, I am a Gentleman of good Fame, and Name, majeſtical, in Apparel comely, in Gate portly. Let not therefore your gentle Heart be ſo hard, as to deſpiſe a proper tall young Man of a handſome Life, and by deſpiſing him, not only but alſo to kill him. Thus expecting time and tide, I bid you farewel. Your Servant, *Signior Strumbo.*

Oh Wit, O Pate, O Memory, O Hand, O Ink, O Paper. Well, now I will ſend it away. *Trompart, Trompart,* what a Villain is this? Why Sirrah, come when your Maſter calls you. *Trompart.*

Trompart entring ſaith, Anon, Sir.

Strum. Thou knoweſt, my pretty Boy, what a good Maſter I have been to thee ever ſince I took thee into my ſervice.

Trom. Ay, Sir.

Strum. And how I have cheriſhed thee always, as if thou hadſt been the fruit of my Loins, Fleſh of my Fleſh, and Bone of my Bone.

Trom. Ay, Sir.

Strum. Then ſhew thy ſelf herein a truſty Servant, and carry this Letter to Miſtreſs *Dorothy*, and tell her. ——

[*Speaking in his Ear.* *Exit* Trompart.

Strum. Nay, Maſters, you ſhall ſee a Marriage by and by. But here ſhe comes. Now muſt I frame my amorous Paſſions.

Enter Dorothy *and* Trompart.

Dor. Signior Strumbo, well met, I receiv'd your Letters by your Man here, who told me a pitiful ſtory of your anguiſh, and ſo underſtanding your Paſſions were ſo great, I came hither ſpeedily.

Strum. Oh, my ſweet and Pigſney, the fecundity of my ingeny is not ſo great, that may declare unto you the for-

ſorrowful Sobs, and broken Sleeps that I ſuffer'd for you ſake; and therefore I deſire you to receive me into your familiarity.

For your Love doth lye,
As near and as nigh,
Unto my Heart within,
As mine Eye to my Noſe,
My Leg unto my Hoſe,
And my Fleſh unto my Skin.

Dor. Truly, Mr. *Strumbo*, you ſpeak too learnedly for me to underſtand the drift of your Mind, and therefore tell your Tale in plain terms, and leave off your dark Riddles.

Strum. Alas, Miſtreſs *Dorothy*, this is my luck, that when I moſt would, I cannot be underſtood: ſo that my great learning is an inconvenience unto me. But to ſpeak in plain terms, I love you, Miſtreſs *Dorothy*, if you like to accept me into your familiarity.

Dor. If this be all, I am content.

[*Turning to the People.*

Strum. Say'ſt thou ſo, ſweet Wench, let me lick thy Toes. Farewel, Miſtreſs. If any of you be in love, provide ye a Cap Caſe full of new coin'd words, and then ſhall you ſoon have the *ſuccado de labres*, and ſomething elſe. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE. IV.

Enter Locrine, Guendeline, Camber, Albanact, Corineius, Aſſarachus, Debon, *and* Thraſimachus.

Loc. Uncle and Princes of brave *Britany*,
Since that our noble Father is Entomb'd,
As beſt beſeem'd ſo brave a Prince as he,
If ſo you pleaſe, this day my Love and I,
Within the Temple of *Concordia*,
Will ſolemnize our Royal Marriage.

Thra. Right noble Lord, your Subjects every one
Muſt needs obey your Highneſs at command,
Eſpecially in ſuch a Cauſe as this,
That much concerns your Highneſs great content.

Loc. Then Frolick, Lordings, to fair *Concord's* Walls,
Where we will pass the Day in Knightly sports,
The Night in Dancing and in figur'd Masks,
And offer to God *Risus* all our sports. [*Exeunt.*

ACT II. SCENE I.

Enter Ate *as before, after a little Lightning and Thundring, let there come forth this show.* Perseus *and* Andromeda, *hand in hand, and* Cepheus *also with Swords and Targets. Then let there come out of another Door* Phineus, *all black in Armour, with* Æthiopians *after him, driving in* Perseus, *and having taken away* Andromeda, *let them depart.* Ate *remaining, says,*

Regit omnia numen.

WHen *Perseus* married fair *Andromeda*,
The only Daughter of King *Cepheus*,
He thought he had establish'd well his Crown,
And that his Kingdom should for aye endure.
But lo proud *Phineus* with a Band of Men,
Contriv'd of Sun-burnt *Æthiopians*,
By force of Arms the Bride he took from him,
And turn'd their joy into a flood of tears.
So fares it with young *Locrine* and his Love,
He thinks this marriage tendeth to his weal,
But this foul day, this foul accursed day,
Is the beginning of his miseries.
Behold where *Humber* and his *Scythians*
Approacheth nigh with all his Warlike Train,
I need not I, the sequel shall declare,
What tragick chances fell out in this War. [*Exit.*

SCENE II.

Enter Humber, Hubba, Estrild, Segar, *and their Soldiers.*

Hum. At length the Snail doth climb the highest tops,
Ascending up the stately Castle Walls;
At length the Water with continual drops,
Doth penetrate the hardest Marble Stone;

At

At length we are arriv'd in *Albion*.
Nor could the barbarous *Dacian*, Soveraign,
Nor yet the Ruler of brave *Belgia*,
Stay us from cutting over to this Isle;
Whereas I hear a Troop of *Phrygians*
Under the Conduct of *Posthumius* Son,
Have pitch'd up Lordly Pavillions,
And hope to prosper in this lovely Isle:
But I will frustrate all their Foolish hope,
And teach them that the *Scythian* Emperor
Leads Fortune tied in a Chain of Gold,
Constraining her to yield unto his will,
And grace him with their Regal Diadem:
Which I will have, maugre their treble Hosts,
And all the power their petty Kings can make.

Hub. If she that rules fair *Rhamnis* golden Gate,
Grant us the honour of the Victory,
As hitherto she always favour'd us,
Right noble Father, we will rule the Land,
Enthonised in Seats of Topaz stones,
That *Locrine* and his Brethren all may know,
None must be King but *Humber* and his Son.

Hum. Courage my Son, Fortune shall favour us,
And yield to us the Coronet of Bays,
That decketh none but noble Conquerors.
But what saith *Estrild* to these Regions?
How liketh she the temperature thereof?
Are they not pleasant in her gracious Eyes?

Est. The Plains, my Lord, garnish'd with *Flora*'s wealth,
And over-spread with party-colour'd Flowers,
Do yield sweet contentation to my mind;
The airy Hills enclos'd with shady Groves,
The Groves repleniish'd with sweet chirping Birds,
The Birds resounding Heav'nly Melody,
Are equal to the Groves of *Thessaly*,
Where *Phœbus* with these learned Ladies nine,
Delight themselves with Musick's Harmony,
And from the moisture of the Mountain tops,
The silent Springs dance down with murmuring streams,
And water all the ground with crystal Waves,
The gentle blasts of *Eurus* modest Wind,

Moving the pattering Leaves of *Silvane*'s Woods,
Do equal it with *Tempe*'s Paradiſe,
And thus conſorted all to one effect,
Do make me think theſe are the happy Iſles,
Moſt Fortunate if *Humber* may them win.

Hub. Madam, where Reſolution leads the way,
And Courage follows with embolden'd pace,
Fortune can never uſe her Tyranny;
For Valiantneſs is like unto a Rock
That ſtandeth on the Waves of Ocean,
Which though the Billows beat on every ſide,
And *Boreas* fell with his tempeſtuous ſtorms,
Bloweth upon it with a hideous clamour,
Yet it remaineth ſtill unmoveable.

Hum. Kingly reſolv'd, thou glory of thy Sire:
But worthy *Segar*, what uncouth novelties
Bring'ſt thou unto our Royal Majeſty?

Seg. My Lord, the youngeſt of all *Brutus* Sons,
Stout *Albanact*, with millions of Men,
Approacheth nigh, and meaneth e'er the Morn,
To try your force by dint of fatal Sword.

Hum. Tut, let him come with millions of Hoſts,
He ſhall find entertainment good enough,
Yea, fit for thoſe that are our Enemies:
For we'll receive them at the Lances points,
And maſſacre their Bodies with our Blades:
Yea, though they were in number infinite,
More than the mighty *Babylonian* Queen,
Semiramis the Ruler of the Weſt,
Brought 'gainſt the Emperor of the *Scythians*,
Yet would we not ſtart back one foot from them:
That they might know we are invincible.

Hub. Now by great *Jove*, the ſupream King of Heav'n,
And the immortal Gods that live therein,
When as the Morning ſhews his chearful Face,
And *Lucifer* mounted upon his Steed,
Brings in the Chariot of the golden Sun,
I'll meet young *Albanact* in th' open Field,
And crack my Launce upon his Burganet,
To try the Valour of his boyiſh Strength:
There will I ſhew ſuch ruthful ſpectacles,

And

And cauſe ſo great effuſion of Blood,
That all his Boys ſhall wonder at my ſtrength.
As when the warlike Queen of *Amazons*,
Pentheſilea, armed with her Launce,
Girt with a Corſlet of bright ſhining Steel,
Coopt up the faint-heart *Grecians* in the Camp.
Hum. Spoke like a warlike Knight, my noble Son,
Nay, like a Prince that ſeeks his Father's Joy.
Therefore to Morrow e'er fair *Titan* ſhine,
And baſhful *Eos* Meſſenger of Light,
Expels the liquid ſleep from out Mens Eyes,
Thou ſhalt conduct the right Wing of the Hoſt,
The left Wing ſhall be under *Segar*'s charge,
The Rearward ſhall be under me my ſelf;
And lovely *Elſtrid*, fair and gracious,
If Fortune favour me in mine attempts,
Thou ſhalt be Queen of lovely *Albion*.
Fortune ſhall favour me in mine attempts,
And make thee Queen of lovely *Albion*.
Come let us in and muſter up our Train,
And furniſh up our luſty Soldiers,
That they may be a Bulwark to our ſtate,
And bring our wiſhed joys to perfect end. [*Exeunt*.

SCENE III.

Enter Strumbo, Dorothy, *and* Trompart, *Cobling Shooes, and Singing.*

Trom. *We Coblers lead a merry life:*
All. *Dan, dan, dan, dan.*
Strum. *Void of all envy and ſtrife:*
All. *Dan diddle dan.*
Dor. *Our eaſe is great, our labour ſmall:*
All. *Dan, dan, dan, dan.*
Strum. *And yet our gains be much withal:*
All. *Dan diddle dan.*
Dor. *With this art ſo fine and fair:*
All. *Dan, dan, dan, dan.*
Trom. *No occupation may compare:*
All. *Dan diddle dan.*
Strum. *For merry paſtime and joyful glee:*
Dan, dan, dan, dan.

Dor. *Moſt happy Men we Coblers be :*
Dan diddle dan.
Trom. *The Can ſtands full of nappy Ale,*
Dan, dan, dan, dan.
Strum. *In our Shop ſtill withouten fail :*
Dan diddle dan.
Dor. *This is our Meat, this is our Food :*
Dan, dan, dan, dan.
Trom. *This brings us to a merry mood :*
Dan diddle dan.
Strum. *This makes us work for Company :*
Dan, dan, dan, dan.
Dor. *To pull the Tankards cheerfully :*
Dan diddle dan.
Trom. *Drink to thy Husband,* Dorothy,
Dan, dan, dan, dan.
Dor. *Why then my* Strumbo *there's to thee :*
Dan diddle dan.
Strum. *Drink thou the reſt* Trompart, *amain :*
Dan, dan, dan, dan.
Dor. *When that is gone, we'll fill't again :*
Dan diddle dan.

Enter Captain.

Cap. The pooreſt ſtate is fartheſt from annoy,
How merrily he ſitteth on his Stool :
But when he ſees that needs he muſt be preſt,
He'll turn his note and ſing another tune.
Ho, by your leave Maſter Cobler.

Strum. You are welcome, Gentleman, what will you any old Shooes or Buskins, or will you have your Shooes clouted; I will do them as well as any Cobler in *Cathnes* whatſoever?

[*Captain ſhewing him Preſs-mony.*

Capt. O Maſter Cobler, you are far deceiv'd in me, for done you ſee this? I come not to buy any Shooes, but to buy your ſelf; come, Sir, you muſt be a Soldier in the King's Cauſe.

Strum. Why, but hear you, Sir, has your King any Commiſſion to take any Man againſt his will? I promiſe you, I can ſcant believe it, or did he give you Commiſſion?

Cap.

Capt. O Sir, you need not care for that, I need no Commiſſion: hold here, I command you in the name of our King *Albanact*, to appear to Morrow in the Town-Houſe of *Cathnes*.

Strum. King *Nactaball*, I cry God mercy, what have we to do with him, or he with us? but you, Sir Maſter Capontail, draw your Paſtboard, or elſe I promiſe you, I'll give you a Canvaſado with a Baſtinado over your Shoulders, and teach you to come hither with your implements.

Cap. I pray thee good Fellow be content, I do the King's Command.

Strum. Put me out of your Book then.

Cap. I may not. [Strumbo *ſnatching up a ſtaff.*

Strum. No will, come, Sir, will your Stomach ſerve you, by gogs blew hood and halidom, I will have a bout with you. [*Fight both.*

Enter Thraſimachus.

Thra. How now, what noiſe, what ſudden clamour's this?
How now, my Captain and the Cobler ſo hard at it?
Sirs what is your quarrel?

Cap. Nothing, Sir, but that he will not take Preſs-mony.

Thra. Here, good Fellow, take it at my command,
Unleſs you mean to be ſtretch'd.

Strum. Truly, Maſter Gentleman, I lack no Mony, if you pleaſe I will reſign it to one of theſe poor Fellows.

Thra. No ſuch matter,
Look you be at the common Houſe to morrow.
[*Exit* Thraſimachus *and the Captain.*

Strum. O Wife, I have ſpun a fair thread, if I had been quiet, I had not been Preſt, and therefore well may I lament; But come Sirrah, ſhut up, for we muſt to the Wars. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE IV.

Enter Albanact, Debon, Thraſimachus, *and the Lords.*

Alba. Brave Cavaliers, Princes of *Albany*,
Whoſe trenchant Blades with our deceaſed Sire,

Paſſing

Paſſing the Frontires of brave *Grecia*,
Were bathed in our Enemies lukewarm blood,
Now is the time to manifeſt your wills,
Your haughty minds and reſolutions,
Now opportunity is offered
To try your courage and your eaneſt zeal,
Which you always proteſt to *Albanact*,
For at this time, yea at this preſent time,
Stout Fugitives come from the *Scythians* bounds
Have peſtred every place with mutinies:
But truſt me, Lordings, I will never ceaſe
To perſecute the Raſcal Runnagates,
'Till all the Rivers ſtained with their blood,
Shall fully ſhew their fatal overthrow.

Deb. So ſhall your Highneſs merit great renown,
And imitate your aged Father's ſteps.

Alba. But tell me, Couſin, cam'ſt thou through the Plains?
And ſaw'ſt thou there the faint-heart Fugitives
Muſtring their Weather-beaten Soldiers,
What order keep they in their Marſhalling?

Thra. After we paſt the Groves of *Caledone*,
We did behold the ſtragling *Scythians* Camp,
Repleat with Men, ſtor'd with Munition;
There might we ſee the valiant minded Knights
Fetching Carriers along the ſpacious Plains,
Humber and *Hubba* arm'd in azure blue,
Mounted upon their Courſers white as Snow,
Went to behold the pleaſant flowring Fields;
Hector and *Troilus*, *Priamus* lovely Sons,
Chaſing the *Grecians* over *Simoeis*,
Were not to be compar'd to theſe two Knights.

Alb. Well haſt thou painted out in Eloquence
The Portraiture of *Humber* and his Son;
As fortunate as was *Polycrates*,
Yet ſhould they not eſcape our conquering Swords,
Or boaſt of ought but of our Clemency.

Enter Strumbo *and* Trompart *crying often*,
Wild-fire and Pitch, Wild-fire and Pitch, *&c.*

Thra. What Sirs, what mean you by theſe clamors made,
Thoſe outcries rais'd in our ſtately Court?

Strum. Wild-fire and Pitch, Wild-fire and Pitch.

Thra.

Thra. Villains I say, tell us the cause hereof?

Strum. Wild-fire and Pitch, Wild-fire and Pitch.

Thra. Tell me you Villains, why you make this noise,
Or with my Lance, I will prick your Bowels out.

All. Where are your Houses, where's your dwelling-place?

Strum. Place, Ha, ha, ha, laugh a month and a day at him; place! I cry God mercy, why do you think that such poor honest Men as we be, hold our Habitacles in Kings Palaces: Ha, ha, ha. But because you seem to be an abominable Chieftain, I will tell you our state.

From the top to the toe,
From the head to the shoe;
From the beginning to the ending.
From the building to the burning.

This honest Fellow and I had our mansion Cottage in the Suburbs of this City, hard by the Temple of *Mercury.* And by the common Soldiers of the *Shittens,* the *Scythians,* what do you call them? with all the Suburbs, were burnt to the ground, and the ashes are left there for the Country Wives to wash Bucks withal. And that which grieves me most, my loving Wife, O cruel strife; the wicked Flames did roast.

And therefore Captain Crust,
We will continually cry,
Except you seek a remedy,
Our Houses to re-edify,
Which now are burnt to dust.

Both cry. Wild-fire and Pitch, Wild-fire and Pitch.

Alb. Well, we must remedy these outrages,
And throw revenge upon their hateful Heads,
And you good Fellows for your Houses burnt,
We will remunerate your store of Gold,
And build your Houses by our Palace Gate.

Strum. Gate! O petty Treason to my Person, no where else but by your backside; Gate! oh how I am vexed in my Coller: Gate! I cry God mercy, do you hear, Master *King?* If you mean to gratifie such poor Men, as we be, you must build our Houses by the Tavern.

Alb.

Alba. It ſhall be done, Sir.

Strum. Near the Tavern, Ay, by Lady, Sir, it was ſpoken like a good Fellow, do you hear, Sir? when our Houſe is builded, if you do chance to paſs or re-paſs that way, we will beſtow a Quart of the beſt Wine upon you. [*Exit.*

Alba. It grieves me, Lordings, that my Subjects goods
Should thus be ſpoiled by the *Scythians*,
Who as you ſee with lightfoot Foragers,
Depopulate the Places where they come:
But, curſed *Humber*, thou ſhalt rue the day
That e'er thou cam'ſt unto *Cathneſia*. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE V.

Enter Humber, Hubba, Segar, Thraſſier, *and their Soldiers.*

Hum. Hubba, go take a Coronet of our Horſe,
As many Lanciers, and Light-armed Knights,
As may ſuffice for ſuch an enterpriſe,
And place them in the Grove of *Challidon*,
With theſe, when as the Skirmiſh doth encreaſe,
Retire thou from the ſhelters of the Wood,
And ſet upon the weakned *Trojans* backs,
For Policy, joined with Chivalry,
Can never be put back from Victory. [*Exeunt.*

Enter Albanact, *Clowns with him.*

Alba. Thou baſe-born *Hunn*, how durſt thou be ſo bold,
As once to menace warlike *Albanact*,
The great Commander of theſe Regions?
But thou ſhalt buy thy raſhneſs with thy Death,
And rue too late thy over-bold attempts,
For with this Sword, this Inſtrument of Death,
That hath been drenched in my Foe-mens Blood,
I'll ſeparate thy Body from thy Head;
And ſet that Coward Blood of thine abroach.

Strum. Nay, with this Staff, great *Strumbo*'s Inſtrument,
I'll crack thy Cockscomb, paltry *Scythian.*

Hum. Nor wreak I of thy threats thou princox Boy,
Nor do I fear thy fooliſh Inſolency,
And but thou better uſe thy bragging blade,

Than

Than thou doſt rule thy overflowing Tongue,
Superbious *Briton*, thou ſhalt know too ſoon
The force of *Humber* and his *Scythians*.

[*They fight*, Humber *and his Soldiers run in.*

Strum. O horrible, terrible.

SCENE VI.

Sound the Alarm. Enter Humber *and his Soldiers.*

Hum. How bravely this young *Briton*, *Albanact*,
Darteth abroad the Thunderbolts of War,
Beating down Millions with his furious Mood:
And in his glory triumphs over all,
Moving the maſſie Squadrants of the Ground;
Heap Hills on Hills, to ſcale the ſtarry Sky:
As when *Briareus* arm'd with an hundred Hands,
Flung forth an hundred Mountains at great *Jove*,
And when the monſtrous Giant *Monychus*
Hurl'd Mount *Olympus* at great *Mars* his targe,
And ſhot huge Cedars at *Minerva*'s Shield.
How doth he overlook with haughty Front
My fleeting Hoſt, and lifts his lofty Face
Againſt us all that now do fear his Force;
Like as we ſee the wrathful Sea from far,
In a great Mountain heapt with hideous Noiſe,
With thouſand Billows beat againſt the Ships,
And toſs them in the Waves like Tennis Balls.

[*Sound the Alarm.*

Ah me, I fear my *Hubba* is ſurpris'd.

Sound again. Enter Albanact.

Alba. Follow me, Soldiers, follow *Albanact*;
Purſue the *Scythians* flying through the Field:
Let none of them eſcape with Victory:
That they may know the *Britons* force is more
Than all the Power of the trembling *Hunns*.

Thra. Forward, brave Soldiers, forward, keep the chaſe,
He that takes Captive *Humber* or his Son,
Shall be rewarded with a Crown of Gold.

Sound

Sound Alarm, then let them fight, Humber *give back,* Hubba *enters at their backs, and kills* Debon, Strumbo *falls down,* Albanact *runs in, and afterwards enter wounded.*

Alba. Injurious Fortune, haſt thou croſt me thus?
Thus in the Morning of my Victories,
Thus in the Prime of my Felicity
To cut me off by ſuch hard overthrow.
Hadſt thou no time thy rancour to declare,
But in the Spring of all my Dignities?
Hadſt thou no place to ſpit thy Venome out,
But on the Perſon of young *Albanact?*
I that e'erwhile did ſcare mine Enemies,
And drove them almoſt to a ſhameful Flight:
I that e'erwhile full Lion-like did fare
Amongſt the dangers of the thick throng'd Pikes,
Muſt now depart moſt lamentably ſlain
By *Humber*'s Treacheries and Fortune's ſpights:
Curſt be her Charms, damn'd be her curſed Charms
That doth delude the wayward Hearts of Men,
Of Men that truſt unto her fickle Wheel,
Which never leaveth turning upſide-down.
O Gods, O Heav'ns, allot me but the place
Where I may find her hateful Manſion,
I'll paſs the *Alps* to watry *Meroe,*
Where fiery *Phœbus* in his Chariot,
The Wheels whereof are deck'd with Emeralds,
Caſts ſuch a Heat, yea ſuch a ſcorching Heat,
And ſpoileth *Flora* of her chequered Graſs;
I'll overturn the Mountain *Caucaſus,*
Where fell *Chimæra* in her triple Shape,
Rolleth hot Flames from out her monſtrous Panch,
Scaring the Beaſts with Iſſue of her Gorge?
I'll paſs the frozen Zone where Icy flakes
Stopping the Paſſage of the fleeting Ships
Do lye, like Mountains in the congeal'd Sea,
Where if I find that hateful Houſe of hers,
I'll pull the fickle Wheel from out her Hands,
And tye her ſelf in everlaſting Bands.
But all in vain I breathe theſe Threatnings,
The Day is loſt, the *Hunns* are Conquerors,

Debon

Debon is ſlain, my Men are done to Death,
The currents ſwift ſwim violently with Blood,
And laſt, O that this laſt Night ſo long laſt,
My ſelf with Wounds paſt all Recovery,
Muſt leave my Crown for *Humber* to poſſeſs.

Strum. Lord have Mercy upon us, Maſters, I think this is a Holy-day, very Man lyes ſleeping in the Fields, but God knows full ſore againſt their Wills.

Thra. Fly, noble *Albanact*, and ſave thy ſelf,
The *Scythians* follow with great Celerity,
And there's no way but Flight, or ſpeedy Death,
Fly, noble *Albanact*, and ſave thy ſelf. [*Sound the Alarm.*

Alba. Nay let them fly that fear to die the Death,
That tremble at the Name of fatal *Mors*,
Ne'er ſhall proud *Humber* boaſt or brag himſelf,
That he hath put young *Albanact* to flight:
And leſt he ſhould triumph at my decay,
This Sword ſhall reave his Maſter of his Life,
That oft hath ſav'd his Maſter's doubtful Life:
But oh my Brethren if you care for me,
Revenge my Death upon his Traiterous Head.

Et vos queis domus eſt nigrantis regia ditis,
Qui regitis rigido ſtygios moderamine lucos,
Nox cæci regina poli, furialis Erinnys,
Diique deaque omnes, Albanum tollite regem,
Tollite flumineis undis rigidaque palude;
Nunc me fata vocant, hoc condam pectore ferrum.
[Stabs himſelf.

Enter Trompart.

O what hath he done? his Noſe bleeds; but I ſmell a Fox,
Look where my Maſter lyes, Maſter, Maſter.

Strum. Let me alone, I tell thee, for I am dead.

Trom. Yet one, good, good, Maſter.

Strum. I will not ſpeak, for I am dead, I tell thee.

Trom. *And is my Maſter dead?* [Singing.
O Sticks and Stones, Brickbats and Bones,
And is my Maſter dead?
O you Cockatrices, and you Bablatrices,
That in the Woods dwell:

You

You Briers and Brambles, you Cook-ſhops and Shambles,
Come howl and yell.
With howling and ſcreeking, with wailing and weeping,
Come you to lament.
O Colliers of Croyden, *and Ruſticks of* Royden,
And Fiſhers of Kent.
For Strumbo *the Cobler, the fine merry Cobler*
Of Cathnes *Town:*
At this ſame ſtoure, at this very hour
Lies dead on the Ground.
O Maſter, Thieves, Thieves, Thieves.

Strum. Where be they? cox me tunny, bobekin, let me be riſing, be gone, we ſhall be robb'd by and by.

SCENE VIII.

Enter Humber, Hubba, Segar, Thraſſier, Eſtrild, *and the Soldiers.*

Hum. Thus from the dreadful Shocks of furious *Mars*,
Thundring Alarums, and *Rhamnuſia*'s Drum,
We are retir'd with joyful Victory,
The ſlaughter'd *Trojans* ſqueltring in their Blood,
Infect the Air with their Carcaſſes,
And are a Prey for every rav'nous Bird.

Eſt. So periſh they that are our Enemies:
So periſh they that love not *Humber*'s Weal.
And mighty *Jove*, Commander of the World,
Protect my Love from all falſe Treacheries.

Hum. Thanks, lovely *Eſtrild*, ſolace to my Soul.
But, valiant *Hubba*, for thy Chivalry
Declar'd againſt the Men of *Albany*,
Loe here a flowring Garland wreath'd of Bay,
As a reward for this thy forward Mind. [*Sets it on his Head.*

Hub. This unexpected Honour, noble Sir,
Will prick my Courage unto braver Deeds,
And cauſe me to attempt ſuch hard Exploits,
That all the World ſhall ſound of *Hubba*'s Name.

Hum. And now, brave Soldiers, for this good Succeſs,
Carouſe whole Cups of *Amazonian* Wine,
Sweeter than *Nectar* or *Ambroſia*,
And caſt away the Clods of curſed care,
With Goblets crown'd with *Semeleius* Gifts,

Now

Now let us march to *Abis* Silver Streams,
That clearly glide along the *Champane* Fields,
And moiſt the graſſie Meads with humid drops.
Sound Drums and Trumpets, ſound up chearfully,
Sith we return with Joy and Victory. [*Exeunt.*

ACT III. SCENE I.

Dumb Show. Enter Ate *as before. A Crocodile ſitting on a Rivers Bank, and a little Snake ſtinging it. Then both of them fall into the Water.*

Ate. *Scelera in authorem cadunt.*

SHigh on a Bank by *Nilus* boiſterous Streams,
Fearfully ſat th'*Egyptian* Crocodile,
Dreadfully grinding in her ſharp long Teeth
The broken Bowels of a ſilly Fiſh,
His Back was arm'd againſt the dint of Spear,
With Shields of Braſs that ſhin'd like burniſht Gold,
And as he ſtretched forth his cruel Paws,
A ſubtil Adder creeping cloſely near,
Thruſting his forked Sting into his Claws,
Privily ſhed his Poiſon through his Bones,
Which made him ſwell that there his Bowels burſt,
That did ſo much in his own greatneſs truſt.
So *Humber* having conquer'd *Albanact*,
Doth yield his Glory unto *Locrine*'s Sword.
Mark what enſues, and you may eaſily ſee,
That all our Life is but a Tragedy. [*Exit.*

SCENE II.

Enter Locrine, Guendeline, Corineius, Aſſaracus, Thraſimachus, *and* Camber.

Loc. And is this true, is *Albanactus* ſlain?
Hath curſed *Humber* with his ſtragling Hoſt,
With that his Army made of mungrel Curs,
Brought our redoubted Brother to his end?
O that I had the *Thracian Orpheus* Harp,
For to awake out of th' infernal Shade
Thoſe ugly Devils of black *Erebus*,
That might torment the damned Traitor's Soul:
O that I had *Amphion*'s Inſtrument

To quicken with his vital Notes and Tunes
The flinty Joints of every ſtony Rock,
By which the *Scythians* might be puniſhed;
For, by the lightning of almighty *Jove*,
The *Hunn* ſhall die, had he ten thouſand Lives:
And would to God he had ten thouſand Lives,
That I might with the arm-ſtrong *Hercules*
Crop off ſo vile an *Hydra*'s hiſſing Heads.
But ſay me, Couſin, for I long to hear,
How *Albanact* came by untimely Death.

Thra. After the traiterous Hoſt of *Scythians*
Entred the Field with Martial Equipage,
Young *Albanact*, impatient of delay,
Led forth his Army 'gainſt the ſtragling Mates,
Whoſe multitude did daunt our Soldiers Minds,
Yet nothing could diſmay the forward Prince;
But with a Courage moſt heroical,
Like to a Lion 'mongſt a flock of Lambs,
Made havock of the faint-heart Fugitives,
Hewing a paſſage through them with his Sword;
Yea we had almoſt giv'n them the Repulſe,
When ſuddenly from out the ſilent Wood
Hubba with twenty thouſand Soldiers,
Cowardly came upon our weakned Backs,
And murthered all with fatal Maſſacre;
Amongſt the which old *Debon*, martial Knight,
With many wounds was brought unto the Death:
And *Albanact* oppreſt with multitude,
Whilſt valiantly he feld his Enemies,
Yielded his life and honour to the Duſt,
He being dead, the Soldiers fled amain,
And I alone eſcaped them by flight,
To bring you Tidings of theſe accidents.

Loc. Not aged *Priam*, King of ſtately *Troy*,
Grand Emperour of barb'rous *Aſia*,
When he beheld his noble-minded Sons
Slain traiterouſly by all the *Mirmidons*,
Lamented more than I for *Albanact*.

Guen. Not *Hecuba* the Queen of *Ilium*,
When ſhe beheld the Town of *Pergamus*,
Her Palace burnt, with all-devouring flames,
Her fifty Sons and Daughters freſh of hue,

Mur-

Murther'd by wicked *Pyrrhus* bloody Sword,
Shed ſuch ſad Tears as I for *Albanact*.
Cam. The grief of *Niobe*, fair *Athens* Queen,
For her ſeven Sons magnanimous in Field,
For her ſeven Daughters fairer than the faireſt,
Is not to be compar'd with my laments.
Cor. In vain you ſorrow for the ſlaughter'd Prince,
In vain you ſorrow for his overthrow;
He loves not moſt that doth lament the moſt,
But he that ſeeks to venge the Injury.
Think you to quell the Enemies warlike Train,
With childiſh Sobs and womaniſh Laments?
Unſheath your Swords, unſheath your conqu'ring Swords,
And ſeek revenge, the comfort for this ſore:
In *Cornwall*, where I hold my Regiment,
Even juſt ten thouſand valiant Men at Arms
Hath *Corineius* ready at command:
All theſe and more, if need ſhall more require,
Hath *Corineius* ready at command.
Cam. And in the Fields of martial *Cambria*,
Cloſe by the boiſtrous *Iſcan*'s Silver ſtreams,
Where light-foot Fairies skip from Bank to Bank,
Full twenty thouſand brave couragious Knights
Well exercis'd in feats of Chivalry,
In manly manner moſt invincible,
Young *Camber* hath with Gold and Victual.
All theſe and more, if need ſhall more require,
I offer up to venge my Brother's Death,
Loc. Thanks, loving Uncle, and good Brother too,
For this revenge, for this ſweet Word revenge
Muſt eaſe and ceaſe my wrongful Injuries;
And by the Sword of bloody *Mars* I ſwear,
Ne'er ſhall ſweet quiet enter this my Front,
'Till I be venged on his traiterous Head
That ſlew my noble Brother *Albanact*.
Sound Drums and Trumpets, muſter up the Camp,
For we will ſtraight march to *Albania*. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE III.

Enter Humber, Eſtrild, Hubba, Thraſſier, *and the Soldiers.*
Hum. Thus are we come, victorious Conqueror,
Unto the flowing Current's Silver ſtreams,

Which, in memorial of our Victory,
Shall be agnominated by our Name,
And talked of by our Posterity:
For sure I hope before the Golden Sun
Posteth his Horses to fair *Thetis* Plains,
To see the Waters turned into Blood,
And change his blueish Hue to rueful red,
By reason of the fatal Massacre,
Which shall be made upon the virent Plains.

Enter the Ghost of Albanact.

Ghost. See how the Traitor doth presage his harm;
See how he glories at his own decay,
See how he triumphs at his proper Loss,
O Fortune vile, unstable, fickle, frail!

Hum. Methinks I see both Armies in the Field,
The broken Lances climb the Crystal Skies,
Some headless lye, some breathless on the Ground,
And every place is strew'd with carcasses,
Behold the Grass hath lost his pleasant green,
The sweetest Sight that ever might be seen.

Ghost. Ay, Traiterous *Humber*, thou shalt find it so,
Yea to thy cost thou shalt the same behold,
With Anguish, Sorrow, and with sad Laments;
The grassie Plains, that now do please thine Eyes,
Shall e'er the Night be colour'd all with Blood;
The shady Groves that now inclose thy Camp,
And yield sweet savour to thy damned Corps,
Shall e'er the Night be figured all with Blood;
The profound Stream that passeth by thy Tents,
And with his Moisture serveth all thy Camp,
Shall e'er the Night converted be to Blood,
Yea with the Blood of those thy stragling Boys:
For now revenge shall ease my lingring Grief,
And now revenge shall glut my longing Soul.

Hub. Let come what will, I mean to bear it out,
And either live with glorious Victory,
Or die with Fame renown'd for Chivalry:
He is not worthy of the Honey-comb,
That shuns the Hives because the Bees have stings;
That likes me best that is not got with ease,
Which thousand Dangers do accompany;

For

For nothing can dismay our regal Mind;
Which aims at nothing but a Golden Crown,
The only upshot of mine enterprises.
Were they inchanted in grim *Pluto*'s Court,
And kept for treasure 'mongst his hellish Crew,
I would either quell the triple *Cerberus*
And all the Army of his hateful Hags,
Or roll the Stone with wretched *Sysiphus*.

Hum. Right martial be thy Thoughts, my noble Son,
And all thy words savour of Chivalry. [*Enter* Segar.
But, warlike *Segar*, what strange Accidents
Make you to leave the warding of the Camp?

Segar. To Arms, my Lord, to honourable Arms;
Take helm and targe in Hand, the *Britons* come
With greater Multitude than erst the *Greeks*
Brought to the Ports of *Phrygian Tenedos*.

Hum. But what saith *Segar* to these Accidents?
What Counsel gives he in Extremities?

Segar. Why this, my Lord, experience teacheth us,
That Resolution's a sole help at need.
And this, my Lord, our honour teacheth us,
That we be bold in every enterprise;
Then since there is no way but fight or die,
Be resolute, my Lord, for Victory.

Hum. And resolute, *Segar*, I mean to be,
Perhaps some blissful Star will favour us,
And comfort bring to our perplexed State;
Come let us in and fortifie our Camp,
So to withstand their strong Invasion. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE IV.

Enter Strumbo, Trompart, Oliver, *and his Son* William *following them.*

Strum. Nay Neighbour *Oliver*, if you be so whot, come prepare your self, you shall find two as stout Fellows of us, as any in all the North.

Oliv. No by my dorth Neighbour *Strumbo*, Ich zee dat you are a Man of small zideration, dat will zeek to injure your old vreends, one of your vamiliar guests, and derefore zeeing your pinion is to deal withouten reazon, Ich and my zonne *William* will take dat courfe, dat shall

be fardeſt vrom reaſon; how zay you, will you have my Daughter or no?

Strum. A very hard queſtion, Neighbour, but I will ſolve it as I may; what reaſon have you to demand it of me?

Will. Marry Sir, what reaſon had you when my Siſter was in the barn to tumble her upon the Hay, and to fiſh her Belly?

Strum. Maſs thou ſay'ſt true; well, but would you have me marry her therefore? No, I ſcorn her, and you, and you: Ay, I ſcorn you all.

Oliv. You will not have her then?

Strum. No, as I am a true Gentleman.

Will. Then will we School you, e'er you and we part hence.

Enter Margery, *and ſnatches the Staff out of her Brother's Hand as he is fighting.*

Strum. Ay, you come in Pudding time, or elſe I had dreſt them.

Mar. You Maſter Sawcebox, Lobcocks, Cockſcomb, you Slopſawce, Lickfingers, will you not hear?

Strum. Who ſpeak you to, me?

Mar. Ay, Sir, to you, *John* Lack-honeſty, little Wit, is it you that will have none of me?

Strum. No by my troth, Miſtreſs Nicebice, how fine you can Nick-name me; I think you were brought up in the Univerſity of *Bridewell*, you have your Rhetorick ſo ready at your Tongues end, as if you were never well warn'd when you were young.

Mar. Why then Goodman cods-head, if you will have none of me, farewel.

Strum. If you be ſo plain, Miſtreſs Driggle-draggle, fare you well.

Mar. Nay, Maſter *Strumbo*, e'er you go from hence we muſt have more words, you will have none of me? [*They Fight.*

Strum. Oh my Head, my Head, leave, leave, leave, I will, I will, I will.

Mar. Upon that condition I let thee alone.

Oliv. How now Maſter *Strumbo*, hath my Daughter taught you a new Leſſon?

Strum. Ay but hear you, Goodman *Oliver*, it will not be for my eaſe to have my Head broken every Day, therefore remedy this, and we ſhall agree. *Oliv.*

Oliv. Well, Son, well, for you are my Son now, all shall be remedied, Daughter be Friends with him. [*Shake Hands.*

Strum. You are a sweet Nut, the Devil crack you. Masters, I think it be my luck, my first Wife was a loving quiet Wench, but this I think would weary the Devil. I would she might be burnt as my other Wife was; if not, I must run to the Halter for help. O Codpiece, thou hast undone thy Master, this it is to be medling with warm Plackets.

[*Exeunt.*

SCENE V.

Enter Locrine, Camber, Corineius, Thrasimachus, *and* Assarachus.

Loc. Now am I guarded with an host of Men,
Whose haughty Courage is invincible;
Now am I hem'd with Troops of Soldiers,
Such as might force *Bellona* to retire,
And make her tremble at their Puissance.
Now sit I like the mighty God of War,
When armed with his Coat of Adamant,
Mounted his Chariot drawn with mighty Bulls,
He drove the *Argives* over *Xanthus* Streams.
Now, cursed *Humber*, doth thy end draw nigh,
Down goes the Glory of his Victories,
And all his Fame, and all his high Renown,
Shall in a moment yield to *Locrine*'s Sword:
Thy bragging Banners croft with argent Streams,
The Ornaments of thy Pavillions,
Shall all be captivated with this Hand,
And thou thy self, at *Albanactus* Tomb
Shalt offer'd be, in Satisfaction
Of all the wrongs thou didst him when he liv'd.
But canst thou tell me, brave *Thrasimachus*,
How far we are distant from *Humber*'s Camp?

Thra. My Lord, within yon foul accursed Grove,
That bears the Tokens of our overthrow,
This *Humber* hath intrench'd his damned Camp.
March on, my Lord, because I long to see
The treacherous *Scythians* squeltring in their gore.

Loc. Sweet Fortune, favour *Locrine* with a smile,
That I may venge my noble Brother's Death,

And in the midſt of ſtately *Troynovant*,
I'll build a Temple to thy Deity
Of perfect Marble, and of *Jacinth* Stones,
That it ſhall paſs the higheſt *Pyramids*,
Which with their top ſurmount the firmament.
Cam. The arm-ſtrong Off-ſpring of the doubted Knight,
Stout *Hercules*, *Alcmena*'s mighty Son,
That tam'd the Monſters of the three-fold World,
And rid the oppreſſed from the Tyrants Yokes,
Did never ſhew ſuch valiantneſs in Fight,
As I will now for noble *Albanact*.
Cor. Full fourſcore Years hath *Corineius* liv'd,
Sometimes in War, ſometimes in quiet Peace,
And yet I feel my ſelf to be as ſtrong
As erſt I was in Summer of mine Age,
Able to toſs this great unwieldy Club,
Which hath been painted with my foe-mens Brains:
And with this Club I'll break the ſtrong array
Of *Humber* and his ſtragling Soldiers,
Or loſe my Life amongſt the thickeſt preſs,
And die with Honour in my lateſt Days:
Yet e'er I die they all ſhall underſtand,
What force lyes in ſtout *Corineius* Hand.
Thra. And if *Thraſimachus* detract the Fight,
Either for weakneſs or for cowardiſe,
Let him not boaſt that *Brutus* was his Eame,
Or that brave *Corineius* was his Sire.
Loc. Then courage, Soldiers, firſt for your Safety,
Next for your Peace, laſt for your Victory. [*Exeunt.*

Sound the Alarm. *Enter* Hubba *and* Segar *at one Door, and* Corineius *at the other.*

Cor. Art thou that *Humber*, Prince of Fugitives,
That by thy Treaſon ſlew'ſt young *Albanact*?
Hub. I am his Son that ſlew young *Albanact*,
And if thou take not heed, proud *Phrygian*,
I'll ſend thy Soul unto the *Stygian* lake,
There to complain of *Humber*'s Injuries.
Cor. You triumph, Sir, before the Victory,
For *Corineius* is not ſo ſoon ſlain.
But, curſed *Scythians*, you ſhall rue the Day,
That e'er you came into *Albania*.

So

So periſh they that envy *Britain*'s wealth,
So let them die with endleſs infamy,
And he that ſeeks his Soveraign's overthrow,
Would this my Club might aggravate his woe.
[*Strikes them both down with his Club.*
Enter Humber.

Hum. Where may I find ſome deſart Wilderneſs,
Where I may breathe out curſes as I would,
And ſcare the Earth with my condemning Voice,
Where every Echoes repercuſſion
May help me to bewail mine overthrow,
And aid me in my ſorrowful laments?
Where may I find ſome hollow uncouth Rock,
Where I may damn, condemn, and ban my fill?
The Heavens, the Hell, the Earth, the Air, the Fire,
And utter curſes to the concave Sky,
Which may infect the airy Regions,
And light upon the *Briton Locrine*'s Head.
You ugly Spirits that in *Cocitus* mourn,
And gnaſh your Teeth with dolorous laments,
You fearful dogs that in black *Lethe* howl,
And ſcare the Ghoſts with your wide open throats,
You ugly Ghoſts that flying from theſe dogs,
Do plunge your ſelves in *Puryflegiton*,
Come all of you, and with your ſhrieking notes
Accompany the *Britons* Conquering Hoaſt.
Come fierce *Erinnys*, horrible with Snakes,
Come ugly Furies, armed with your Whips,
You threefold Judges of black *Tartarus*,
And all the Army of your helliſh Fiends,
With new found torments rack proud *Locrine*'s Bones.
O Gods and Stars, damn'd be the Gods and Stars,
That did not drown me in fair *Thetis* Plains.
Curſt be the Sea that with outragious Waves,
With ſurging Billows did not rive my Ships
Againſt the Rocks of high *Cerannia*,
Or ſwallowed me into her watry Gulf.
Would God he had arriv'd upon the Shore
Where *Polyphemus* and the *Cyclops* dwell,
Or where the bloody *Anthropophagie*
With greedy Jaws devours the wandring Wights,

Enter

Enter the Ghoſt of Albanact.

But why comes *Albanactus*'s bloody Ghoſt,
To bring a corſive to our miſeries!
Is't not enough to ſuffer ſhameful flight,
But we muſt be tormented now with Ghoſts?
With Apparitions fearful to behold?
Ghoſt. Revenge, revenge for Blood.
Hum. So, nought will ſatisfie your wandring Ghoſt,
But dire revenge, nothing but *Humber*'s fall,
Becauſe he Conquer'd you in *Albany*.
Now by my Soul, *Humber* would be condemn'd
To *Tantal*'s Hunger, or *Ixion*'s Wheel,
Or to the *Vulture* of *Prometheus*,
Rather than that this Murther were undone.
When as I die I'll drag thy curſed Ghoſt
Through all the Rivers of foul *Erebus*,
Through burning Sulphur of the Limbo-lake,
To allay the burning fury of that heat,
That rageth in mine everlaſting Soul.
Ghoſt. Vindicta, vindicta. [*Exeunt.*

ACT IV. SCENE I.

Enter Ate *as before. Then* Omphale *Daughter to the King of* Lydia, *having a Club in her Hand, and a Lion's skin on her Back,* Hercules *following with a Diſtaff. Then* Omphale *turns about, and taking off her Pantofle, ſtrikes* Hercules *on the Head, then they depart.* Ate *remaining, ſays;*

Quem non Argolici mandata ſevera Tyranni,
Non potuit Juno *vincere, vicit amor.*

Stout *Hercules*, the mirror of the World,
Son to *Alcmena* and great *Jupiter*,
After ſo many Conqueſts won in Field,
After ſo many Monſters quell'd by force,
Yielded his valiant Heart to *Omphale*,
A fearful Woman void of manly ſtrength,
She took the Club, and wore the Lion's Skin.
He took the Wheel, and maidenly gan ſpin.

So

So Martial *Locrine* cheer'd with Victory,
Falleth in love with *Humber*'s Concubine,
And ſo forgetteth peerleſs *Guendeline*.
His Uncle *Corineius* ſtorms at this,
And forceth *Locrine* for his Grace to ſue,
Lo here the Sum, the Proceſs doth enſue. [*Exit.*

SCENE II.

Enter Locrine, Camber, Corineius, Aſſarachus, Thraſimachus, *and the Soldiers.*

Loc. Thus from the fury of *Bellona*'s broils,
With ſound of Drum and Trumpets melody,
The *Britain* King returns triumphantly,
The *Scythians* ſlain with great occiſion,
Do equalize the Graſs in multitude,
And with their Blood have ſtain'd the ſtreaming Brooks,
Offering their Bodies and their deareſt Blood
As ſacrifice to *Albanactus* Ghoſt.
Now curſed *Humber* haſt thou paid thy due,
For thy Deceits and crafty Treacheries,
For all thy guiles, and damned ſtratagems,
With loſs of Life and everduring ſhame.
Where are thy Horſes trap'd with burniſh'd Gold,
Thy trampling Courſers rul'd with foaming bits?
Where are thy Soldiers ſtrong and numberleſs?
Thy valiant Captains, and thy noble Peers;
Ev'n as the Country Clowns with ſharpeſt Scythes,
Do mow the wither'd Graſs from off the Earth,
Or as the Plough-man with his piercing Share
Renteth the Bowels of the fertile Fields,
And rippeth up the Roots with Razors keen;
So *Locrine*, with his mighty curtle Axe,
Hath cropped off the Heads of all thy *Hunns*,
So *Locrine*'s Peers have daunted all thy Peers,
And drove thine Hoſt unto confuſion,
That thou may'ſt ſuffer penance for thy fault,
And die for murdering valiant *Albanact*.

Cori. And thus, yea thus, ſhall all the reſt be ſerv'd,
That ſeek to enter *Albion* 'gainſt our wills.
If the brave Nation of the *Troglodites*,
If all the coal-black *Æthiopians*,

If

If all the Forces of the *Amazons*,
If all the Hosts of the *Barbarian* Lands,
Should dare to enter this our little World,
Soon should they rue their over-bold attempts,
That after us our Progeny may say,
There lyes the Beast that sought to usurp our Land.

Loc. Ay, they are Beasts that seek to usurp our Land,
And like to brutish Beasts they shall be serv'd.
For mighty *Jove*, the supream King of Heav'n,
That guides the concourse of the *Meteors*,
And rules the motion of the azure Sky,
Fights always for the *Britains* safety.
But stay, methinks I hear some shrieking noise,
That draweth near to our Pavilion.

Enter Soldiers leading in Estrild.

Est. What Prince soe'er adorn'd with golden Crown,
Doth sway the Regal Sceptre in his hand;
And thinks no chance can ever throw him down,
Or that his state shall everlasting stand,
Let him behold poor *Estrild* in this plight,
The perfect Platform of a troubled Wight.
Once was I guarded with mavortial bands,
Compact with Princes of the noble Blood,
Now am I fall'n into my Foe-mens hands,
And with my death must pacifie their mood,
O Life, the harbour of calamities,
O Death, the haven of all miseries,
I could compare my sorrows to thy woe,
Thou wretched Queen of wretched *Pergamus*,
But that thou viewd'st thy Enemies overthrow,
Nigh to the Rock of high *Caphareus*.
Thou saw'st their death, and then departed'st thence,
I must abide the Victors insolence.
The Gods that pitied thy continual grief,
Transform'd thy Corps, and with thy Corps thy care,
Poor *Estrild* lives despairing of relief,
For Friends in trouble are but few and rare.
What, said I, few? Ay, few or none at all,
For cruel Death made havock of them all.
Thrice happy they whose fortune was so good,
To end their lives, and with their lives their woes,

Thrice

Thrice hapleſs I, whom Fortune ſo withſtood,
That cruelly ſhe gave me to my Foes.
O Soldiers, is there any miſery
To be compar'd to Fortune's treachery.
Loc. Camber, this ſame ſhould be the *Scythian* Queen.
Cam. So may we judge by her lamenting words.
Loc. So fair a Dame mine Eyes did never ſee,
With floods of woes ſhe ſeems o'erwhelm'd to be.
Cam. O *Locrine*, hath ſhe not a cauſe for to be ſad?
[Locrine *at one ſide of the Stage.*
Loc. If ſhe have cauſe to weep for *Humber*'s death,
And ſhed ſalt tears for her overthrow:
Locrine may well bewail his proper grief,
Locrine may move his own peculiar woe,
He being Conquer'd, died a ſpeedy death,
And felt not long his lamentable ſmart,
I being a Conqueror, live a lingring Life,
And feel the force of *Cupid*'s ſudden ſtroke.
I gave him cauſe to die a ſpeedy death.
He left me cauſe to wiſh a ſpeedy death.
O that ſweet Face painted with Nature's dye,
Thoſe roſeal Cheeks mixt with a ſnowy white,
That decent Neck ſurpaſſing Ivory,
Thoſe comely Breaſts which *Venus* well might ſpite,
Are like to ſnares which wily fowlers wrought,
Wherein my yielding Heart is priſoner caught.
The golden treſſes of her dainty Hair,
Which ſhine like Rubies glittering with the Sun,
Have ſo entrap'd poor *Locrine*'s love-ſick Heart,
That from the ſame no way it can be won.
How true is that which oft I heard declar'd,
One dram of Joy muſt have a pound of Care.
Eſt. Hard is their fall, who from a Golden Crown
Are caſt into a Sea of wretchedneſs.
Loc. Hard is their thrall, who by *Cupid*'s frown
Are wrapt in Waves of endleſs carefulneſs.
Eſt. O Kingdom, Object to all miſeries.
Loc. O Love, the extream'ſt of all extremities.
[*Goes into his Chair.*
Sold. My Lord, in ranſacking the *Scythian* Tents,
I found this Lady, and to manifeſt

That

That earneſt Zeal I bear unto your Grace,
I here preſent her to your Majeſty.
Another Sold. He lies, my Lord, I found the Lady firſt,
And here preſent her to your Majeſty.
1 *Sold.* Preſumptuous Villain, wilt thou take my prize?
2 *Sold.* Nay, rather thou depriv'ſt me of my right.
3 *Sold.* Reſign thy Title, Caitive, unto me,
Or with my Sword I'll pierce thy Cowards Loins.
2 *Sold.* Soft words, good Sir, 'tis not enough to ſpeak:
A barking Dog doth ſeldom Strangers bite.
Loc. Unreverent Villains, ſtrive you in our ſight?
Take them hence, Jailor, to the Dungeon,
There let them lye and try their quarrel out,
But thou, fair Princeſs, be no whit diſmay'd,
But rather joy that *Locrine* favours thee.
Eſt. How can he favour me that ſlew my Spouſe?
Loc. The chance of War, my Love, took him from thee.
Eſt. But *Locrine* was the cauſer of his death.
Loc. He was an Enemy to *Locrine*'s State,
And ſlew my noble Brother *Albanact*.
Eſt. But he was link'd to me in Marriage-bond,
And would you have me love his ſlaughterer?
Loc. Better to live, than not to live at all.
Eſt. Better to die renown'd for chaſtity,
Than live with ſhame and endleſs infamy.
What would the common ſort report of me,
If I forget my love, and cleave to thee?
Loc. Kings need not fear the vulgar ſentences.
Eſt. But Ladies muſt regard their honeſt Name.
Loc. Is it a ſhame to live in Marriage-bonds?
Eſt. No, but to be a Strumpet to a King.
Loc. If thou wilt yield to *Locrine*'s burning Love,
Thou ſhalt be Queen of fair *Albania*.
Eſt. But *Guendeline* will undermine my State.
Loc. Upon mine Honour, thou ſhalt have no harm.
Eſt. Then lo, brave *Locrine*, *Eſtrild* yields to thee,
And by the gods, whom thou doſt invocate,
By the dread Ghoſt of thy deceaſed Sire,
By thy right-hand, and by thy burning Love,
Take pity on poor *Eſtrild*'s wretched thrall.
Cori. Hath *Locrine* then forgot his *Guendeline*,

That

That thus he courts the *Scythians* Paramour?
What, are the words of *Brute* ſo ſoon forgot?
Are my deſerts ſo quickly out of mind?
Have I been faithful to thy Sire now dead?
Have I protected thee from *Humber*'s hand,
And do'ſt thou quit me with Ungratitude?
Is this the guerdon for my grievous wounds?
Is this the Honour for my labours paſt?
Now by my Sword, *Locrine*, I ſwear to thee,
This injury of thine ſhall be repaid.

Loc. Uncle, ſcorn you your Royal Soveraign,
As if we ſtood for Cyphers in the Court?
Upbraid you me with thoſe your benefits?
Why, it was a Subject's duty ſo to do.
What you have done for our deceaſed Sire
We know, and all know, you have your reward.

Cori. Avant, proud Princox, brav'ſt thou me withal,
Aſſure thy ſelf, though thou be Emperor,
Thou ne'er ſhalt carry this unpuniſhed.

Camb. Pardon my Brother, noble *Corineius*,
Pardon this once, and it ſhall be amended.

Aſſa. Couſin, remember *Brutus* lateſt words,
How he deſired you to cheriſh them:
Let not this fault ſo much incenſe your Mind,
Which is not yet paſſed all remedy.

Cori. Then *Locrine*, lo I reconcile my ſelf,
But as thou lov'ſt thy Life, ſo love thy Wife.
But if thou violate thoſe promiſes,
Blood and revenge ſhall light upon thy Head.
Come, let us back to ſtately *Troynovant*,
Where all theſe matters ſhall be ſettled.

Loc. Millions of Devils wait upon thy Soul. [*To himſelf.*
Legions of Spirits vex thy impious Ghoſt:
Ten thouſand torments rack thy curſed bones.
Let every thing that hath the uſe of breath,
Be inſtruments and workers of thy death. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE

SCENE III.

Enter Humber *alone, his Hair hanging over his Shoulders, his Arms all bloody, and a Dart in one Hand.*

Hum. What Basilisk hath hatched in this place,
Where every thing consumed is to nought?
What fearful Fury haunts these cursed Groves,
Where not a root is left for *Humber*'s Meat?
Hath fell *Alecto* with envenom'd blasts,
Breathed forth poison in these tender Plains?
Hath tripple *Cerberus* with contagious foam,
Sow'd *Aconitum* 'mongst these wither'd Herbs?
Hath dreadful *Fames* with her charming rods
Brought barrenness on every fruitful Tree?
What not a Root, no Fruit, no Beast, no Bird,
To nourish *Humber* in this Wilderness?
What would you more, you Fiends of *Erebus*?
My very Intrails burn for want of drink,
My Bowels cry, *Humber* give us some meat,
But wretched *Humber* can give you no meat,
These foul accursed Groves afford no meat:
This fruitless soil, this ground brings forth no meat.
The Gods, hard-hearted Gods, yield me no meat.
Then how can *Humber* give you any meat?

Enter Strumbo *with a Pitch-fork and a* Scotch-*Cap.*

Strum. How do you, Masters, how do you? how have you 'scap'd hanging this long time? i'faith I have 'scaped many a scouring this Year, but I thank God I have past them all with a good couragio, couragio, and my Wife and I are in great love and charity now, I thank my Manhood and my strength; for I will tell you, Masters, upon a certain Day at Night I came home, to say the very truth, with my Stomach full of Wine, and ran up into the Chamber, where my Wife soberly sate rocking my little Baby, leaning her back against the Bed, singing lullaby. Now when she saw me come with my Nose foremost, thinking that I had been Drunk, as I was indeed, snatch'd up a Faggot-stick in her hand, and came furiously marching towards me, with a big Face, as though she would have eaten me at a bit; thundering out these words unto me. Thou drunken Knave, where hast thou been so long? I shall teach

teach thee how to benight me another time; and so she began to play Knaves Trumps. Now, although I trembled, fearing she would set her ten Commandments in my Face, ran within her, and taking her lustily by the middle, I carried her valiantly to the Bed, and flinging her upon it, flung my self upon her, and there I delighted her so with the sport I made, that ever after she would call me sweet Husband, and so banish'd brawling for ever; and to see the good Will of the Wench, she bought with her Portion a Yard of Land, and by that I am now become one of the richest Men in our Parish. Well, Masters, what's a Clock? It is now Breakfast time, you shall see what Meat I have here for my Breakfast.

[*He sits down and pulls out his Victuals.*

Hum. Was ever Land so fruitless as this Land?
Was ever Grove so graceless as this Grove?
Was ever Soil so barren as this Soil?
Oh no: the Land where hungry *Fames* dwelt,
May no ways equalize this cursed Land;
No, even the climate of the Torrid Zone
Brings forth more fruit than this accursed Grove.
Ne'er came sweet *Ceres*, ne'er came *Venus* here;
Triptolemus the God of Husbandmen,
Ne'er sow'd his Seed in this foul Wilderness.
The hunger-bitten Dogs of *Acheron*,
Chac'd from the nine-fold *Puriphlegiton*,
Have set their Foot-steps in this damned Ground.
The Iron-hearted Furies arm'd with Snakes,
Scatter'd huge *Hydra*'s over all the Plains,
Which have consum'd the Grass, the Herbs, the Trees,
Which have drunk up the flowing Water Springs.

Strumbo *hearing his Voice starts up, and puts his Meat in his Pocket, seeking to hide himself.*

Hum. Thou great Commander of the starry Sky,
That guid'st the Life of every mortal Wight,
From the inclosures of the fleeting Clouds
Rain down some Food, or else I faint and dye.
Pour down some Drink, or else I faint and dye.
O *Jupiter*, has thou sent *Mercury*
In clownish Shape to minister some Food?
Some Meat, some Meat, some Meat.

Strum. O alas, Sir, ye are deceiv'd, I am not *Mercury*, I am *Strumbo*.

Hum. Give me ſome Meat, Villain, give me ſome Meat,
Or 'gainſt this Rock I'll daſh thy curſed Brains,
And rend thy Bowels with my bloody Hands,
Give me ſome Meat, Villain, give me ſome Meat.

Strum. By the Faith of my Body, good Fellow, I had rather give a whole Ox, than that thou ſhouldſt ſerve me in that ſort. Daſh out my Brains! O horrible, terrible. I think I have a quarry of Stones in my Pocket.

He makes as though he would give him ſome, and as he putteth out his Hand, enters the Ghoſt of Albanact, *and ſtrikes him on the Hand, and ſo* Strumbo *runs out*, Humber *following him.* [*Exeunt.*

Ghoſt. Lo here the Gift of fell Ambition,
Of Uſurpation and of Treachery.
Lo here the harms that wait upon all thoſe
That do intrude themſelves in others Lands,
Which are not under their Dominion. [*Exit.*

SCENE IV.

Enter Locrine *alone.*

Loc. Seven Years hath aged *Corineius* liv'd
To *Locrine*'s Grief, and fair *Eſtrilda*'s Woe,
And ſeven Years more he hopeth yet to live.
Oh ſupreme *Jove*, annihilate this thought.
Should he enjoy the Air's Fruition?
Should he enjoy the Benefit of Life?
Should he contemplate the radiant Sun,
That makes my Life equal to dreadful Death?
Venus convey this Monſter from the Earth,
That diſobeyeth thus thy ſacred Heſts.
Cupid convey this Monſter to dark Hell,
That diſannuls thy Mother's ſugar'd Laws.
Mars with thy Target all beſet with Flames,
With murthering Blade bereave him of his Life,
That hindreth *Locrine* in his ſweeteſt Joys.
And yet for all his diligent aſpect,
His wrathful Eyes piercing like Linces Eyes,
Well have I overmatch'd his Subtilty.

Nigh

Nigh *Tweolitum* by the pleaſant *Lee*,
Where brackiſh *Thamis* ſlides with ſilver Streams,
Making a Breach into the graſſie Downs,
A curious Arch of coſtly Marble fraught,
Hath *Locrine* framed underneath the Ground,
The Walls whereof, garniſht with Diamonds,
With Ophirs, Rubies, gliſtering Emeralds,
And interlac'd with Sun-bright Carbuncles,
Lightens the room with artificial Day,
And from the *Lee* with Water-flowing Pipes
The moiſture is deriv'd into this Arch,
Where I have plac'd fair *Eſtrild* ſecretly.
Thither eftſoons accompanied with my Page,
I covertly viſit my Heart's Deſire,
Without ſuſpicion of the meaneſt Eye,
For Love aboundeth ſtill with Policy.
And thither ſtill means *Locrine* to repair,
'Till *Atropos* cut off mine Uncle's Life, [*Exit.*

SCENE V.

Enter Humber *alone, ſaying*;

O vita miſero longa, fœlici brevis!
Eheu malorum fames extremum malum.

Long have I lived in this deſart Cave,
With eating Haws and miſerable Roots,
Devouring Leaves and beaſtly Excrements.
Caves were my Beds, and Stones my Pillowberes,
Fear was my Sleep, and Horror was my Dream;
For ſtill methought at every boiſterous Blaſt,
Now *Locrine* comes, now *Humber* thou muſt die;
So that for Fear and Hunger, *Humber*'s Mind
Can never reſt, but always trembling ſtands.
O what *Danubius* now may quench my Thirſt?
What *Euphrates*, what light foot *Euripus*
May now allay the Fury of that Heat,
Which raging in my Entrails eats me up?
You ghaſtly Devils of the ninefold *Styx*,
You damned Ghoſts of Joyleſs *Acheron*,
You mournful Souls, vext in *Abyſſus* Vaults,
You cole-black Devils of *Avernus* Pond,
Come with your Fleſh-hooks, rend my famiſht Arms,

Theſe Arms that have ſuſtain'd their Maſter's Life?
Come with your Razors rip my Bowels up,
With your ſharp Fire-forks crack my ſtarved Bones.
Uſe me as you will, ſo *Humber* may not live.
Accurſed Gods that rule the ſtarry Poles,
Accurſed *Jove*, King of th' accurſed Gods,
Caſt down your Lightning on poor *Humber*'s Head,
That I may leave this Death-like Life of mine;
What hear you not, and ſhall not *Humber* die?
Nay I will die, though all the Gods ſay nay.
And gentle *Aby* take my troubled Corps,
Take it and keep it from all mortal Eyes,
That none may ſay, when I have loſt my Breath,
The very Floods conſpir'd 'gainſt *Humber*'s Death.
[*Flings himſelf into the River.*

Enter the Ghoſt of Albanact.

En cædem ſequitur, cædes in cæde quieſco.
Humber is dead, joy Heav'ns, leap Earth, dance Trees;
Now may'ſt thou reach thy Apples *Tantalus*,
And with 'em feed thy hunger-bitten Limbs.
Now *Syſiphus* leave the tumbling of thy Rock,
And reſt thy reſtleſs Bones upon the ſame.
Unbind *Ixion*, cruel *Rhadamanth*,
And lay proud *Humber* on the whirling Wheel.
Back will I poſt to Hell Mouth *Tænarus*,
And paſs *Cocytus*, to the *Elyſian* Fields,
And tell my Father *Brutus* of this News. [*Exit.*

ACT V. SCENE I.

Enter Ate *as before.* Jaſon *leading* Creon's *Daughter.* Medea *following, a Garland in her Hand, and putting it on* Creon's *Daughter's Head, ſetteth it on Fire, and then killing* Jaſon *and her, departs.*

Ate. *NON tam Trinacriis exæſtuat Ætna cavernis,*
Læſæ furtivo quam cor mulieris amore.

Medea ſeeing *Jaſon* leave her Love,
And chuſe the Daughter of the *Theban* King,
Went to her deviliſh Charms to work Revenge;
And raiſing up the triple *Hecate*,

With

With all the rout of the condemned Fiends,
Framed a Garland by her magick Skill,
With which ſhe wrought *Jaſon* and *Creon*'s Ill.
So *Guendeline* ſeeing her ſelf miſus'd,
And *Humber*'s Paramour poſſeſs her place,
Flies to the Dukedom of *Cornubia*,
And with her Brother ſtout *Thraſimachus*,
Gathering a Power of *Corniſh* Soldiers,
Gives Battel to her Husband and his Hoſt,
Nigh to the River of great *Mercia*:
The Chances of this diſmal Maſſacre,
That which enſueth ſhortly will unfold. [*Exit.*

SCENE II.

Enter Locrine, Camber, Aſſaracus, *and* Thraſimachus.

Aſſa. But tell me, Couſin, dy'd my Brother ſo?
Now who is left to hapleſs *Albion*,
That as a Pillar might uphold our State,
That might ſtrike Terror to our daring Foes?
Now who is left to hapleſs *Britany*,
That might defend her from the barb'rous Hands
Of thoſe that ſtill deſire her ruinous fall,
And ſeek to work her downfal and decay?

Cam. Ay Uncle, Death's our common Enemy,
And none but Death can match our matchleſs Power;
Witneſs the Fall of *Albioneius* Crew,
Witneſs the Fall of *Humber* and his *Hunns*,
And this foul Death hath now increas'd our Woe,
By taking *Corineius* from this Life,
And in his room leaving us Worlds of Care.

Thra. But none may more bewail his mournful Hearſe,
Than I that am the iſſue of his Loins,
Now foul befal that curſed *Humber*'s Throat,
That was the cauſer of his lingring Wound.

Loc. Tears cannot raiſe him from the Dead again,
But where's my Lady Miſtreſs *Guendeline*?

Thra. In *Cornwall*, *Locrine*, is my Siſter now,
Providing for my Father's Funeral.

Loc. And let her there provide her mourning Weeds,
And mourn for ever her own Widow-hood,
Ne'er ſhall ſhe come within our Palace Gate,

To countercheck brave *Locrine* in his Love.
Go, Boy, to *Deucolitum*, down the *Lee*,
Unto the Arch where lovely *Eſtrild* lies,
Bring her and *Sabren* ſtrait unto the Court,
She ſhall be Queen in *Guendeline*'s room.
Let others wail for *Corineius* Death,
I mean not ſo to macerate my Mind,
For him that barr'd me from my Heart's Deſire.

Thra. Hath *Locrine* then forſook his *Guendeline*?
Is *Corineius* death ſo ſoon forgot?
If there be Gods in Heav'n, as ſure there be;
If there be Fiends in Hell, as needs there muſt,
They will revenge this thy notorious wrong,
And pour their Plagues upon thy curſed Head.

Loc. What, prat'ſt thou, Peaſant, to thy Soveraign?
Or art thou ſtrucken in ſome Extaſie?
Doſt thou not tremble at our Royal Looks?
Doſt thou not quake when mighty *Locrine* frowns?
Thou beardleſs Boy, were't not that *Locrine* ſcorns
To vex his Mind with ſuch a Heartleſs Child,
With the ſharp Point of this my Battel-axe,
I'd ſend thy Soul to *Puryphlegiton*.

Thra. Though I be young and of a tender Age,
Yet will I cope with *Locrine* when he dares.
My noble Father, with his conqu'ring Sword,
Slew the two Giants Kings of *Aquitain*.
Thraſimachus is not ſo degenerate,
That he ſhould fear and tremble at the looks,
Or taunting Words of a Venerean Squire.

Loc. Menaceſt thou thy Royal Soveraign?
Uncivil, not beſeeming ſuch as you.
Injurious Traitor (for he is no leſs
That at Defiance ſtandeth with his King)
Leave theſe thy Taunts, leave theſe thy bragging Words,
Unleſs thou mean'ſt to leave thy wretched Life.

Thra. If Princes ſtain their glorious Dignity
With ugly ſpots of monſtrous Infamy,
They leeſe their former Eſtimation,
And throw themſelves into a Hell of hate.

Loc. Wilt thou abuſe my gentle Patience,
As though thou didſt our high diſpleaſure ſcorn?

Proud

Proud Boy, that thou may'ſt know thy Prince is mov'd,
Yea, greatly mov'd at this thy ſwelling Pride,
We baniſh thee for ever from our Court.

Thra. Then, loſel *Locrine*, look unto thy ſelf,
Thraſimachus will revenge this Injury. [*Exit.*

Loc. Farewel, proud Boy, and learn to uſe thy Tongue.

Aſſa. Alas, my Lord, you ſhould have call'd to mind
The lateſt Words that *Brutus* ſpake to you,
How he deſir'd you, by the Obedience
That Children ought to bear their Sire,
To love and favour Lady *Guendeline*:
Conſider this, that if the Injury
Do move her mind, as certainly it will,
War and Diſſention follows ſpeedily.
What though her Power be not ſo great as yours,
Have you not ſeen a mighty Elephant
Slain by the biting of a ſilly Mouſe?
Even ſo the chance of War inconſtant is.

Loc. Peace, Unkle, Peace, and ceaſe to talk hereof;
For he that ſeeks by whiſpering this or that,
To trouble *Locrine*, in his ſweeteſt Life,
Let him perſwade himſelf to die the Death.

Enter the Page, with Eſtrild *and* Sabren.

Eſt. O ſay me, Page, tell me, where is the King?
Wherefore doth he ſend for me to the Court?
Is it to die? is it to end my Life?
Say me, ſweet Boy, tell me and do not feign.

Page. No, truſt me, Madam, if you will credit the little Honeſty that is yet left me, there is no ſuch Danger as you fear, but prepare your ſelf, yonder's the King.

Eſt. Then, *Eſtrild*, lift thy dazled Spirits up, [*Kneeling.*
And bleſs that bleſſed time, that Day, that Hour,
That warlike *Locrine* firſt did favour thee.
Peace to the King of *Britany*, my Love,
Peace to all thoſe that love and favour him.

Loc. Doth *Eſtrild* fall with ſuch Submiſſion [*Taking her up.*
Before her Servant King of *Albion?*
Ariſe, fair Lady, leave this lovely Chear,
Lift up thoſe Looks that cheriſh *Locrine*'s Heart,
That I may freely view that roſeal Face,

Which ſo intangled hath my love-ſick Breaſt.
Now to the Court, where we will court it out,
And paſs the Night and Day in *Venus* Sports.
Frolick, brave Peers, be joyful with your King. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE III.

Enter Guendeline, Thraſimachus, Madan, *and Soldiers.*

Guen. You gentle Winds that with your modeſt Blaſts
Paſs through the Circuit of the Heav'nly Vault,
Enter the Clouds unto the Throne of *Jove*,
And bear my Pray'rs to his all-hearing Ears,
For *Locrine* hath forſaken *Guendeline*,
And learnt to love proud *Humber*'s Concubine.
You happy Sprites that in the Concave Sky,
With pleaſant Joy, enjoy your ſweeteſt Love,
Shed forth thoſe Tears with me, which then you ſhed,
When firſt you woo'd your Ladies to your Wills:
Thoſe Tears are fitteſt for my woful Caſe,
Since *Locrine* ſhuns my nothing-pleaſant Face.
Bluſh Heav'ns, bluſh Sun, and hide thy ſhining Beams,
Shadow thy radiant Locks in gloomy Clouds,
Deny thy chearful Light unto the World,
Where nothing reigns but Falſhood and Deceit.
What, ſaid I, Falſhood? Ay, that filthy Crime,
For *Locrine* hath forſaken *Guendeline*.
Behold the Heav'ns do wail for *Guendeline*:
The ſhining Sun doth bluſh for *Guendeline*:
The liquid Air doth weep for *Guendeline*:
The very Ground doth groan for *Guendeline*.
Ay, they are milder than the *Britain* King,
For he rejecteth luckleſs *Guendeline*.

Thra. Siſter, complaints are bootleſs in this cauſe,
This open wrong muſt have an open Plague:
This Plague muſt be repaid with grievous War,
This War muſt finiſh with *Locrinus* Death,
His Death will ſoon extinguiſh our Complaints.

Guen. O no, his Death will more augment my woes;
He was my Husband, brave *Thraſimachus*,
More dear to me than th' apple of mine Eye,
Nor can I find in Heart to work his Scathe.

Thra. Madam, if not your proper Injuries,
Nor my Exile, can move you to revenge:

Think

Think on our Father *Corineius* Words,
His Words to us ſtand always for a Law.
Should *Locrine* live, that caus'd my Father's Death?
Should *Locrine* live, that now divorceth you?
The Heav'ns, the Earth, the Air, the Fire reclaims;
And then why ſhould all we deny the ſame?

Guen. Then henceforth farewel womaniſh Complaints,
All childiſh Pity henceforth then farewel:
But curſed *Locrine*, look unto thy ſelf,
For *Nemeſis*, the Miſtreſs of Revenge,
Sits arm'd at all Points on our diſmal Blades,
And curſed *Eſtrild*, that inflam'd his Heart,
Shall, if I live, die a reproachful Death.

Mad. Mother, tho' Nature makes me to lament
My luckleſs Father's froward Letchery;
Yet for he wrongs my Lady Mother, thus,
I, if I could, my ſelf would work his Death.

Thra. See, Madam, ſee, the deſire of Revenge
Is in the Children of a tender Age.
Forward, brave Soldiers, into *Mercia*,
Where we ſhall brave the Coward to his Face. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE IV.

Enter Locrine, Eſtrild, Sabren, Aſſarachus, *and the Soldiers.*

Loc. Tell me, *Aſſarachus*, are the *Corniſh* Chuffs
In ſuch great number come to *Mercia*,
And have they pitched there their Hoſt,
So cloſe unto our Royal Manſion?

Aſſa. They are, my Lord, and mean incontinent
To bid Defiance to your Majeſty.

Loc. It makes me laugh, to think that *Guendeline*
Should have the Heart to come in Arms againſt me.

Eſt. Alas, my Lord, the Horſe will run amain
When as the Spur doth gall him to the Bone;
Jealouſie, *Locrine*, hath a wicked ſting.

Loc. Sayſt thou ſo, *Eſtrild*, Beauty's Paragon?
Well, we will try her Choler to the Proof,
And make her know, *Locrine* can brook no braves.
March on, *Aſſarachus*, thou muſt lead the way,
And bring us to their proud Pavilion. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE

SCENE V.

Enter the Ghoſt of Corineius, *with Thunder and Lightning.*

Ghoſt. Behold, the Circuit of the azure Sky
Throws forth ſad Throbs, and grievous Suſpirs,
Prejudicating *Locrine*'s Overthrow:
The Fire caſteth forth ſharp darts of Flames,
The great Foundation of the triple World
Trembleth and quaketh with a mighty Noiſe,
Preſaging bloody Maſſacres at hand.
The wandring Birds that flutter in the dark,
When helliſh Night in cloudy Chariot ſeated,
Caſteth her miſts on ſhady *Tellus* Face,
With ſable Mantles cov'ring all the Earth,
Now flies abroad amid the chearful Day,
Foretelling ſome unwonted Miſery.
The ſnarling Curs of darkned *Tartarus*,
Sent from *Avernus* Ponds by *Rhadamanth*,
With howling Ditties peſter ev'ry Wood;
The watry Ladies, and the lightfoot Fawns,
And all the rabble of the woody Nymphs,
All trembling hide themſelves in ſhady Groves,
And ſhrowd themſelves in hideous hollow Pits.
The boiſterous *Boreas* thundreth forth Revenge:
The ſtony Rocks cry out on ſharp Revenge:
The thorny Buſh pronounceth dire Revenge.
[*Sound the Alarum.*
Now *Corineius* ſtay and ſee Revenge,
And feed thy Soul with *Locrine*'s Overthrow,
Behold they come, the Trumpets call them forth:
The roaring Drums ſummon the Soldiers.
Lo where their Army gliſtereth on the Plains.
Throw forth thy Lightning, mighty *Jupiter*,
And pour thy Plagues on curſed *Locrine*'s Head. [*Stand aſide.*

Enter Locrine, Eſtrild, Aſſaracbus, Sabren *and their Soldiers at one Door*; Thraſimachus, Guendeline, Madan, *and their Followers at another.*

Loc. What, is the Tiger ſtarted from his Cave?
Is *Guendeline* come from *Cornubia*,
That thus ſhe braveth *Locrine* to the Teeth?
And haſt thou found thine Armour, pretty Boy,

Accompanied

Accompanied with theſe thy ſtragling Mates?
Believe me but this Enterprize was bold,
And well deſerveth Commendation.

Guen. Ay, *Locrine*, Traiterous *Locrine*, we are come,
With full pretence to ſeek thine Overthrow.
What have I done that thou ſhouldſt ſcorn me thus?
What have I ſaid that thou ſhouldſt me reject?
Have I been diſobedient to thy Words?
Have I bewray'd thy arcane Secrecy?
Have I diſhonoured thy Marriage Bed
With filthy Crimes, or with laſcivious Luſts?
Nay it is thou that haſt diſhonour'd it,
Thy filthy Mind o'ercome with filthy Luſts,
Yieldeth unto Affections filthy Darts.
Unkind, thou wrong'ſt thy firſt and trueſt fear,
Unkind, thou wrong'ſt thy beſt and deareſt Friend;
Unkind, thou ſcorn'ſt all skilful *Brutus* Laws,
Forgetting Father, Uncle, and thy ſelf.

Eſt. Believe me, *Locrine*, but the Girl is wiſe,
And well would ſeem to make a Veſtal Nun,
How finely frames ſhe her Oration.

Thra. *Locrine*, we came not here to fight with Words,
Words that can never win the Victory,
But for you are ſo merry in your Frumps,
Unſheath your Swords, and try it out by force,
That we may ſee who hath the better hand.

Loc. Think'ſt thou to dare me, bold *Thraſimachus?*
Think'ſt thou to fear me with thy taunting braves,
Or do we ſeem too weak to cope with thee?
Soon ſhall I ſhew thee my fine cutting Blade,
And with my Sword, the Meſſenger of Death,
Seal thee an acquittance for thy bold attempts. [*Exeunt.*

Sound the Alarum. *Enter* Locrine, Aſſaracbus, *and a Soldier at one Door*; Guendeline, Thraſimachus, *at another*: Locrine *and his Followers driven back.*

Then Locrine *and* Eſtrild *enter again in amaze.*

Loc. O fair *Eſtrilda*, we have loſt the Field,
Thraſimachus hath won the Victory,
And we are left to be a Laughing-ſtock,
Scoft at by thoſe that are our Enemies,
Ten thouſand Soldiers arm'd with Sword and Shield,
Prevail againſt an hundred thouſand Men, *Thra-*

Thraſimachus incenſt with fuming Ire,
Rageth amongſt the faint-heart Soldiers,
Like to grim *Mars*, when cover'd with his Targe,
He fought with *Diomedes* in the Field,
Cloſe by the Banks of ſilver *Simois*. [*Sound the Alarum.*
O lovely *Eſtrild* now the Chaſe begins,
Ne'er ſhall we ſee the ſtately *Troynovant*
Mounted with Courſers garniſht all with Pearls,
Ne'er ſhall we view the fair *Concordia*,
Unleſs as Captives we be thither brought.
Shall *Locrine* then be taken Priſoner,
By ſuch a youngling as *Thraſimachus* ?
Shall *Guendeline* captivate my Love?
Ne'er ſhall mine Eyes behold that diſmal hour,
Ne'er will I view that ruthful Spectacle,
For with my Sword, or this ſharp Curtle-Axe,
I'll cut in ſunder my Accurſed Heart.
But O you Judges of the ninefold *Styx*,
Which with inceſſant Torments rack the Ghoſts
Within the bottomleſs *Abyſſus* Pits,
You Gods, Commanders of the Heav'nly Spheres,
Whoſe Will and Laws irrevocable ſtand,
Forgive, forgive, this foul accurſed Sin;
Forget, O Gods, this foul condemned fault:
And now my Sword, that in ſo many Fights [*Kiſſes his Sword.*
Haſt ſav'd the Life of *Brutus* and his Son,
End now his Life that wiſheth ſtill for Death,
Work now his Death that wiſheth ſtill for Death,
Work now his Death that hateth ſtill his Life.
Farewel, fair *Eſtrild*, Beauty's Paragon,
Fram'd in the front of forlorn Miſeries,
Ne'er ſhall mine Eyes behold thy Sun-ſhine Eyes,
But when we meet in the *Elyſian* Fields,
Thither I go before with haſten'd pace.
Farewel, vain World, and thy inticing Snares.
Farewel, foul Sin, and thy inticing Pleaſures,
And welcome Death, the end of Mortal ſmart,
Welcome to *Locrine*'s over-burthen'd Heart.
[*Thruſts himſelf through with his Sword.*

Eſt. Break Heart with Sobs and grievous Suſpirs,
Stream forth you Tears from forth my watry Eyes,
Help me to mourn for warlike *Locrine*'s Death, Pour

Pour down your Tears you watry Regions,
For mighty *Locrine* is bereft of Life.
O fickle Fortune, O unſtable World,
What elſe are all things, that this Globe contains,
But a confuſed Chaos of miſhaps?
Wherein as in a Glaſs we plainly ſee,
That all our Life is but a Tragedy,
Since mighty Kings are ſubject to miſhap,
Ay, mighty Kings are ſubject to miſhap,
Since martial *Locrine* is bereft of Life,
Shall *Eſtrild* live then after *Locrine*'s Death?
Shall love of Life bar her from *Locrine*'s Sword?
O no, this Sword that hath bereft his Life,
Shall now deprive me of my fleeting Soul:
Strengthen theſe Hands, O mighty *Jupiter*,
That I may end my woful Miſery,
Locrine I come, *Locrine* I follow thee. [*Kills her ſelf.*

Sound the Alarum. Enter Sabren.

Sab. What doleful Sight, what ruthful Spectacle
Hath Fortune offer'd to my hapleſs Heart?
My Father ſlain with ſuch a fatal Sword,
My Mother murthered by a mortal wound?
What *Thracian* Dog, what barbarous *Mirmidon*,
Would not relent at ſuch a ruthful caſe?
What fierce *Achilles*, what hard ſtony Flint,
Would not bemoan this mournful Tragedy?
Locrine, the Map of Magnanimity,
Lies ſlaughter'd in his foul accurſed Cave;
Eſtrild, the perfect pattern of Renown,
Nature's ſole wonder, in whoſe beauteous Breaſts
All Heav'nly Grace and Virtue was inſhrin'd,
Both maſſacred are dead within this Cave,
And with them dies fair *Pallas* and ſweet Love.
Here lies a Sword, and *Sabren* hath a Heart,
This bleſſed Sword ſhall cut my curſed Heart.
And bring my Soul unto my Parents Ghoſts,
That they that live and view our Tragedy,
May mourn our caſe with mournful Plaudites:
[*Offers to kill her ſelf.*
Ay me, my Virgins Hands are too too weak,
To penetrate the bulwark of my Breaſt;
My Fingers, us'd to tune the amorous Lute, Are

Are not of force to hold this ſteely Glaive,
So I am left to wail my Parents Death.
Not able for to work my proper Death.
Ah *Locrine*, honour'd for thy Nobleneſs.
Ah *Eſtrild*, famous for thy Conſtancy.
Ill may they fare that wrought your mortal Ends.

Enter Guendeline, Thraſimachus, Madan, *and the Soldiers.*

Guen. Search Soldiers, ſearch, find *Locrine* and his Love,
Find the proud Strumpet, *Humber*'s Concubine,
That I may change thoſe her ſo pleaſing Looks,
To pale and ignominious Aſpect.
Find me the Iſſue of their curſed Love,
Find me young *Sabren*, *Locrine*'s only Joy,
That I may glut my Mind with lukewarm Blood,
Swiftly diſtilling from the Baſtard's breaſt.
My Father's Ghoſt ſtill haunts me for Revenge,
Crying; Revenge my over-haſtened Death.
My Brother's Exile, and mine own Divorce,
Baniſh remorſe clean from my brazen Heart,
All Mercy from mine adamantive Breaſts.

Thra. Nor doth thy Husband, lovely *Guendeline*,
That wonted was to guide our ſtarleſs Steps,
Enjoy this Light; ſee where he murdred lies:
By luckleſs Lot and froward frowning Fate,
And by him lies his lovely Paramour
Fair *Eſtrild* goared with a diſmal Sword,
And as it ſeems, both murdred by themſelves,
Claſping each other in their feebled Arms,
With loving zeal, as if for Company
Their uncontented Corps were yet content
To paſs foul *Styx* in *Charon*'s Ferry-boat.

Guen. And hath proud *Eſtrild* then prevented me,
Hath ſhe eſcaped *Guendelina*'s Wrath,
By violently cutting off her Life?
Would God ſhe had the monſtrous *Hydra*'s Lives,
That every hour ſhe might have died a Death
Worſe than the ſwing of old *Ixion*'s Wheel,
And every hour revive to die again,
As *Titius* bound to houſleſs *Caucaſon*,
Doth feed the Subſtance of his own miſhap,
And every Day for want of Food doth die,
And every Night doth live again to die.

But ſtay, methinks, I hear ſome fainting Voice,
Mournfully weeping for their luckleſs Death.
Sab. You Mountain Nymphs which in theſe Deſarts reign,
Ceaſe off your haſty chaſe of Savage Beaſts,
Prepare to ſee a Heart oppreſt with Care,
Addreſs your Ears to hear a mournful Stile,
No human Strength, no Work can work my Weal,
Care in my Heart ſo Tyrant like doth deal.
You *Driades* and lightfoot *Satyri*,
You gracious Fairies, which at Even-tide
Your Cloſets leave with Heav'nly Beauty ſtor'd,
And on your Shoulders ſpread your golden Locks,
You ſavage Bears in Caves and darken'd Dens,
Come wail with me the martial *Locrine*'s Death.
Come mourn with me, for beauteous *Eſtrild*'s Death.
Ah loving Parents little do you know,
What Sorrow *Sabren* ſuffers for your thrall.
Guen. But may this be, and is it poſſible,
Lives *Sabren* yet to expiate my Wrath?
Fortune I thank thee for this Courteſie,
And let me never ſee one proſperous hour,
If *Sabren* die not a reproachful Death.
Sab. Hard-hearted Death, that when the wretched call,
Art fartheſt off, and ſeldom hear'ſt at all,
But in the midſt of Fortune's good Succeſs,
Uncalled comes, and ſheers our Life in twain:
When will that hour, that bleſſed hour draw nigh,
When poor diſtreſſed *Sabren* may be gone.
Sweet *Atropos* cut off my fatal Thread.
What art thou Death, ſhall not poor *Sabren* die?
[Guendeline *taking her by the Chin, ſays,*
Guen. Yes Damſel, yes, *Sabren* ſhall ſurely die,
Tho' all the World ſhould ſeek to ſave her Life,
And not a common Death ſhall *Sabren* die,
But after ſtrange and grievous Puniſhments,
Shortly inflicted on thy Baſtard's Head,
Thou ſhalt be caſt into the curſed Streams,
And feed the Fiſhes with thy tender Fleſh.
Sab. And think'ſt thou then, thou cruel Homicide,
That theſe thy Deeds ſhall be unpuniſhed?
No Traitor, no, the Gods will venge theſe Wrongs,

The

The Fiends of Hell will mark theſe Injuries.
Never ſhall theſe blood-ſucking maſty Curs
Bring wretched *Sabren* to her lateſt home.
For I my ſelf, in ſpite of thee and thine,
Mean to abridge my former Deſtinies,
And that which *Locrine*'s Sword could not perform,
This preſent Stream ſhall preſent bring to paſs.
[*She drowns her ſelf.*

Guen. One Miſchief follows on another's Neck,
Who would have thought ſo young a Maid as ſhe,
With ſuch a Courage would have ſought her Death?
And for becauſe this River was the Place
Where little *Sabren* reſolutely died,
Sabren for ever ſhall this fame be call'd.
And as for *Locrine*, our deceaſed Spouſe,
Becauſe he was the Son of mighty *Brute*,
To whom we owe our Country, Lives and Goods,
He ſhall be buried in a ſtately Tomb,
Cloſe by his aged Father *Brutus* Bones,
With ſuch great Pomp and great Solemnity,
As well beſeems ſo brave a Prince as he.
Let *Eſtrild* be without the ſhallow Vaults,
Without the Honour due unto the dead,
Becauſe ſhe was the Author of this War.
Retire brave Followers unto *Troynovant*,
Where we will celebrate theſe Exequies,
And place young *Locrine* in his Father's Tomb. [*Exeunt.*

Ate. Lo here the end of lawleſs Treachery,
Of Uſurpation and ambitious Pride,
And they that for their private Amours dare
Turmoil our Land, and ſet their Broils abroach,
Let them be warned by theſe Premiſſes,
And as a Woman was the only cauſe
That civil diſcord was then ſtirred up,
So let us pray for that renowned Maid,
That eight and thirty Years the Scepter ſway'd
In quiet Peace and ſweet Felicity,
And every Wight that ſeeks her Grace's Smart,
Would that this Sword were pierced in his Heart. [*Exit.*

The End of the Sixth and Laſt Volume.

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